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CHEAP REPOSITORY

SHORTER

TRACTS.



LONDON:

SOLD BY F. AND C. RIVINGTON, NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; J. EVANS, NO. 41, LONG LANE, WEST-SMITHFIELD; J. HATCHARD, NO. 173, PICCADILLY; AND S. HAZARD, BATH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Tracts were firſt publiſhed and ſold in monthly numbers, under the patronage of a large and very reſpectable body of ſubſcribers, and they are now collected into volumes. The preſent volume contains the ſhorter Stories and Ballads, and is well ſuited to the uſe of Boarding Schools, as well as private families.

There is another volume, containing the longer Tales and ſome Poetry.

And there is alſo a volume of Sunday Readings.

Any of theſe volumes may be had ſeparately.

The ſale of the Cheap Repoſitory Tracts has been exceedingly great, near two millions (bearing the price of about a halfpenny and a penny each) having been ſold within the firſt year, beſides great numbers in Ireland. The ſucceſs of the plan has been much extended, both by the zeal of individuals, and alſo by the active co-operation of ſome very reſpectable Societies, which have been formed in various towns for this purpoſe. Many perſons have exerted their influence, not only by circulating the Tracts in their own families, in ſchools, and among their dependants, but alſo by encouraging bookſellers to ſupply themſelves with them; by inſpecting retailers and hawkers, giving them a few in the firſt inſtance, and directing them in the purchaſe; alſo by recommending the Tracts to the occupier of a ſtall at a fair, and by ſending them to hoſpitals, workhouſes, and priſons. The Tracts have alſo been liberally diſtributed among Soldiers and Sailors, through the influence of their commanders.

The

The great object had in view in publiſhing them, has been to ſupplant the multitude of vitious Tracts circulated by hawkers, and to ſupply, inſtead of them, ſome uſeful reading, which may be likely to prove entertaining alſo.

The profits which may ariſe from the ſale of any of theſe volumes will be applied to the purpoſe of forwarding the more extenſive circulation of the individual Tracts, which are ſold by Mr. EVANS, No 41 and 42, Long-lane, Weſt Smithfield; and alſo by Mr. HATCHARD, No. 173, Piccadilly, London.

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THE

CHEAPSIDE APPRENTICE;

OR THE

HISTORY OF MR. FRANCIS H****.

Fully ſetting forth the Danger of playing with *Edge Tools*.

Shewing alſo, how a gay Life may prove a ſhort one; and that a merry Evening may produce a ſorrowful Morning.



ATTEND, ye young men, who are about to enter into trade, for to you I write my ſtory. I was bound apprentice to a reſpectable tradeſman in Cheapſide. My maſter, Mr. Vincent, had acquired a very fair character,

whilſt he was making a comfortable fortune. His wife was a dreſſy, flaſhy woman, who liked viſiting and jaunting more than taking care of her family; whilſt my maſter was plodding late at night in the compting-houſe, Mrs. Vincent and her daughters were either making parties abroad, or giving entertainments at home. As we kept no footman, I was allowed, when ſhop was ſhut, to run from one public place to another to call a coach, to bring Mrs. Vincent and her daughters home. To lounging about the purlieus of a playhouſe I owe my ruin. I was generally allowed to be a handſome, well-made young man; this unfortunately drew upon me the notice of a ſet of thoſe wretched women, who nightly crowd the theatres, and the avenues to them. I ſhould have been delighted with the notice they took of me, had not my vanity whiſpered me that Miſs Vincent was in love with me. This ſuſpicion was fully confirmed to me by one Potter, an elder apprentice, but for whoſe wicked advice, I might have lived happily, and died virtuouſly.

The idea that Miſs Vincent was in love with me, at once completed me for the coxcomb; I now neglected my buſineſs, and to adorn my perſon became the only object of my thoughts; I began to commit little frauds on my maſter, in order to obtain money to dreſs out; for, ever ſince Potter had laughed me out of my religion,

religion, every principle of moral honeſty ſat looſely upon me.

I am ſorry to ſay, the holy ſabbath in our family was only diſtinguiſhed from other days by the ſhutting of the ſhop; my maſter ſpent the morning of it in poſting his books; and my miſtreſs and her daughters were either dreſſing to go abroad, or elſe to receive company at home. We young men, indeed, were ſent to church, but as we had no examples ſet us by the heads of the family going thither themſelves, Potter and I generally hired a gig, and daſhed away from one tea-drinking place to another; theſe ſcenes ſoon made me loſe all reſpect for virtue and religion. It was at the Dog and Duck I firſt ſaw the infamous Miſs Weſt; ſhe was many years older than myſelf, but her perſon was as lovely as her heart was wicked. She was no ſooner informed that I was to come into poſſeſſion of 3000l. the day I came of age, than ſhe made uſe of all her deceitful arts to enſnare both my ſoul and body; and ſhe often prompted me to defraud my maſter to ſupply her extravagance. My attachment to Miſs Vincent was now on the decline, for Miſs Weſt had ſo far wrought upon my vanity as to make me believe that ſo handſome a young fellow as I was, ſhould look higher than a tradeſman's daughter. From that moment I treated Miſs Vincent with the moſt marked neglect, although I ſaw my conduct cut her

to the heart; yet at the ſame time was I baſe enough to borrow money of her, which I wantonly ſquandered away on Miſs West.

When Potter's apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of improving his fortune by throwing it into trade, he plunged at once into all the vices of the town. He poſſeſſed a plauſible kind of prate, which cauſed him to be appointed chairman to our club, which was chiefly compoſed of clerks and apprentice boys. Potter's principal excellence conſiſted in ſinging a merry ſong, telling an indecent ſtory, and teaching his hearers to laugh at morality, and ſet all religion at defiance; for religion, he maintained, was only an old woman's tale, invented by cunning heads to keep children and fools in order.

There was an honeſt old porter lived in our family, who for ſome time had ſet himſelf to watch my conduct, and at length he made ſuch a faithful report of it to my maſter, that he gave up my indentures, and turned me out of doors. I was too much delighted with my liberty, to feel the leaſt ſenſe of ſhame at the means by which I obtained it.

I was ſorry, however, to break off entirely with Miſs Vincent, for I ſtill had a lurking affection for her; I told Potter ſo; his inventive genius ſoon laid a plan, whereby I might get her into my power, and take a compleat revenge on her whole family at the ſame time. This was by writing her a letter, ſetting

ting forth the violence of my love, the unmerited diſgrace I had received from her family, and at the ſame time requeſting her to grant me a private meeting, in order that I might juſtify my conduct to her, as otherwiſe I feared the violence of my paſſion would drive me to a fit of deſpair.

This poor imprudent girl met me at the time and place appointed. I will not here ſhock my readers with relating the vile ſtratagems I made uſe of to complete the ruin of this young lady, nor the tremendous oaths I ſwore to repair her wrongs by marriage, as ſoon as I came of age, which would be in a very few months; this ſomewhat abated her ſorrow for the very indiſcreet ſtep ſhe had taken.

The day I became of age I went down into the country. My friends, having been apprized of my profligate life, received me very coldly; I practiſed the deepeſt hypocriſy on my good mother, to make her believe I was quite a reformed man, in order to wheedle her out of a ſum of money, telling her, at the ſame time, that I had an immediate proſpect of entering into a very profitable concern with a partner of great reſponſibility, if I could but increaſe my capital.

'Frank,' ſaid ſhe, with firmneſs, 'there is no truſting to your promiſes; as long as your conduct deſerved my love, you ever found me

an indulgent mother; but you ſhall never have cauſe to ſay that I acted towards you like a weak woman, by robbing my virtuous children to ſupply the wanton extravagance of a profligate ſon. Your wicked life, Frank, has nearly broken my heart, but it ſhall not ſhake my juſtice.' The well-known ſteadineſs of my mother's temper convinced me at once ſhe was not further to be impoſed upon by the fallacy of my arguments.

As ſoon as I had ſettled my buſineſs, I returned to London to Miſs Vincent, who had waited for me with the utmoſt impatience, fully expecting I was come to fulfil my promiſe of marriage to her. 'I can ſtruggle with want, dear Frank,' ſaid ſhe, 'but I will never conſent to live in ſhame.'

Nothing, I am certain, hardens the heart like vice; for although this poor young creature was brought into a very trying ſituation by the proſpect of her ſoon becoming a mother, I had the cruelty to ſwear I would never make *her* my *wife*, who had diſgraced herſelf by living with me as a *miſtreſs*. On hearing this, in all the tender agonies of grief ſhe urged me to repair the wrongs I had done her, reminding me, at the ſame time, of the wicked arts I had made uſe of to beguile her of her innocence, and then, with claſped hands and ſtreaming eyes, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees before me, beſeeching me to pity the agonies

which rent her ſoul; yet ſtill my hardened nature was untouched by her ſorrow, again I ſolemnly ſwore I never would marry her.

Through exceſs of grief ſhe fainted away, in which pitiable ſtate I left her to the care of a ſervant, went out, and ſpent the reſt of the evening with Miſs Weſt, whoſe flinty heart turned into ridicule the ſorrowful tale I related to her. On returning to my lodgings the next morning, I was informed that Miſs Vincent had left them without leaving behind her the leaſt information where ſhe was to be found; and much did I rejoice, when I heard it, that ſhe had taken herſelf off ſo quietly.

I now laviſhed my money as though it would never have an end. By all our ſet I was eſteemed the moſt noble ſpirited fellow in the world, and even little wits would be ſilent in my preſence, becauſe I was ſure to pay for the wine upon which they were to riot. My caſh at length beginning to run low, as I had been all along drawing from the principal, I adviſed with Potter how to get furniſhed with future ſupplies. He adviſed the gaming table as a never-failing friend, ſaying, it had long ſince been the only reſource from whence he derived his ſubſiſtence.

I took his advice, and for ſome months was ſo ſucceſsful, that I began to daſh away in higher life at the weſt end of the town. I bought an elegant phaeton which I drove every ſunday in Hyde Park, with Miſs Weſt by

my ſide. One day, as I was driving furiouſly through Temple Bar, I had the misfortune to overturn a poor man with a heavy load on his back; on his getting up I perceived him to be Mr. Vincent's old porter, to whom I formerly owed my diſgrace.

'Ah! ah! what, is it you young hopeful?' cry'd he, on ſeeing to whom he owed his misfortune; 'well, he muſt needs go whom the devil drives; thy prancing nags may die a natural death, maſter Frank, but verily I think 'tis more than thou wilt, boy; for if thou do'ſt not die in thy ſhoes, the gallows will be robbed of its due. What is become of poor Patty Vincent, thou profligate dog; haſt thou broken her heart, as thou haſt that of her poor afflicted parents?'

The ſudden recollection of that unfortunate girl cauſed ſuch a ſwimming in my head, that the reins dropped from my hands, my horſes took fright, and it was almoſt a miracle that I got home alive. The porter's words had made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind, that I could not ſhake them off. Soon after Potter calling upon me, I told him of my interview with the old porter, and alſo the effect it had on me. 'Frank,' ſaid he, 'if a fellow of thy ſpirit can be thus eaſily overcome by qualms of conſcience, let us inſtantly adjourn to the tavern, ſince good wine is the beſt remedy in the world to drown all uneaſy recollections in.' I gladly accepted his propoſal, we called a coach, and

off

off we went. He no sooner saw my spirits inflamed with wine than he drew me to the gaming table, where, before morning, I lost every shilling I had in the world; I applied to Potter to lend me fifty guineas, as he had won more than two hundred of me.

Laughing heartily, he told me, 'if it had ever been a maxim with him, never to lend his money to a man who had not prudence to keep his own; but, harkee, Frank,' said he, 'I'll give thee my best advice gratis; such a noble spirited young fellow as thou art, needs never be at a loss for money, whilst he can snap a trigger, and the highway is left open for him to practise upon. Men who follow the same course of pleasure, are the last people in the world to help each other in the hour of distress; virtuous men, Frank, alone feel for the wants of their friends, and they alone find pleasure in relieving them.' He then whistled himself off.

When I got home, I sat revolving in my mind how to get myself out of my present difficulties, when, in a fatal moment, Satan whispered in my ears the word FORGERY. At first I started at the thought, but my poverty was clamorous; my pride startled at disgrace, although my conscience did not shudder at the crime. I knew I could copy Mr. Vincent's hand exactly, I snatched up the pen to draw a bill upon him for 500l. but a cold shivering seizing me, it dropped from my fingers, a strong

ſenſe of my guilt now overtook me, I tore what I had written to pieces, and exclaimed, 'I am a free man again;' and for a moment felt thankful that I had been enabled to reſiſt the violence of temptation. I ſat pondering, however, how I ſhould maintain myſelf; again I was aſſaulted with the dread of poverty, and again I ſnatched up the pen, drew the fatal bill, and inſtantly went out and got it diſcounted.

But the moment I ſought to take reſt at night on my pillow, I felt as if all the horrors of hell had ſeized me. I jumped out of bed in my ſleep, and was going to throw myſelf out of the window, having dreamed that I was apprehended; the people of the houſe, awakened by my cries, ran into the room, concluding ſome villains had broken in, and were going to murder me.

I never afterwards went into the ſtreet, but my fears told me that I was the ſubject of converſation of all the people I met. Once I happened to hear one man ſay to another, pointing to a third, 'that's he, that's he;' I took to my heels, concluding that I myſelf was meant, and ran from one ſtreet to another without knowing whither, till my ſight failed me, and, through loſs of breath, I dropped down in a fit. Some humane people, however, recovered me, and put me into a hackney coach, which carrid me home.

One

One day, a ſudden guſt of wind blew open my chamber door; again I concluded the officers were coming to take me. Snatching up the poker to defend myſelf, I ſwore I would not be taken alive; when turning about ſuddenly, I caught a glimpſe of myſelf in the glaſs, my eyes looked wild, my lips quivered, my jaws dropped, my teeth chattered, and my body ſhook, as though the laſt agonies of death were upon me. On finding I was once more become the dupe of my fears, my ſpirits rallied again, I dreſſed and went to the play; there I met Sally Weſt, whom I had not ſeen for ſome weeks; for to ſay the truth, I dreaded to meet an old acquaintance from the time I committed the forgery; after the play, we went off together to ſup at a tavern; we had not been there a quarter of an hour when ſhe made an excuſe for quitting the room; in about ten minutes ſhe returned to me, expreſſing, in the tendereſt terms, the ſatisfaction ſhe had to ſee me again.

We were, as I believed, juſt going to ſit down to ſupper, when the waiters came in followed by two of Sir John Fielding's men. Immediately, with the greateſt coolneſs, Miſs Weſt aroſe, and laying her hand on my ſhoulder, exclaimed, "the Philiſtines be upon thee, Samſon." 'Gentlemen,' continued ſhe to the officers, 'this is my good friend, Mr. Francis H****, of whom you have been ſome time in ſearch. Perhaps, Frank,' continued

ſhe, 'you do not know that your forgery is diſcovered, and that 100*l.* reward is offered for taking you; when I left the room juſt now, it was to write a note to theſe gentlemen, ſignifying to them where you were to be found; I ſee you are terrified, but hear me for the laſt time, perhaps, and you will the leſs wonder at my conduct. Early in life, Frank, I was betrayed to ruin, by a baſe deſigning man; my reputation once blaſted, I was deſerted by all the virtuous part of my own ſex; by having bad examples always before my eyes, I ſoon became hardened in ſin and abandoned to ſhame. I have lately contracted debts; if they are not immediately diſcharged I ſhall be ſent to a jail; this jail I know not how to avoid, but by ſending you thither in my ſtead, as the reward offered for taking *you* will juſt ſet *me* free from my creditors.'

I was ſtruck motionleſs with terror, and fainted away on the officers approaching to tie my hands behind me; nor had I the leaſt recollection of what paſſed, till I found myſelf ſafe locked in my priſon. About a week after this, the keeper came to tell me, there was a priſoner lately brought in who was very deſirous of ſeeing me; and as ſhe appeared an object of great pity, he offered to conduct me to her. On entering the chamber, I ſaw a young woman very ſhabbily dreſſed, lying on a miſerable bed, in a very weak condition.

'Doſt

'Doſt thou not know me, Frank?' ſaid ſhe in a hollow broken voice, 'Haſt thou loſt all recollection of Patty Vincent?' I felt inſtantly as if ſtruck with a thunderbolt. 'Merciful Heaven!' cried I, falling on my knees by the bed-ſide, 'I am unable to bear the puniſhment my crimes have brought upon me! O God of mercy ſupport my troubled ſoul!' She kindly urged me to be comforted, ſaid ſhe wiſhed not to ſee me to reproach me for the evils I had brought upon her, but only to tell me with her laſt breath that ſhe forgave me. 'It is not an hour ſince, Frank,' continued ſhe, 'that I heard you were my fellow-priſoner; and what is worſe, at my father's ſuit. I will not reproach you, Frank, I tell you again, for all the miſeries you have brought upon me, becauſe you are a priſoner, and in chains. If my breath will hold out, I will endeavour to give you a ſhort hiſtory of myſelf ſince we parted. On your refuſing to make me your lawful wife, I quitted your lodgings, reſolving, by my labour, to eat the bread of induſtry rather than follow a courſe of vice for a wretched ſubſiſtence. I hired a garret in Holborn, where I applied for needle-work, and ſoon obtained it. In about three months after our ſeparation, my infant came into the world; I ſold my clothes for my ſupport during my confinement, but that reſource ſoon failed me. My health and ſtrength declined. I was ſeized with a conſtant fever

and

and cough, and quite unable to ſupply the ſcanty morſel of bread for the day, yet reſolved to die rather than afflict my dear parents with the knowledge of my miſery. At length, being too weak to labour, I contracted ſeveral ſmall debts, for which I was ſeized and brought hither; I have, however, ſince been prevailed upon to ſend my poor half-famiſhed baby to my parents, hoping they will afford her that bread which her dying mother dared not aſk for herſelf.' Obſerving I was ſpeechleſs with agony, poor Patty went on. 'I did not wiſh to ſee you, Frank, to afflict you, I wiſh only to warn you, with my dying breath, to repent of the evil of your ways, and humble your ſoul before God. Repentance for ſin, Frank, though bitter for the moment, yet I have found healthful to the ſoul; and however the wicked, who are at eaſe, may deride the God who made them, yet the ſighing and the ſorrowing heart will flee unto him, as the only preſent help in the time of trouble: I ſhall very ſoon lay down my heavy burden of ſickneſs and ſorrow, and eſcape from a darkſome priſon, as I humbly truſt, to everlaſting reſt. O Frank! Frank! it is far ſafer to die a penitent in a jail, than to live in a palace, with a heart untouched by God's grace.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. O ye who ſhall hereafter read my ſtory, drop a tear of pity at the agony I now endured! They no ſooner beheld

beheld their child, than each by turns tenderly embraced her, aſſured her of their forgiveneſs, and gently chid her for having concealed herſelf ſo long, adding, that, as a penitent child, they would moſt gladly have received her, though they would have ſhunned her, if they had found her living in proſperous wickedneſs. She thanked them, and ſaid,

'Mourn not my death, my deareſt parents, but rather rejoice that I die penitent for my tranſgreſſion; and ſince I have received your bleſſing and forgiveneſs, I have but one favour more to aſk in life, which is, that you, my kind father, will extend your pity towards that young man,' pointing to me. 'O ſave him, if poſſible, from an ignominious death; and remember, that *my* child is alſo *his*. My buſineſs in life is done; and now, O heavenly Father! receive my ſpirit, and pardon my ſin, through Jeſus Chriſt my Redeemer.' Here her ſpeech failed her; and, after a few convulſive ſtruggles, ſhe expired.

Great Heaven! is there any puniſhment for me to ſuffer hereafter beyond what I endured at the moment? A dead ſilence ſucceeded for ſome time, my groans only were heard. As ſoon as Mr. Vincent had ſomewhat recovered the ſhock, he raiſed himſelf from the body of his child, and ſpoke to me as follows:

'Behold, O young man, the calamities which thy crimes have brought upon my family! Behold my departed child lying on the boſom of her

her fainting mother; yet I am not inſenſible to the agonies which rend thy ſoul, and ſorry am I to add to them, by telling thee, that thy excellent mother loſt her ſenſes, on hearing thou hadſt committed a crime, by which thou hadſt forfeited thy life to the laws of thy country. O Frank! Frank! what deep diſtreſs can one profligate child bring on whole families! Thy crimes, alas! have brought on thy own deſtruction; for I fear it will not be in my power to befriend thee on thy trial, much as I am diſpoſed to do it in conſideration of thy relations. Too late, Frank, thou muſt now ſee how fatal an exceſſive love of pleaſure muſt prove to a young tradeſman. Thy wretched conduct has opened my eyes on the errors of my own practice; and I now abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes. Honeſt induſtry is generally a ſure road to wealth, as a ſober religious life is to happineſs. To thy coſt thou muſt already have experienced that the wicked can have no dependance upon each other, ſince thou art betrayed, and brought to ſhame, by thoſe very friends who firſt led thy youth aſtray.'

'O Sir,' cried I, few and evil have been my days, but the great God above, who knoweth the ſecrets of all hearts, can alone judge of the ſorrows of mine; it is not, Sir, the puniſhment of death which I fear, but the juſt vengeance of offended Heaven which muſt follow it; for though a very young man, I am a very old ſinner. Alas! my dear and honoured mother,

ther, is it then true that the crimes of your own child have robbed you of your ſenſes? and yet the merciful hand of God has hitherto withheld his vengeance from ſtriking me dead. To whom ſhall I fly for mercy and pity in my diſtreſs? from the law I cannot expect it; and from the offended Majeſty of high heaven I dare not hope it, ſince my preſent puniſhment is but the certain wages of my ſin.' Here, I am told, I fell into ſtrong convulſive fits; and in that condition was conveyed to my cell.

Written the night before my execution.

It is a month ſince I was put on my trial; and my guilt being fully proved by the court, I am condemned to hang by the neck till I am DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

O ye thoughtleſs young men, who have forſaken the God of heaven to follow after the enticing pleaſures of this world, attend to my words, as to thoſe of a man ſpeaking to you from the grave, ſince the dawn of that day is now breaking on the world, in which I ſhall be numbered with the dead. Although, at the inſtant I write, I am in all the prime of youth, and all the vigour of health, yet I ſhall this day die a juſt victim to the broken laws, and my precious ſoul may be conſigned over to everlaſting torments, unleſs the great Judge of all things will be graciouſly pleaſed to accept my

my ſorrow for my ſin, through a gracious Redeemer.

My days are numbered, my hours are few, and the ſolemn tolling bell will ſoon be ſummoning me to meet my God in judgment. The convulſive ſtruggles of death are already upon me before I reach the gallows, whereon I muſt ſhortly hang as a warning ſpectacle to gaping thouſands, and from whence I muſt ſhoot the great gulph which parts

TIME from ETERNITY!

O, bleſſed Lord, have mercy on my ſoul!

The above ſtory was found in the young man's pocket after his execution.

THE HYMN.

FATHER of light, O cleanſe my ſtains,
Look on a ſinner vile;
In dungeon dark, oppreſs'd with chains,
Deign thou on me to ſmile.

Condemn'd to die by human laws,
I own my ſentence juſt,
With mercy mild judge thou my cauſe,
Who art my only truſt.

Tho'

Tho' great my crime and ſhort my race,
My FAITH and HOPE receive;
Since ſouls enrich'd with pard'ning grace,
With thee ſhall ever live.

Then farewel all beneath the ſkies,
The ſting of death is o'er;
O may my trembling ſpirit riſe,
Where ſin ſhall be no more.

THE
Lancaſhire Collier Girl.

A TRUE STORY.

IN a ſmall village in Lancaſhire there lived a few years ago, an induſtrious man and his wife, who had ſix children. The man himſelf uſed to work in a neighbouring colliery, while the wife took care of the family, attended alſo to their little farm, and minded the dairy, and when all her other work was done, ſhe uſed conſtantly to ſit down to ſpin. It will naturally be ſuppoſed that the children of ſuch a mother, even when very young, were not ſuffered to be idle. The eldeſt daughter worked with the mother at the ſpinning wheel, which ſhe learnt to think a very pleaſant employment, and ſhe ſometimes accompanied her work with a cheerful hymn, or a good moral ſong, which her parents had taken care to teach her.

But the ſecond daughter of the name of Mary is the chief ſubject of the preſent ſtory: when this girl was nine years old, the honeſt collier finding that he had but little employment for her above ground, took her to work with him down in the coal-pit, together with

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one of his boys, who was then no more than ſeven years of age. Theſe two children readily put their ſtrength to the baſket; dragging the coals from the workmen to the mouth of the pit; and by their joint labours they did the duty of one of thoſe men, who are commonly called the 'drawers,' clearing thereby no leſs than ſeven ſhillings a week for their parents. It muſt be owned that they may have ſometimes exerted themſelves even beyond their ſtrength, which is now and then the caſe with little children, through the fault of thoſe who exact the work from them; but ſince in this caſe the father had an eye to them during the hours of labour, while they had a prudent and tender mother alſo, to look after them at home, there is no particular reaſon to ſuppoſe, that at the time of which we are now ſpeaking, they were ever much over-worked.

Here then let us ſtop to remark how different was the caſe of this numerous family from that of many others, in the ſame humble ſituation of life. Mary and her brother, ſo far from being a burthen, were bringing a little fortune to their parents, even when they were eight or ten years old: all the family were getting forward by the help of theſe little creatures, and their worldly comforts were now increaſing on every ſide.

But alas! in the midſt of this cheerful and contented diligence, on one fatal day, while the good man was in the act of fixing a baſket, in

order to its being wound up, the children ſtanding near him in the coal-pit, ſome ſtones tumbled from the top of the pit, one of which fell on the father's head, and killed him on the ſpot. What a melancholy event was this! ſome diſmal circumſtances alſo remain to be told, which were the conſequences of it; but in order to relieve the pain of my reader, I will here remark, that the moſt grievous afflictions are often appointed by providence, to be the means, in one way or other, of calling ſome extraordinary virtue into exerciſe; and accordingly we ſhall ſee that the calamity which is now ſpoken of, will introduce Mary, the young collier girl, to the farther good opinion of the reader.

The mother, on hearing the news of her huſband's death, together with the deſcription of the ſad accident which gave occaſion to it, received ſuch a ſhock, that her mind was not able to bear up under it; ſhe became diſordered in her underſtanding, nor did ſhe to the end of her life recover her ſenſes. Being now rendered extremely helpleſs, ſhe was ſeparated from her children by the pariſh officers, who continued to take the charge of her for the ſpace of five years. A ſhort time after the father's death, the eldeſt daughter, (the ſpinner) married, and went from home; two of the brothers, of the ages of nine and ſeven, were bound apprentices by the pariſh, which alſo took the charge of two others, one three years old

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the other an infant, until they ſhould be ſufficiently grown up to be bound out alſo.

In this place I cannot avoid obſerving, what a bleſſing it is to poor people in this country, that pariſh officers are obliged, in all ſuch caſes of neceſſity as that of which I am now ſpeaking, to give maintenance to thoſe who apply to them, and what a pity it is that this wiſe and merciful proviſion of our laws ſhould ever be abuſed. Mary, the girl of whom we are giving the hiſtory, having been already trained to induſtry, was by no means diſpoſed to ſeek any unneceſſary help from the pariſh, and being now between eleven and twelve years old, ſhe determined to maintain herſelf, like a little independent woman, by her uſual work in the coal-pit, where ſhe was generally able after this time to earn at leaſt a ſhilling a day; in three or four years afterwards earning no leſs than two ſhillings. And now I would aſk my young female readers, what they think was the manner in which ſhe employed all this fruit of her induſtry? Do you imagine that ſhe laid it out in vanity of dreſs, in nice eating and drinking, or other needleſs expence? or do you ſuppoſe that ſhe would now indulge herſelf in idleneſs on one or two days in the week, becauſe ſhe had got enough for herſelf to live upon during the four or five working days? no: I truſt you will have formed no ſuch expectation: I hope you will be well aware what Mary did with her money, by having already reflected

reflected what you would have done with it in the like caſe. She, in the firſt place, releaſed the pariſh from the burthen of maintaining her mother, which ſhe did as ſoon as ſhe was arrived at the age of ſixteen, being extremely anxious to take this poor diſordered helpleſs parent home to live with herſelf: ſhe then relieved the pariſh officers from the charge of one of her brothers, and ſhe continued to provide for him, until he died. Having been taught never to conſider her duty as done, while any part of it ſeemed to be left undone, ſhe afterwards undertook the maintenance of one of her other brothers, who remained with her during ſixteen weeks illneſs, at the end of which period ſhe followed him to the grave, burying him at her own expence. After about ſeven years the mother died alſo, and was buried in like manner by this dutiful child, without any aſſiſtance from the pariſh.

If any of my readers ſhould here inquire, how it could be poſſible for ſo young a child to ſupport all theſe relations, many of them being alſo occaſionally very burthenſome through their ſickneſs? The anſwer is, that in the caſe of theſe extraordinary calls upon her, ſhe uſed to betake herſelf to extraordinary labour, ſometimes earning no leſs than three ſhillings and ſix-pence in the four and twenty hours, by taking what is called 'a double turn' in the coal-pits.

The

The ready ſubmiſſion of Mary to her parents when ſhe was in early life, is ſo pleaſing a part of her character, that it may be proper in this place again to make a remark upon it. Let my young readers recollect that in ſubmiſſion to the command of her father, or rather to that law of God which enjoins parental obedience, ſhe cheerfully followed him down into the coal-pit, burying herſelf in the bowels of the earth, and there at a tender age, without excuſing herſelf on account of her ſex, ſhe joined in the ſame work with the miners, a race of men rough indeed, but highly uſeful to the community, of whom I am alſo happy to ſay that they have the character of being honeſt and faithful, as well as remarkably courageous, and that they have given moreover ſome ſtriking inſtances of their readineſs to receive religious inſtruction, when offered to them. Among theſe men, to their honour be it ſpoken, Mary's virtue was ſafe, and after the death of her father, ſhe is even ſaid to have received protection, as well as aſſiſtance from them; her fatigue having been ſometimes leſſened, through their lending her a helping hand, with great feeling and kindneſs.

But though Mary's mind was naturally ſtrong, and her conſtitution of body was very ſtout alſo, yet towards the end of the period which has been ſpoken of, ſhe began to be bowed down in ſome meaſure, by the afflictions and labours which ſhe had endured. It was

evident that ſhe had now been led to exert herſelf beyond her ſtrength. How lamentable is it, that while ſo many people in the world are idle, and are contracting diſeaſes both of body and mind, from the abundance of their riches, and from the want of ſome wholeſome and uſeful exerciſe, there ſhould be any bending like Mary, under their work, hidden in coal-pits, or from ſome cauſe or other removed from obſervation! what a pity is it I ſay, that the former ſhould not employ a little of their time and money in endeavouring to find theſe diſtreſſed objects! And I may alſo add, how lamentable a thing is it, that while ſo many poor people are ſeen, who are apt to complain too ſoon, there ſhould be any, who do not tell their diſtreſſes to thoſe who can help them (which I truſt however does not often happen) till it is almoſt too late!

I was obſerving that Mary began about this time evidently to loſe her ſtrength, and her head was alſo troubled by ſome of thoſe ſtrange and unpleaſant imaginations, which are known by perſons converſant with the diſeaſes of the poor, to be no unuſual conſequence of bad food, and great bodily fatigue, joined with exceſſive grief. At firſt ſhe was not aware that ſhe laboured under any diſorder, for ſhe had ſeldom experienced ill health, while her relations were alive; and it ſeems probable that the comfort which ſhe derived from the reflection of affording them ſupport, and the pleaſ-

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ing ſenſations which aroſe during the exerciſe of her attention to them, had ſerved both to keep up her ſpirits, and to prevent her conſtitution from breaking down.

I truſt it is not ſuperſtitious to ſuppoſe, that when ſincere Chriſtians come, as Mary now did, into very trying circumſtances, they may hope, notwithſtanding any appearances to the contrary, to experience ſtill, in one way or other, the peculiar bleſſing of Heaven; I do not expect that ſuch perſons will be free from pain, poverty, or ſickneſs, or other worldly evils, for it is often quite the contrary, but then I believe that theſe very afflictions will be made the means of increaſing their truſt in God, and prove, in the end (I mean either here or hereafter) to have been entirely deſigned for their good. The calamities of Mary were now riſen to ſuch a height, that thoſe who are not accuſtomed to view things in this religious and moſt comforting light, might be ready to imagine that the Almighty had forſaken her, and that there is little uſe in ſerving him. Let us here number up her afflictions. She had ſeen with her own eyes the dreadful death of her father, ſhe had for a long time witneſſed the affecting condition of her mother, who uſed to follow her about the houſe, without knowing the hand by which ſhe was ſupported; Mary, beſides this, had attended the long and drooping ſickneſs of her two brothers; and now, having fallen ſick herſelf, being both

weak in body, and ſadly enfeebled in her mind, ſhe was dwelling all alone in a little comfortleſs habitation, having been deprived by death of every one of thoſe dear relatives, the ſight of whom had many a time cheered her ſpirits, while the idea of ſupplying them with a comfortable ſubſiſtence, had been uſed to ſweeten her employment, and lighten the ſeverity of her toil.

It was at this period of her extremity that it pleaſed God to raiſe up for her ſome kind friends, in the manner which I ſhall now deſcribe.

A lady of the ſame village heard that a ſervant's place was vacant in a neighbouring family, and adviſed Mary, feeble as ſhe was, to preſent herſelf there as a candidate to fill this comparatively eaſy and comfortable ſituation. Accordingly the poor girl, with an anxious heart, went to offer her ſervices; ſhe mentioned, with her uſual honeſty, what had been the habits of her former life, and what was the ſtate of her health alſo: it ſeemed undoubtedly much againſt her intereſt to do ſo, but it was perfectly right; and how can any of us hope for the bleſſing of God, or expect any true comfort in our minds when we fall into affliction, if we fly to unfair means of reſcuing ourſelves out of it; and inſtead of truſting in God, truſt to our own little frauds, and crooked contrivances.

The anſwer made to Mary's application was unfavourable; for it was thought, and indeed it

was gently hinted, that a young woman, hitherto ſo much expoſed as ſhe had been, was not likely to prove a very fit inmate in a ſober private family.

Mary felt very keenly this unhappy ſuſpicion againſt her character; but what could ſhe do? ſhe walked very quietly away, with a down-caſt look, and with a mind quite broken down by this freſh affliction and diſaſter. The owners of the manſion happened, however, to obſerve her countenance, and the peculiar modeſty of her manner, as ſhe was taking her departure, for her patient and ſilent grief touched them far more ſenſibly than any loud complaints could have done, and they therefore determined to make ſome inquiries concerning her. The gentleman went himſelf on the ſame day to the colliery, where the maſter of the pit replied to his queſtions, nearly in the following terms: 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſhe is a poor girl that has over-worked herſelf, for ſhe has undertaken what we call taſk-work, which is very hard labour; ſhe is one of the beſt girls that ever I knew, and is reſpected by all the colliers; and though,' added he, 'I cannot deny that now and then my men take a cup too much, which is apt to make them ſometimes quarrelſome, yet they never ſuffer a bad word to be ſpoken, or an affront to be offered, to a girl in the pit, without puniſhing the fellow who may be guilty, and making him heartily aſhamed of himſelf.'

This rule of decency and propriety towards young women, eſtabliſhed by a ſet of coarſe miners, is here recorded to their praiſe, and for the benefit of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are pleaſed to call themſelves their betters.

The gentleman, after a very minute and full examination, was ſo well ſatisfied of the good character of Mary, that ſhe was received into his ſervice, in which ſhe has now been living comfortably for about the ſpace of ſix years. Her health is recovered, her habits of diligence are ſtill very great, and ſhe is ſaid to be of a remarkably modeſt, humble, and contented ſpirit. It may not be improper to mention, that the maſter of the houſe in which ſhe lives has furniſhed all the materials of this ſtory.

I will now take leave of my readers, by remarking, that the little tale which I have been reciting, ſeems to me to hold out the following uſeful leſſons:

In the firſt place, I think it may teach the poor, that they can ſeldom be in any condition of life ſo low, as to prevent their riſing to ſome degree of independence, if they chuſe to exert themſelves; and that there can be no ſituation whatever ſo mean, as to forbid the practice of many noble virtues. It may inſtruct the rich not to turn the poor from their doors, merely on account of firſt appearances, but rather to examine into their character, expecting ſometimes to find peculiar modeſty and merit, even in the moſt expoſed ſituations.

tions. This ſtory may alſo encourage the afflicted to ſerve and truſt God in every extremity; and, finally, it may teach all deſcriptions of perſons, who may have to paſs through dangerous and trying circumſtances, that they may expect the divine protection and bleſſing, provided they are not needleſsly throwing themſelves in the way of temptation, but are endeavouring, like Mary, "to learn and labour truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that ſtate of life, unto which it hath pleaſed God to call them."

THE HISTORY OF MR. FANTOM, THE NEW FASHIONED PHILOSOPHER, AND HIS MAN WILLIAM.

MR. FANTOM was a retail trader in the city of London. As he had no turn to any expenſive vices, he was reckoned a ſober decent man, but he was covetous and proud, ſelfiſh and conceited. As ſoon as he got forward in the world, his vanity began to diſplay itſelf, but not in the ordinary method, that of making a figure and living away; but ſtill he was tormented with a longing deſire to draw public notice, and to diſtinguiſh himſelf. He felt a general ſenſe of diſcontent at what he was, with a general ambition to be ſomething which he was not; but this deſire had not yet turned itſelf to any particular object. It was not by his money he could hope to be diſtinguiſhed, for half his acquaintance had more, and a man muſt

muſt be rich indeed, to be noted for his riches in London. Mr. Fantom's mind was a prey to vain imaginations. He deſpiſed all thoſe little acts of kindneſs and charity which every man is called to perform every day, and while he was contriving grand ſchemes which lay quite out of his reach, he neglected the ordinary duties of life which lay directly before him.

About this time he got hold of a famous little book written by the NEW PHILOSOPHER, whoſe peſtilent doctrines have gone about ſeeking whom they may deſtroy; theſe doctrines found a ready entrance into Mr. Fantom's mind; a mind at once ſhallow and inquiſitive, ſpeculative and vain, ambitious and diſſatisfied. As almoſt every book was new to him, he fell into the common error of thoſe who begin to read late in life, that of thinking that what he did not know himſelf, was equally new to others; and he was apt to fancy that he and the author he was reading were the only two people in the world who knew any thing. This book led to the grand diſcovery; he had now found what his heart panted after, a way to *diſtinguiſh himſelf*. To ſtart out a full grown philoſopher at once, to be wiſe without education, to diſpute without learning, and to make proſelytes without argument, was a ſhort cut to fame, which well ſuited his vanity and his ignorance. He rejoiced that he had been ſo clever as to examine for himſelf, pitied his friends who took things upon truſt, and was

reſolved to aſſert the freedom of his own mind. To a man fond of bold novelties and daring paradoxes, ſolid argument would be flat, and truth would be dull, merely becauſe it is not new. Mr. Fantom believed, not in proportion to the ſtrength of the evidence, but to the impudence of the aſſertion. The trampling on holy ground with dirty ſhoes, the ſmearing the ſanctuary with filth and mire, the calling prophets and apoſtles by the moſt ſcurrilous names was new, and daſhing, and dazzling. Mr. Fantom now being ſet free from the chains of ſlavery and ſuperſtition, was reſolved to ſhow his zeal in the uſual way, by trying to free others; but it would have hurt his vanity had he known that he was the convert of a man who had written only for the vulgar, who had *invented* nothing, no not even one idea of original wickedneſs; but who had ſtooped to rake up out of the kennel of infidelity, all the loathſome dregs and offal dirt, which politer unbelievers had thrown away as too groſs and offenſive for their better bred readers.

Mr. Fantom, who conſidered that a philoſopher muſt ſet up with a little ſort of ſtock in trade, now picked up all the common place notions againſt Chriſtianity, which have been anſwered a hundred times over; theſe he kept by him ready cut and dried, and brought out in all companies with a zeal which would have done honour to a better cauſe, but which the friends to a better cauſe are not ſo apt to diſcover.

cover. He ſoon got all the cant of the new ſchool. He prated about *narrowneſs*, and *ignorance*, and *bigotry*, and *prejudice*, and *prieſtcraft*, on the one hand; and on the other of *public good*, the *love of mankind*, and *liberality*, and *candour*, and *toleration*, and above all, *benevolence*. Benevolence, he ſaid, made up the whole of religion, and all the other parts of it were nothing but cant and jargon, and hypocriſy. Finding, however, that he made little impreſſion on his old club at the Cat and Bagpipes, he grew tired of their company, yet there was one member whoſe ſociety he could not reſolve to give up, though they ſeldom agreed, as indeed no two men in the ſame claſs and habits of life could leſs reſemble each other. Mr. Trueman was an honeſt, plain, ſimple hearted tradeſman of the good old cut, who feared God and followed his buſineſs; he went to church twice on Sundays and minded his ſhop all the week, ſpent frugally, gave liberally, and ſaved moderately. He loſt, however, ſome ground in Mr. Fantom's eſteem, becauſe he paid his taxes without diſputing, and read his bible without doubting.

Mr. Fantom now began to be tired of every thing in trade except the profits of it; for the more the word benevolence was in his mouth, the more did ſelfiſhneſs gain dominion in his heart. He, however, reſolved to retire for a while into the country, and devote his time to his new plans, ſchemes, theories, and pro-

jects for the public good. A life of talking, and reading, and writing, and diſputing, and teaching, and proſelyting now ſtruck him as the only life, ſo he ſoon ſet out for the country with his family, to which was now added his new footman, William Wilſon, whom he had taken with a good character out of a ſober family. He was no ſooner ſettled than he wrote to invite Mr. Trueman to come and pay him a viſit, for he would have burſt if he could not have got ſome one to whom he might diſplay his new knowledge; he knew that if on the one hand Trueman was no ſcholar, yet on the other he was no fool; and though he deſpiſed his *prejudices*, yet he thought he might be made a good decoy duck, for if he could once bring Trueman over, the whole club at the Cat and Bagpipes might be brought to follow his example, and thus he might ſee himſelf at the head of a ſociety of his own proſelytes, the ſupreme object of a philoſopher's ambition. Trueman came accordingly. He ſoon found that however he might be ſhocked at the impious doctrines his friend maintained, yet that an important leſſon might be learnt even from the worſt enemies of truth; namely, an ever wakeful attention to their grand object. If they ſet out with talking of trade or politics; of private news or public affairs, ſtill Mr. Fantom was ever on the watch to hitch in his darling doctrines; whatever he began with, he was ſure to end with a pert ſquib at the Bible,

a vapid

a vapid jeſt on the clergy, the miſeries of ſuperſtition, and the bleſſings of philoſophy. 'Oh!' ſaid Trueman to himſelf, 'when ſhall I ſee Chriſtians half ſo much in earneſt? Why is it that almoſt all zeal is on the wrong ſide?'

'Well, Mr. Fantom,' ſaid Trueman next day at breakfaſt, 'I am afraid you are leading but an idle ſort of life here.'—'Idle, ſir,' ſaid Fantom, 'I now firſt begin to live to ſome purpoſe; I have indeed loſt too much time, and waſted my talents on a little retail trade, in which one is of no note; one can't diſtinguiſh one's ſelf.'—'So much the better,' ſaid Trueman, 'I had rather not diſtinguiſh myſelf, unleſs it was by leading a better life than my neighbours. There is nothing I ſhould dread more than being talked about. I dare ſay now heaven is in a good meaſure filled with people whoſe names were never heard out of their own ſtreet and village. So I beg leave not to diſtinguiſh myſelf.'—"Yes, but one may if it is only by ſigning one's name to an eſſay or a paragraph in a newſpaper,' ſaid Fantom. 'Heaven keep John Trueman's name out of a newſpaper,' interrupted he in a fright, 'for if it be there it muſt either be found in the Old Bailey or the Bankrupt Liſt, unleſs indeed I were to remove ſhop, or ſell off my old ſtock.' 'But in your preſent confined ſituation you can be of no uſe,' ſaid Fantom. 'That I deny,' interrupted the other. 'I have filled all the pariſh offices with ſome credit. I never took

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a bride at an election, no not ſo much as a treat; I take care of my apprentices, and don't ſet them a bad example by running to plays and Sadler's Wells in the week, or jaunting about in a gig all day on Sundays; for I look upon it that the country jaunt of the maſter on Sundays expoſes his ſervants to more danger than their whole week's temptations in trade put together.'

Fantom. 'I once had the ſame vulgar prejudices about the Church and the Sabbath, and all that antiquated ſtuff. But even on your own narrow principles, how can a thinking being ſpend his Sunday better (if he muſt loſe one day in ſeven by having any Sunday at all) than by going into the country to admire the works of nature?'

Trueman. 'I ſuppoſe you mean the works of God; for I never read in the Bible that nature made any thing. I ſhould rather think that ſhe herſelf was made by him who made all things; by him, who, when he ſaid "thou ſhalt not murder," ſaid alſo, "thou ſhalt keep holy the ſabbath day." But now do you really think that all that multitude of coaches, chariots, chaiſes, vis-a-vis, booby hutches, ſulkies, ſociables, phaetons, gigs, curricles, cabrioles, chairs, ſtages, pleaſure carts and horſes, which crowd our roads; all thoſe country houſes within reach, to which the London friends pour in to the gorgeous Sunday feaſt, which the ſervants are kept from church to dreſs; all thoſe

public

public houſes under the ſigns of which you read theſe alluring words, AN ORDINARY ON SUNDAYS; I ſay, do you really believe that all thoſe houſes and carriages are crammed with philoſophers who go on Sundays into the country to admire the works of nature as you call it? Indeed, from the reeling gait of ſome of them when they go back at night, one might take them for a certain ſect called the tipling philoſophers. Then in anſwer to your charge that a little tradeſman can do no good, it is not true; I muſt tell you that I belong to the ſociety for relieving priſoners for ſmall debts, and to the ſick man's friend, and to ——'

Fantom. 'Oh, enough—all theſe are petty occupations.'

Trueman. 'Then they are better ſuited to petty men of petty fortune. I had rather have an ounce of real good done with my own hands, and ſeen with my own eyes, than ſpeculate about doing a ton in a wild way which I know can never be brought about.'

Fantom. 'I deſpiſe a narrow field. O for the reign of univerſal benevolence! I want to make all mankind good and happy.'

Trueman. 'Dear me! ſure that muſt be a wholeſale ſort of a job; had not you better try your hand at a town or a pariſh firſt?'

Fantom. 'Sir, I have a plan in my head for relieving the miſeries of the whole world. Every thing is bad as it now ſtands. I would alter all the laws, and do away all the religions,

and

and put an end to all the wars in the world, I would every where redreſs the injuſtice of fortune, or what the vulgar call providence. I would put an end to all puniſhments, I would not leave a ſingle priſoner on the face of the globe. This is what I call doing things on a grand ſcale. 'A ſcale with a vengeance!' ſaid Trueman. 'As to releaſing the priſoners, however, I don't ſo much like that, as it would be pleaſing a few rogues at the expence of all honeſt men; but as to the reſt of your plan, if all Chriſtian countries would be ſo good as turn Chriſtians, it might be helped on a good deal. There would be ſtill miſery enough left indeed, becauſe God intended this world ſhould be earth and not heaven. But, ſir, among all your abolitions you muſt aboliſh human corruption before you can make the world quite as perfect as you pretend. Among all your reforms you muſt reform the human heart; you are only hacking at the branches, without ſtriking at the root. Baniſhing impiety out of the world, would be like ſtriking off all the pounds from an overcharged bill; and all the troubles which would be left, would be reduced to mere ſhillings, pence, and farthings, as one may ſay.'

Fantom. 'Your project would rivet the chains which mine is deſigned to break.'

Trueman. 'Sir, I have no projects. Projects are in general the offſpring of reſtleſsneſs, vanity, and idleneſs. I am too buſy for Projects, too

too contented for Theories, and, I hope, have too much humility for a philoſopher. The utmoſt extent of my ambition at preſent is, to redreſs the wrongs of a pariſh apprentice who has been cruelly uſed by his maſter; indeed I have another little ſcheme, which is to proſecute a fellow in our ſtreet who has let a poor wretch in a work-houſe, of which he had the care, periſh through neglect, and you muſt aſſiſt me.'

Fantom. 'The pariſh muſt do that; as to me I own that the wrongs of the Poles and South Americans ſo fill my mind, as to leave me no time to attend to the petty ſorrows of work-houſes and pariſh apprentices. It is provinces, empires, continents, that the benevolence of the philoſopher embraces; every one can do a little paltry good to his next neighbour.'

Trueman. 'Every one can, but I don't ſee that every one does. If they would, indeed, your buſineſs would be ready done to your hands, and your grand ocean of benevolence would be filled with the drops which private charity would throw into it. I am glad, however, you are ſuch a friend to the priſoners, becauſe I am juſt now getting a little ſubſcription from our club, to ſet free your poor old friend Tom Saunders, a very honeſt brother tradeſman, who got firſt into debt, and then into goal, through no fault of his own, but merely through the preſſure of the times. We have each of us allowed a trifle every week to-

wards

wards maintaining Tom's young family ſince he has been in priſon, but we think we ſhall do much more ſervice to Saunders, and indeed in the end lighten our own expence, by paying down at once a little ſum to reſtore to him the comforts of life, and put him in a way of maintaining his family again. We have made up the money all except five guineas, I am already promiſed four, and you have nothing to do but to give me the fifth. And ſo for a ſingle guinea, without any of the trouble, the meetings, and the looking into his affairs, which we have had, you will at once have the pleaſure (and it is no ſmall one) of helping to ſave a worthy family from ſtarving, of redeeming an old friend from goal, and of putting a little of your boaſted benevolence into action. Realize! Maſter Fantom, there is nothing like realizing.

'Why, hearkee Mr. Trueman,' ſaid Fantom ſtammering, and looking very black, 'don't think I value a guinea; no Sir, I deſpiſe money, 'tis traſh, 'tis dirt, and beneath the regard of a wiſe man. 'Tis one of the unfeeling inventions of artificial ſociety. Sir, I could talk to you for half a day on the abuſe of riches, and on my own contempt of money.'

Trueman. 'O pray don't give yourſelf the trouble, it will be an eaſier way by half of proving both, juſt to put your hand in your pocket and give me the guinea without ſaying a word about it: and then to you who value time ſo much and money ſo little, it will cut the matter ſhort.

ſhort. But come now (for I ſee you will give nothing) I ſhould be mighty glad to know what is the ſort of good you do yourſelves, ſince you always object to what is done by others.' 'Sir,' ſaid Mr. Fantom, 'the object of a true philoſopher is to diffuſe light and knowledge. I wiſh to ſee the whole world enlightened.'

Trueman. 'Amen! if you mean with the light of the Goſpel. But if you mean that one religion is as good as another, and that no religion is the beſt of all; in ſhort, if you want to make the whole world philoſophers, why they had better ſtay as they are. But as to the true light, I wiſh it to reach the very loweſt, and I therefore bleſs God for charity-ſchools, as inſtruments of diffuſing it among the poor.'

Fantom, who had no reaſon to expect that his friend was going to call upon him for a ſubſcription on this account, ventured to praiſe them: ſaying, 'I am no enemy to theſe inſtitutions. I would indeed change the object of inſtruction, but I would have the whole world inſtructed.'

Here Mrs. Fantom, who, with her daughter, had quietly ſat by at their work, ventured to put in a word, a liberty ſhe ſeldom took with her huſband, who, in his zeal to make the whole world free and happy, was too prudent to include his wife. 'Then, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'I wonder you don't let your own

ſervants

ſervants be taught a little. The maids can ſcarcely tell a letter, or ſay the Lord's Prayer; and you know you won't allow them time to learn. William too has never been at church ſince we came out of town. He was at firſt very orderly and obedient, but now he is ſeldom ſober of an evening, and in the morning when he ſhould be rubbing the tables in the parlour, he is generally lolling upon them, and reading your little manual of the new philoſophy.' 'Mrs. Fantom,' ſaid her huſband angrily, 'you know that my labours for the public good, leave me little time to think of my own family. I muſt have a great field, I like to do good to hundreds at once.'

'I am very glad of that, papa,' ſaid Miſs Polly, for then I hope you won't refuſe to ſubſcribe to all thoſe pretty children at the Sunday-ſchool as you did yeſterday, when the gentleman came a begging, becauſe that is the very thing you were wiſhing for; there are two or three hundred to be done good to at once.'

Trueman. 'Well, Mr. Fantom, you are a wonderful man to keep up ſuch a ſtock of benevolence at ſo ſmall an expence. To love mankind ſo dearly, and yet avoid all opportunities of doing them good; to have ſuch a noble zeal for the millions, and to feel ſo little compaſſion for the units; ſurely none but a philoſopher could indulge ſo much philanthropy

lanthropy and ſo much frugality at the ſame time.'

Fantom. 'I deſpiſe the man whoſe benevolence is ſwallowed up in the narrow concerns of his own family, or pariſh, or country.'

Trueman. 'Well, now I have a notion that 'tis as well to do one's own duty as the duty of another man, and to do good at home as well as abroad, and I had as lieve help Tom Saunders to freedom as a Pole or a South American, though I ſhould be very glad to help them too, but one muſt begin to love ſomewhere, and to do good ſomewhere; and I think 'tis as natural to love one's own family, and to do good in one's own neighbourhood, as to any body elſe. And if every man in every family, pariſh, and county, did the ſame, why! all the ſchemes would meet, and the end of one pariſh where I was doing good would be the beginning of another where ſomebody elſe was doing good; ſo my ſchemes would jut into my neighbour's, and all would fit with a ſort of a dove-tail exactneſs.'

Here they were told dinner was on table. 'Don't think,' ſaid Mr. Fantom, 'that you have the beſt of the argument, becauſe you happen to have the laſt word. We will finiſh our talk ſome other time;' ſo ſaying they went in to dinner.

When

When they ſat down, Mr. Fantom was not a little out of humour to ſee his table in ſome diſorder. William was alſo rather more negligent than uſual. If the company called for bread, he gave them beer, and he took away the clean plates, and gave them dirty ones. Mr. Fantom ſoon diſcovered that his ſervant was very drunk; he flew into a violent paſſion, and ordered him out of the room, charging that he ſhould not appear in his preſence in that condition. William obeyed; but having ſlept an hour or two, and got about half ſober, he again made his appearance. His maſter gave him a moſt ſevere reprimand, and called him an idle, drunken, vicious fellow. 'Sir,' ſaid William, very pertly, 'If I do get drunk now and then, I only do it for the good of my country, and in obedience to your wiſhes.' Mr. Fantom, thoroughly provoked, now began to ſcold him in words not fit to be repeated, and aſked him what he meant. 'Why, ſir,' ſaid William, 'you are a philoſopher you know, and I have often overheard you ſay to your company, that private vices are public benefits, and ſo I thought that getting drunk was as pleaſant a way of doing good to the public as any, eſpecially when I could oblige my maſter at the ſame time.'

'Get out of my houſe,' ſaid Mr. Fantom in a great rage. 'I do not deſire to ſtay a moment longer,' ſaid William, 'ſo pay me my wages.'

wages.' 'Not I, indeed,' replied the maſter, 'nor will I give you a character, ſo never let me ſee your face again.' William took his maſter at his word, and not only got out of the houſe, but out of the country too as faſt as poſſible. When they found he was really gone, they made a hue-and-cry, in order to detain him till they had examined if he had left every thing in the houſe as he had found it. But William had got out of reach, knowing he could not ſtand ſuch a ſcrutiny. On examination, Mr. Fantom found that all his old port was gone, and Mrs. Fantom miſſed three of her beſt new ſpoons. William was purſued, but without ſucceſs; and Mr. Fantom was ſo much diſcompoſed, that he could not, for the reſt of the day, talk on any ſubject but his wine and his ſpoons, nor harangue on any project but that of recovering both by bringing William to juſtice.

Some days paſſed away, in which Mr. Fantom, having had time to cool, began to be aſhamed that he had been betrayed into ſuch ungoverned paſſion. He made the beſt excuſe he could, ſaid no man was perfect, and though he owned he had been too violent, yet he ſtill hoped William would be brought to the puniſhment he deſerved. 'In the mean time,' ſaid Mr. Trueman, 'ſeeing how ill philoſophy has agreed with your man, ſuppoſe you were to ſet about teaching your maids a little religion?' Mr. Fantom coolly replied, 'that the

the impertinent retort of a drunken footman could not ſpoil a ſyſtem.' 'Your ſyſtem, however, and your own behaviour,' ſaid Trueman, 'have made that footman a ſcoundrel: and you are anſwerable for his offences.' 'Not I truly,' ſaid Fantom, 'he has ſeen me do no harm; he has neither ſeen me cheat, gamble, nor get drunk; and I defy you to ſay I corrupt my ſervants. I am a moral man, ſir.' 'Mr. Fantom,' ſaid Trueman, 'if you were to get drunk every day, and game every night, you would, indeed, endanger your own ſoul, and give a dreadful example to your family; but great as thoſe ſins are, and God forbid that I ſhould attempt to leſſen them, ſtill they are not worſe, nay, they are not ſo bad as the peſtilent doctrines with which you infect your houſe and your neighbourhood. A bad action is like a ſingle murder, but a wicked principle is throwing lighted gunpowder into a town, it is poiſoning a river; there are no bounds, no certainty, no end to its miſchief. The ill effects of the worſt action may ceaſe in time, and the conſequences of your bad example may end with your life; but ſouls may be brought to perdition by a wicked principle, after the author of it has been dead for ages.'

Fantom. 'You talk like an ignoramus, who has never read the new philoſophy. All this nonſenſe of future puniſhment is now done

done away. It is *our* benevolence which makes us reject your creed; we can no more believe in a Deity who permits ſo much evil in the preſent world, than one who threatens eternal puniſhment in the next.'

Trueman. 'What! ſhall mortal man be more merciful than God? Do you pretend to be more compaſſionate than that gracious Father, who ſent his own Son into the world to die for ſinners?'

Fantom. 'You take all your notions of the Deity from the vulgar views your Bible gives you of him.' 'To be ſure I do,' ſaid Trueman; 'can you tell me any way of getting a better notion of him? I don't want any of your farthing-candle philoſophy in the broad ſun-ſhine of the Goſpel, Mr. Fantom. My Bible tells me that "God is love," not merely loving, but LOVE. Now do you think a Being whoſe very eſſence is love, would permit any miſery among his children here, if it was not to be, ſome way or other, or ſome where or other, for their good? You forget, too, that in a world where there is ſin there muſt be miſery. Then, too, I ſuppoſe, God permits miſery partly to exerciſe the ſufferers, and partly to try the proſperous; for by trouble God corrects ſome and tries others. Suppoſe now, Tom Saunders had not been put in priſon, you and I——no, I beg pardon, *you* ſaved your guinea; well then, our club and I could not have ſhown our kindneſs in getting

him out, nor would poor Saunders himself have had an opportunity of exercising his own patience under want and imprisonment. So you see one reason why God permits misery, is, that good men may have an opportunity of lessening it.' Mr. Fantom replied, 'There is no object which I have more at heart; I have, as I told you, a plan in my head of such universal benevolence as to include the happiness of all mankind.' 'Mr. Fantom,' said Trueman, 'I feel that I have a general good-will to all my brethren of mankind; and if I had as much money in my purse as I have love in my heart, I trust I should prove it; all I say is, that, in a station of life where I can't do much, I am more called upon to procure the happiness of a poor neighbour, who has no one else to look to, than to form wild plans for the good of mankind, too extensive to be accomplished, and too chimerical to be put in practice. I can't free whole countries, nor reform the evils of society at large, but I *can* free an aggrieved wretch in a workhouse, and I *can* labour to reform myself and my own family.'

Some weeks after this a letter was brought to Mr. Fantom from his late servant William, who had been turned away for drunkenness, as related above, and who had also robbed his master of some wine and some spoons. Mr. Fantom, glancing his eye over the letter, said, 'it is dated from Chelmsford jail; that rascal

is

is got into priſon. I am glad of it with all my heart, it is the fitteſt place for ſuch ſcoundrels. I hope he will be ſent to Botany Bay, if not hanged.' 'O, ho! my good friend,' ſaid Trueman, 'then I find that in aboliſhing all priſons you would juſt let one ſtand for the accommodation of thoſe who ſhould happen to rob *you*.' Mr. Fantom drily obſerved, that he was not fond of jokes, and proceeded to read the letter. It expreſſed an earneſt wiſh that his late maſter would condeſcend to pay him one viſit in his dark and doleful abode, as he wiſhed to ſay a few words to him, before the dreadful ſentence of the law, which had already been pronounced, ſhould be executed.

'Let us go and ſee the poor fellow,' ſaid Trueman, 'it is but a morning's ride. If he is really ſo near his end it would be cruel to refuſe him.' 'Not I truly,' ſaid Fantom; 'he deſerves nothing at my hands but the halter he is likely to meet with.—Such port as is not to be had for money! and the ſpoons part of my new dozen!' 'As to the wine,' ſaid Trueman, 'I am afraid you muſt give that up, but the only way to get any tidings of the ſpoons is to go and hear what he has to ſay; I have no doubt but he will make ſuch a confeſſion as may be very uſeful to others, which, you know, is one grand advantage of puniſhments; and, beſides, we may afford him ſome little comfort.' 'As to comfort, he deſerves

none from me,' said Fantom; 'and as to his confessions, they can be of no use to me, but as they give me a chance of getting my spoons, so I don't much care if I do take a ride with you.'

When they came to the prison Mr. Trueman's tender heart sunk within him. He deplored the corrupt nature of man, which makes such rigorous confinement needful, not merely for the punishment of the offender, but for the safety of society. Fantom, from mere trick and habit, was just preparing a speech on general benevolence, and the cruelty of imprisonment, till the recollection of his old port and his new spoons cooled his ardour, and he went on without saying a word. When they reached the cell where the unhappy William was confined, they stopped at the door. The poor wretch had thrown himself on the ground, as well as his chains would give him leave. He groaned piteously; and was so swallowed up with a sense of his own miseries, that he neither heard the door open, nor saw the gentlemen. He was attempting to pray, but in an agony which made his words hardly intelligible. Thus much they could make out—'God be merciful to me a sinner, the chief of sinners!' then, suddenly attempting to start up, but prevented by his irons, he roared out, 'O God! thou canst *not* be merciful to me, for I have denied thee; I have ridiculed my Saviour who died for me; I have broken his laws; I

have derided his word; I have reſiſted his ſpirit; I have laughed at that heaven which is ſhut againſt me; I have denied thoſe torments which await me. To-morrow! to-morrow! O for a longer ſpace for repentance! O for a ſhort reprieve from hell!' Mr. Trueman wept ſo loud that it drew the attention of the criminal, who now lifted up his eyes, and caſt on his late maſter a look ſo dreadful, that Fantom wiſhed for a moment that he had given up all hope of the ſpoons, rather than have expoſed himſelf to ſuch a ſcene. At length the poor wretch ſaid, in a voice that would have melted a heart of ſtone, 'O, Sir, are you there? I did indeed wiſh to ſee you before my dreadful ſentence is put in execution. Oh, Sir! to-morrow! to-morrow! But I have a confeſſion to make to you.' This revived Mr. Fantom, who again ventured to glance a hope at the ſpoons. 'Sir,' ſaid William, 'I could not die without making my confeſſion.' 'Aye, and reſtitution too, I hope,' replied Fantom. 'Where are my ſpoons?' 'Sir, they are gone with the reſt of my wretched booty. But oh, Sir! thoſe ſpoons make ſo petty an article in my black account, that I hardly think of them. Murder! Sir, murder is the crime for which I am juſtly doomed to die. Oh, Sir! who can abide the anger of an offended God? Who can dwell with everlaſting burnings?' As this was a queſtion which even a philoſopher could not anſwer, Mr. Fantom was going to ſteal

off, eſpecially as he now gave up all hope of the ſpoons; but William called him back.—'Stay, Sir, ſtay, I conjure you, as you will anſwer it at the bar of God. You are the cauſe of my being about to ſuffer a ſhameful death. Yes, Sir, you made me a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer.' 'How dare you, William,' cried Mr. Fantom, with great emotion, 'accuſe me with being the cauſe of ſuch horrid crimes? 'Sir,' anſwered the criminal, 'from you I learned the principles which lead to thoſe crimes. By the grace of God I ſhould never have fallen into ſins deſerving of the gallows, if I had not overheard you ſay there was no hereafter, no judgment, no future reckoning. O, Sir! there is a hell, dreadful, inconceivable, eternal!' Here, through the exceſs of anguiſh, the poor fellow fainted away. Mr. Fantom, who did not at all reliſh this ſcene, ſaid to his friend, 'Well, Sir, we will go, if you pleaſe, for you ſee there is nothing to be done.'

'Sir,' replied Mr. Trueman, mournfully, 'you may go if you pleaſe, but I ſhall ſtay, for I ſee there is a great deal to be done.' 'What,' rejoined the other, 'do you think it poſſible his life can be ſaved?' 'No, indeed,' ſaid Trueman; 'but I hope it is poſſible his ſoul may be ſaved.' 'I don't underſtand theſe things,' ſaid Fantom, making toward the door. 'Nor I neither,' ſaid Trueman; 'but, as a fellow ſinner, I am bound to do what I can for this

this poor fellow. Do you go home, Mr. Fantom, and finiſh your Treatiſe on Univerſal Benevolence, and the bleſſed effects of Philoſophy; and hark ye, be ſure you let the frontiſpiece of your book repreſent *William on the gibbet*; that will be what our parſon calls a PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION. You know I hate theories; this is *realizing*; this is PHILOSOPHY made eaſy to the meaneſt capacity.'

Mr. Fantom ſneaked off to finiſh his work at home; and Mr. Trueman ſtaid to finiſh his in the priſon. He paſſed the night with the wretched convict; he prayed with him and for him, and read to him the penitential pſalms, and ſome portions of the Goſpel. But he was too humble and too prudent a man to venture out of his depth by arguments and conſolations, which he was not warranted to uſe: this he left for the miniſter; but he preſſed on William the great duty of making the only amends now in his power to thoſe whom he had led aſtray. They then drew up the following paper, which Mr. Trueman got printed, and gave away at the place of execution.

The laſt Words, Confeſſion, and dying Speech of WILLIAM WILSON, *who was executed at Chelmsford for Murder.*

'I was bred up in the fear of God, and lived with credit in many ſober families, in which

I was a faithful ſervant; but being tempted by a little higher wages, I left a good place to go and live with Mr. Fantom, who, however, made good none of his fine promiſes, but proved a hard maſter. In his ſervice I was not allowed time to go to church. This troubled me at firſt, till I overheard my maſter ſay, that going to church was a ſuperſtitious prejudice, and only meant for the vulgar. Upon this I reſolved to go no more; for I thought there could not be two religions, one for the maſter, and one for the ſervant. Finding my maſter never prayed, I too left off praying; this gave Satan great power over me, ſo that I from that time fell into almoſt every ſin. I was very uneaſy at firſt, and my conſcience gave me no reſt; but I was ſoon reconciled by overhearing my maſter and another gentleman ſay, that death was only a long ſleep, and hell and judgment were but an invention of prieſts to keep the poor in order. I mention this as a warning to all maſters and miſtreſſes to take care what they converſe about while ſervants are waiting at table. They cannot tell how many ſouls they have ſent to perdition by ſuch looſe talk. The crime for which I die is the natural conſequence of the principles I learnt of my maſter. A rich man, indeed, who throws off religion, may eſcape the gallows, becauſe want does not drive him to commit thoſe crimes which lead

to

to it; but what ſhall reſtrain a needy man, who has been taught that there is no dreadful reckoning? Oh, my dear fellow-ſervants! take warning by my ſad fate, never be tempted away from a ſober ſervice for the ſake of a little more wages: never venture your immortal ſouls in houſes where God is not feared. And now hear me, O my God, though I have blaſphemed thee; forgive me, O my Saviour, though I have denied thee. O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty, deliver me from the bitter pains of eternal death, and receive my ſoul for his ſake who died for ſinners.

WILLIAM WILSON.'

Mr. Trueman would never leave this poor penitent till he was launched into eternity, but attended him with the miniſter in the cart. This pious miniſter never cared to tell me what he thought of William's ſtate. When I ventured to mention my hope, that though his penitence was late, yet it was ſincere, and ſpoke of the dying thief on the croſs as a ground of encouragement, the miniſter, with a very ſerious look, made me this anſwer: 'Sir, that inſtance is too often brought forward on occaſions to which it does not apply: I do not chuſe to ſay any thing to your application of it in the preſent caſe, but I will anſwer you in the words of a good man ſpeaking of the penitent thief: 'There is *one* ſuch inſtance given

that nobody might despair, and there is *but* one, that nobody might presume.'

Poor William was turned off just a quarter before eleven; and may the Lord have had mercy on his soul!

Z.

BLACK GILES,

THE POACHER;

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT

Of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work.

PART I.



POACHING GILES lives on the borders of one of thoſe great moors in Somerſetſhire. Giles, to be ſure, has been a ſad fellow in his time; and it is none of his fault if his whole

family do not end either at the gallows or at Botany Bay. He lives at that Mud Cottage with the broken windows, ſtuffed with dirty rags, juſt beyond the gate which divides the Upper from the Lower Moor. You may know the houſe at a good diſtance by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the looſe ſtones which are ready to drop out from the chimney; though a ſhort ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leiſure time, would have prevented all this, and made the little dwelling tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt any thing that was good, ſo he did not know the value of ſuch uſeful ſayings, as, that 'a tile in time ſaves nine.'

Beſides this, Giles fell into that common miſtake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children, raiſed moſt compaſſion, and of courſe drew moſt charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatneſs, houſewifery, and a decent appearance, which draws the kindneſs of the rich and charitable, while they turn away diſguſted from filth and lazineſs; not out of pride, but becauſe they ſee that it is next to impoſſible to mend the condition of thoſe who degrade themſelves by dirt and ſloth.

The common on which Giles's hovel ſtands, is quite a deep marſh in a wet winter; but in ſummer it looks green and pretty enough. To be ſure it would be rather convenient when one

one paſſes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate; but inſtead of any one of them running out as ſoon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but ſet all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a ſand-bank hard by the gate, waiting for the ſlender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the ſound of a carriage, a whole covey of theſe little ſcare-crows ſtart up, ruſh to the gate, and all at once thruſt out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noiſe of their clamorous begging, ſhould not ſufficiently frighten the horſes, they are very apt to let the gate ſlap full againſt you, before you are half way through, in their eager ſcuffle to ſnatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by theſe abominable tricks.

Thus five or ſix little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home, who might be uſeful to the public by working in the field, and who might aſſiſt their families by learning to get their bread twenty honeſt ways, are ſuffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance halfpence, which, after all, they are by no means ſure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlefolks found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they

they ſoon left off giving any thing. And I myſelf, though I uſed to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I ſee a whole family eſtabliſhed in ſo beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again into my pocket, and give nothing at all. And ſo few travellers paſs that way, that ſometimes, after the whole family have loſt a day, their gains do not amount to two-pence.

As Giles had a far greater taſte for living by his wits than his work, he was at one time in hopes that his children might have got a pretty penny by *tumbling* for the diverſion of travellers, and he ſet about training them in that indecent practice; but, unluckily, the moors being level, the carriages travelled faſter than the children tumbled. He envied thoſe parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltſhire Downs, which Downs being very hilly, it enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he ſometimes extorts from the light and the unthinking a reward inſtead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that ſuch tricks are a kind of apprenticeſhip to the trades of begging and thieving; and that nothing is more injurious to good morals than to encourage the poor in any habits which may lead them to live upon chance.

Giles, to be ſure, as his children grew older, began to train them to ſuch other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the

the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of common, which ſome of the poor cottagers have in that part of the country, and which is doubtleſs a conſiderable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family, for his children, as ſoon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the moor. Here he kept two or three aſſes, miſerable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to eſcape an untimely death by ſtarving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. Some of the biggeſt boys were ſent out with theſe lean and galled animals to carry ſand or coals about the neighbouring towns. Both ſand and coals were often ſtolen before they got them to ſell; or if not, they always took care to cheat in ſelling them. By long practice in this art, they grew ſo dextrous, that they could give a pretty good gueſs how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to miſs it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching theſe aſſes on the moor, or running after five or ſix half-ſtarved geeſe: but the truth is, theſe boys were only watching for an opportunity to ſteal an odd gooſe of their neighbour's, while they pretended to look after their own. They uſed alſo to pluck the quills or the down from theſe poor live creatures, or half milk a cow before the farmer's

mer's maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank, hungry beasts, which they had turned over night into the farmer's field to steal a little good pasture. They contrived to get there just time enough to escape being caught in replacing the stakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent long-headed fellow; and wherever he stole food for his colts, took care never to steal stakes from the hedges at the same time. He had sense enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger; he knew that a loose faggot, pulled from a neighbour's pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, answered the end better, and was not half the trouble.

Among the many trades which Giles professed, he sometimes practised that of a rat-catcher; but he was addicted to so many tricks, that he never followed the same trade long; for detection will, sooner or later, follow the best-concerted villainy. Whenever he was sent for to a farm-house, his custom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little stock of young ones alive sufficient to keep up the breed; 'for,' said he, 'if I were to be such a fool as to clear a house or a barn at once, how would my trade be carried on?' And where any barn was overstocked, he used to borrow a few rats from thence.

thence juſt to people a neighbouring granary which had none; and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of young rats under parſon Wilſon's barn-door.

This worthy miniſter, Mr. Wilſon, uſed to pity the neglected children of Giles, as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick, who was far the beſt of Giles's bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the parſon's garden in ſearch of a hen's neſt, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night, by hook or by crook, as Giles was reſolved to have ſome pancakes for ſupper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a-piece. Mr. Wilſon had long been deſirous of ſnatching ſome of this vagrant family from ruin; and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the leaſt hackneyed in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of ſhoes, on his promiſing to go to ſchool next Sunday; but no ſooner had Rachel, the boy's mother, got the ſhoes into her clutches, than ſhe pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the parſon's ſight, and to be ſure to play his marbles on Sunday for the future at the other end of the pariſh, and not near the church yard. Mr. Wilſon, however, picked up the boy once more; for it was not his way to deſpair of any body. Dick was juſt going to take to his heels, as uſual, for fear the old ſtory of the ſhoes ſhould be brought forward;

ward; but finding he could not get off, what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the parſon, that the ſight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded ſubject. Now it happened that Mr. Wilſon was planting a little field of beans, ſo he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; and he told him he had got ſome pretty eaſy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with diſpatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was buſily at work by himſelf, Giles happened to come by, having been ſkulking round the back way to look over the parſon's garden wall, to ſee if there was any thing worth climbing over for, on the enſuing night. He ſpied Dick, and began to rate him for working for the ſtingy old parſon; for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the church. 'What has he promiſed thee a day?' ſaid he; 'little enough I dare ſay.' 'He is not to pay me by the day,' ſaid Dick, 'but ſays he will give me ſo much when I have planted this peck, and ſo much for the next.' 'Oh, oh! that alters the caſe,' ſaid Giles. 'One may, indeed, get a trifle by this ſort of work. I hate your regular day-jobs, where one can't well avoid doing one's work for one's money. Come, give me a handful of the beans; I will teach thee how to plant when

when thou art paid for planting by the peck. All we have to do in that caſe is to diſpatch the work as faſt as we can, and get rid of the beans with all ſpeed; and as to the ſeed coming up or not, that is no buſineſs of our's; we are paid for planting, not for growing. At the rate thou goeſt on thou would'ſt not get ſixpence to-night. Come along, bury away.' So ſaying, he took his hatfull of the ſeed, and where Dick had been ordered to ſet one bean, Giles buried a dozen: ſo the beans were ſoon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, 'and then, Dick', ſaid he, 'the ſnails and the mice may go ſhares in the blame; or we can lay the fault on the rooks or the blackbirds.' So ſaying, he ſent the boy into the parſonage to receive his pay, taking care to ſecure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt. He put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilſon that he had planted the beans and loſt the bag.

In the mean time Giles's other boys were buſy in emptying the ponds and trout-ſtreams in the neighbouring manor. They would ſteal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons. By this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themſelves. But the

pleaſure

pleaſure of miſchief was reward enough. Theſe, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with ſuch dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whoſe ſon was tranſported laſt aſſizes for ſheep ſtealing, uſed to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles's ſons were worth a hundred of ſuch blockheads as he had; for ſcarce a night paſt but Giles had ſome little comfortable thing for ſupper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while his undutiful dogs never ſtole any thing worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was buſy in his way, but as buſy as he was in laying nets, ſtarting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations ſhould not be confined merely to game.

Giles's boys had never ſeen the inſide of a church ſince they were chriſtened, and the father thought he knew his own intereſt better than to force them to it; for church-time was the ſeaſon of their harveſt. Then the hen's neſts were ſearched, a ſtray duck was clapped under the ſmock frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in a farm-yard were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon-houſes were thinned, ſo that Giles uſed to boaſt to tawny Rachel his wife, that Sunday was to them the moſt profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the moſt laborious day, as ſhe always did her waſhing and ironing on the Sunday morning, it being, as ſhe ſaid, the only leiſure day ſhe had, for on the other

days

days ſhe went about the country telling fortunes, and ſelling dream books, and wicked ſongs. Neither her huſband's nor her childrens' cloaths were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been waſhed neither. You might, however, ſee her as you were going to church ſmoothing her own rags on her beſt red cloak, which ſhe always uſed for her ironing cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when ſhe travelled, and for her blanket at night; ſuch a wretched manager was Rachel! Among her other articles of trade one was to make and ſell peppermint, and other diſtilled waters. Theſe ſhe had the cheap art of making without trouble and without expence, for ſhe made them without herbs and without a ſtill. Her way was, to fill ſo many quart bottles with plain water, putting a ſpoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; theſe ſhe corked down with roſin, carrying to each cuſtomer a phial of real diſtilled water to taſte, by way of ſample. This was ſo good that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any ſuſpicion aroſe, and ſhe was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of diſtilled water lying at top, ſhe even then eſcaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle was opened a ſecond time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the ſame houſe.

The upright Magistrate.

There is hardly any petty miſchief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilſon was aware of this, he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright juſtice. He uſed to ſay that people who were truly conſcientious, muſt be ſo in ſmall things as well as in great ones, or they would deſtroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general uſe. For this reaſon he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified perſon in his pariſh. He did not content himſelf with ſhuffling the thing off by aſking no queſtions, and pretending to take it for granted in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he uſed to ſay, that by receiving the booty he connived at a crime, made himſelf a ſharer in it, and if he gave a preſent to the man who bought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weſton, an honeſt fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilſon had kindly viſited and relieved in a long ſickneſs, from which he was but juſt recovered, was brought before him as he was ſitting on the Juſtice's bench; Jack was accuſed of having knocked down a hare, and of all the birds in the air, who ſhould the informer be but black Giles the poacher? Mr. Wilſon was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but

he

he had a ſtill greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but ſaid he did not conſider it as a crime, for he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a ſtrong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuſe. The Juſtice deſired to know what this temptation was. 'Sir,' ſaid the poor fellow, 'you know I was given over this ſpring in a bad fever. I had no friend in the world but you, Sir. Under God you ſaved my life by your charitable relief; and I truſt alſo you may have helped to ſave my ſoul by your prayers and your good advice; for, by the grace of God, I have turned over a new leaf ſince that ſickneſs.

'I know I can never make you amends for all your goodneſs, but I thought it would be ſome comfort to my full heart if I could but once give you ſome little token of my gratitude. So I had trained a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam Wilſon, but they were ſtolen from me, Sir, and I do ſuſpect Black Giles ſtole them. Yeſterday morning, Sir, as I was crawling out to my work, for I am ſtill but very weak, a fine hare ran acroſs my path. I did not ſtay to conſider whether it was wrong to kill a hare, but I felt it was right to ſhew my gratitude; ſo, Sir, without a moment's thought I did knock down the hare which I was going to carry to your Worſhip, becauſe I knew Madam was found of hare. I am truly ſorry for my

my fault, and will ſubmit to whatever puniſhment your Worſhip may pleaſe to inflict."

Mr. Wilſon was much moved with this honeſt confeſſion, and touched with the poor fellow's gratitude. What added to the effect of the ſtory, was the weak condition and pale ſickly looks of the offender. But this worthy magiſtrate never ſuffered his feelings to bias his integrity; he knew that he did not ſit on that bench to indulge pity, but to adminiſter juſtice. And while he was ſorry for the offender, he would never juſtify the offence. 'John,' ſaid he, 'I am ſurpriſed that you could for a moment forget that I never accept any gift which cauſes the giver to break a law. On Sunday I teach you from the pulpit the laws of God, whoſe miniſter I am. At preſent I fill the chair of the magiſtrate, to enforce and execute the laws of the land. Between thoſe and the others there is more connexion than you are aware. I thank you, John, for your affection to me, and I admire your gratitude; but I muſt not allow either affection or gratitude to be brought as a plea for a wrong action. It is not your buſineſs nor mine, John, to ſettle whether the game laws are good or bad. Till they are repealed we muſt obey them. Many, I doubt not, break theſe laws through ignorance, and many, I am certain, who would not dare to ſteal a gooſe or a turkey, make no ſcruple of knocking down a hare or a partridge. You will hereafter think yourſelf happy that this

this your firſt attempt has proved unſucceſsful, as I truſt you are too honeſt a fellow ever to intend to turn poacher. With poaching, much moral evil is connected; a habit of nightly depredation; a cuſtom of prowling in the dark for prey, produces in time a diſreliſh for honeſt labour. He whoſe firſt offence was committed without much thought or evil intention, if he happen to ſucceed a few times in carrying off his booty undiſcovered, grows bolder and bolder; and when he fancies there is no ſhame attending it, he very ſoon gets to perſuade himſelf that there is alſo no ſin. While ſome people pretend a ſcruple about ſtealing a ſheep, they partly live by plundering of warrens. But remember that the warrener pays a high rent, and that therefore his rabbits are as much his property as his ſheep. Do not then deceive yourſelves with theſe falſe diſtinctions. All property is ſacred, and as the laws of the land are intended to fence in that property, he who brings up his children to break down any of theſe fences, brings them up to certain ſin and ruin. He who begins with robbing orchards, rabbit warrens, and fiſh ponds, will probably end with horſe ſtealing or highway robbery. Poaching is a regular apprenticeſhip to bolder crimes. He whom I may commit as a boy to ſit in the ſtocks for killing a partridge, may be likely to end at the gallows for killing a man.

Obſerve, you who now hear me, the ſtrictneſs and impartiality of juſtice. I know Giles to be a worthleſs fellow, yet it is my duty to take his information; I know Jack Weſton to be an honeſt youth, yet I muſt be obliged to make him pay the penalty. Giles is a bad man, but he can prove this fact; Jack is a worthy lad, but he has committed this fault. I am ſorry for you, Jack; but do not let it grieve you that Giles has played worſe tricks a hundred times, and yet got off, while you were detected in the very firſt offence, for that would be grieving becauſe you are not ſo great a rogue as Giles. At this moment you think your good luck is very unequal; but all this will one day turn out in your favour. Giles is not the more a favourite of heaven becauſe he has hitherto eſcaped Botany Bay or the Hulks; nor is it any mark of God's diſpleaſure againſt you, John, that you were found out in your very firſt attempt.'

Here the good Juſtice left off ſpeaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had ſaid. Weſton humbly ſubmitted to his ſentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raiſe the money to pay his fine. His character had always been ſo fair, that ſeveral farmers preſent kindly agreed to advance a trifle each to prevent his being ſent to priſon, and he thankfully promiſed to work out the debt. The Juſtice himſelf, though he could not ſoften the law, yet ſhewed Weſton ſo much kindneſs,

kindneſs, that he was enabled, before the year was out, to get out of this difficulty. He began to think more ſeriouſly than he had ever yet done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear but from principle.

We ſhall ſoon ſee whether poaching Giles always got off ſo ſucceſsfully. Here we have ſeen that worldly proſperity is no ſure ſign of goodneſs. Next month we may, perhaps, ſee that the 'triumphing of the wicked is ſhort;' for I then promiſe to give the Second Part of the Poacher, together with the entertaining Story of the Widow Brown's Apple Tree.

Z.

PART II.

Hiſtory of Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

I THINK my readers got ſo well acquainted laſt month with Black Giles the Poacher, that they will not expect, this month, to hear any great good, either of Giles himſelf, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am ſorry to expoſe their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to ſpeak about people at all, I muſt tell the truth. I am ſure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thouſand times pleaſanter to me to write their

hiſtories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I ſhould be glad enough to tell of it; but till it really becomes ſo, I muſt go on deſcribing it as it is; otherwiſe, I ſhould only miſlead my readers, inſtead of inſtructing them. It is the duty of a faithful hiſtorian to relate the evil with the good.

As to Giles and his boys, I am ſure old Widow Brown has good reaſon to remember their dexterity. Poor Woman! ſhe had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; ſhe was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatiſm has ſhe caught by kneeling down to weed them in a damp day, notwithſtanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which Madam Wilſon gave her, becauſe the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions ſhe always carefully treaſured up for her winter's ſtore; for an onion makes a little broth very reliſhing, and is indeed the only ſavoury thing poor people are uſed to get. She had alſo a ſmall orchard, containing about a dozen apple-trees, with which in a good year ſhe has been known to make a couple of barrels of cider, which ſhe ſold to her landlord towards paying her rent, beſides having a little keg which ſhe was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own; indeed, a man who ſtole ſo many rabbits

bits from the warren, was likely enough to ſteal onions for ſauce. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little buſineſs, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every ſingle onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who, allured by the ſmell, tore up the bed in ſuch a manner, that the widow, when ſhe came home, had not the leaſt doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a bit of a fence at the other end.

I wonder how any body can find in his heart not to pity and reſpect poor old widows! There is ſomething ſo forlorn and helpleſs in their condition, that methinks it is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind ſervices that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reaſon for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppreſs them. But it was this very reaſon which led Giles to do this woman an hurt. With what a touching ſimplicity is it recorded in ſcripture, of the youth whom our bleſſed Saviour raiſed from the dead, that he was the only ſon of his mother, *and ſhe a widow.*

It happened unluckily for poor widow Brown that her cottage ſtood quite alone. On ſeveral mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than induſtry) Giles and his boys

ſtole regularly into her orchard, followed by their Jack-aſſes. She was ſo deaf that ſhe could not hear the aſſes if they had brayed ever ſo loud, and to this Giles truſted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries; ſince he could not otherwiſe have contrived ſo long to keep out of priſon; for though he was almoſt always ſuſpected, he had ſeldom been taken up, and never convicted. The boys uſed to fill their bags, load their aſſes, and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be ſold, they chanced to paſs by one of their neighbours who might be likely to ſuſpect them, they then all at once began to ſcream out, 'buy my coal!—buy my ſand!'

Beſides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had in her ſmall garden one apple-tree particularly fine; it was a redſtreak, ſo tempting and ſo lovely, that Giles's family had watched it with longing eyes, till at laſt they reſolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The tree ſtood directly under her chamber-window, ſo that there was ſome danger that ſhe might ſpy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew ſhe would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during ſervice Giles attended. It was a lone houſe, as I ſaid before, and the reſt of the pariſh were ſafe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the aſſes were

were whipt, the thieves were off, the coaſt was clear, and all was ſafe and quiet by the time the ſermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was ſo beautiful, and the fruit ſo fine, that the people, as they uſed to paſs to and from church, were very apt to ſtop and admire widow Brown's redſtreaks; and ſome of the farmers rather envied her that in that ſcarce ſeaſon, when they hardly expected to make a pye out of a large orchard, ſhe was likely to make cider from a ſingle tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I muſt ſpeak out, ſhe herſelf rather ſet her heart too much upon this tree, and had felt as much pride in her tree as gratitude to a good providence for it; but this failing of her's was no excuſe for Giles. The covetouſneſs of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too completely ſtripped, though the youngeſt boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings, and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to ſhake the tree, the boy did it ſo gently that hardly any apples fell, for which he got a good ſtroke of the ſtick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church ſtopped as uſual, but it was—not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and conſole the widow: mean time the redſtreaks were ſafely

lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmers mow the night before, for the uſe of his jack aſſes. Such a ſtir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple-tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to ſuſpicion, as ſoon as he ſaw the people ſafe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the apples and thruſt them in at a little caſement window which happened to be open in the houſe of Samuel Price, a very honeſt carpenter in that pariſh, who was at church with his whole family. Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's ſons in caſe the thing ſhould come to be further enquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was ſuch a knock as had nearly laid him on the earth. 'What, you cowardly raſcal,' ſaid Giles, 'you will go and peach I ſuppoſe, and get your father ſent to goal.'

Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her ſtill weaker than ſhe was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed ſhe rightly thought that her being in trouble was a new reaſon why ſhe ought to go. During the ſervice ſhe tried with all her might not to think of her redſtreaks, and whenever they would come into her head, ſhe took up her prayer book

book directly, and ſo ſhe forgot them a little, and indeed ſhe found herſelf much eaſier when ſhe came out of the church than when ſhe went in; an effect ſo commonly produced by prayer, that methinks it is a pity people do not try it oftener. Now it happened oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, the widow ſhould call in to reſt a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable ſtory of the apples, and to conſult with him how the thief might be brought to juſtice. But, O reader! gueſs if you can, for I am ſure I cannot tell you, what was her ſurpriſe, when, on going into Samuel Price's kitchen, ſhe ſaw her own redſtreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a ſort too remarkable for colour, ſhape, and ſize to be miſtaken. There was not ſuch another tree in the pariſh. Widow Brown immediately ſcreamed out, 'Lafs-a-day! as ſure as can be here are my redſtreaks; I could ſwear to them in any court.' Samuel Price, who believed his ſons to be as honeſt as himſelf, was ſhocked and troubled at the ſight. He knew he had no redſtreaks of his own; he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church; he did verily believe theſe apples to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not poſſibly gueſs. He called for Tom, the only one of his ſons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday ſchool, which he had never once miſſed ſince Mr. Wilſon the miniſter had ſet up one in the

pariſh. Was ſuch a boy likely to do ſuch a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door, among which was Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to ſpread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Moſt people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were ſtrongly againſt him. Mr. Wilſon, who had ſtaid to chriſten a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the beſt boy in his ſchool, ſhould ſtand accuſed of ſuch a crime. He ſent for the boy, examined, and croſs examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But ſtill though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the redſtreaks in his father's window. All the idle fellows in the place, who were moſt likely to have committed ſuch a theft themſelves, fell with great vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked ſeldom give any quarter. 'This is one of your ſanctified ones!' cried they. 'This was all the good that Sunday ſchools did! For their parts they never ſaw any good come by religion. Sunday was the only day for a little paſtime, and if poor boys muſt be ſhut up with their godly books, when they ought to be out taking a little pleaſure, it was no wonder they made themſelves amends by ſuch tricks.' Another ſaid, he ſhould like to ſee parſon Wilſon's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the ſtocks for a young hypocrite as he was; while

while old Giles, who thought it was the only way to avoid ſuſpicion by being more violent than the reſt, declared, 'that he hoped the young dog would be tranſported for life.'

Mr. Wilſon was too wiſe and too juſt to proceed againſt Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy muſt be the puniſhment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earneſtly prayed to God that it might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day; and very fervent were his ſecret devotions on that night.

Black Giles paſſed his night in a very different manner. He ſet off as ſoon as it was dark, with his ſons and their jack-aſſes laden with their ſtolen goods. As ſuch a cry was raiſed about the apples he did not think it ſafe to keep them longer at home, but reſolved to go and ſell them at the next town; borrowing without leave a lame colt out of the moor to aſſiſt in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldeſt ſons had rare ſport all the way in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market place at leaſt, if not ſent beyond ſea. But the younger boy Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with ſin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price might, perhaps, be tranſported for a crime which he himſelf had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about

the robbery, for he had not been inſtructed in the great principles of truth and juſtice; nor would he, therefore, perhaps, have had much remorſe about accuſing an innocent boy. But, though utterly devoid of principle, he had ſome remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheeſe; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his clothes on, and ſaved his life when he was juſt ſinking: the remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He ſaid nothing; but, as he trotted bare-foot after the aſſes, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would ſuffer for his wickedneſs, yet fear kept him ſilent; they called him ſulky dog, and laſhed the aſſes till they bled.

In the mean time Tom Price kept up his ſpirits as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. 'It is true,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'I am not guilty of this ſin; but let this accuſation ſet me on examining myſelf, and truly repenting of all my other ſins; for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not ſteal thoſe apples.'

At length Sunday came, and Tom went to ſchool as uſual. As ſoon as he walked in there was a great deal of whiſpering and laughing among the worſt of the boys; and he overheard

heard them ſay, 'Who would have thought it? This is maſter's favourite! This parſon Wilſon's ſober Tommy! We ſha'n't have Tommy thrown in our teeth again if we go to get a bird's neſt, or gather a few nuts on a Sunday.' 'Your demure ones are always hypocrites,' ſays another. 'The ſtill ſow ſucks all the milk,' ſays a third.

Giles's family had always kept clear of the ſchool. Dick, indeed, had ſometimes wiſhed to go; not that he had much ſenſe of ſin, or deſire after goodneſs, but he thought if he could once read, he might riſe in the world, and not be forced to drive aſſes all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not ſleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wiſh to go to ſchool, but he had not courage; ſin is very cowardly; ſo on the Sunday morning he went and ſat himſelf down under the church wall. Mr. Wilſon paſſed by. It was not his way to reject the moſt wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over; and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had, indeed, long left off talking to Giles's ſons; but, ſeeing Dick ſitting by himſelf, he once more ſpoke to him, deſired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the ſchool. The boy hung down his head, but made no anſwer. He did not, however, either riſe up and run away, or look ſulky, as he uſed to do. The miniſter deſired him once more

more to go. 'Sir,' ſaid the boy, 'I can't go; I am ſo big I am aſhamed.' 'The bigger you are, the leſs time you have to loſe.' 'But, Sir, I can't read.' 'Then it is high time you ſhould learn.' 'I ſhould be aſhamed to begin to learn my letters.' 'The ſhame is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them.' 'But, Sir, I am ſo ragged!' 'God looks at the heart and not at the coat.' 'But, Sir, I have no ſhoes and ſtockings.' 'So much the worſe. I remember who gave you both.' (Here Dick coloured.) 'It is bad to want ſhoes and ſtockings, but ſtill if you can drive your aſſes a dozen miles without them, you may certainly walk a hundred yards to ſchool without them.' 'But, Sir, the good boys will hate me, and won't ſpeak to me.' 'Good boys hate nobody; and as to not ſpeaking to you, to be ſure they will not keep you company while you go on in your preſent evil courſes; but as ſoon as they ſee you wiſh to reform, they will help you, and pity you, and teach you; and ſo come along.' Here Mr. Wilſon took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way.

How the whole ſchool ſtared to ſee Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to ſay what he thought. The buſineſs went on, and Dick ſlunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags, and partly to hide his ſin; for laſt Sunday's

Sunday's tranſaction ſat heavy on his heart, not becauſe he had ſtolen the apples, but becauſe Tom Price had been accuſed. This, I ſay, made him ſlink behind. Poor boy! he little thought there was ONE ſaw him who ſees all things, and from whoſe eye no hole nor corner can hide the ſinner; for he is about our bed, and about our paths, and ſpieth out all our ways.

It was the cuſtom in that ſchool for the maſter, who was a good and wiſe man, to mark down in his pocket-book all the events of the week, that he might turn them to ſome account in his Sunday evening inſtructions; ſuch as any uſeful ſtory in the newſpaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleaſure-boat on Sundays, any ſudden death in the pariſh, or any other remarkable viſitation of Providence; inſomuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the ſchool, and many parents alſo, uſed to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were ſure to hear ſomething profitable. The miniſter greatly approved this practice, and often called in himſelf, which was a great ſupport to the maſter, and encouragement to the people.

The maſter had taken a deep concern in the ſtory of widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he reſolved to turn the inſtructions of the preſent evening to

to this ſubject. He began thus: 'My dear boys, however light ſome of you may make of robbing an orchard, yet I have often told you there is no ſuch thing as a *little* ſin, if it be wilful or habitual. I wiſh now to explain to you, alſo, that there is hardly ſuch a thing as a *ſingle* ſolitary ſin. You know I teach you not merely to repeat the commandments as an exerciſe for your memory, but as a rule for your conduct. If you were to come here only to learn to read and ſpell on a Sunday, I ſhould think that was not employing God's day for God's work; but I teach you to read that you may, by this means, come ſo to underſtand the Bible and the Catechiſm, as to make every text in the one, and every queſtion and anſwer in the other, to be ſo fixed in your hearts, that they may bring forth the fruits of good living.

Maſter. How many commandments are there?

Boy. Ten.

Maſter. How many did that boy break who ſtole widow Brown's apples?

Boy. Only one, maſter; the eighth.

Maſter. What is the eighth?

Boy. Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Maſter. And you are very ſure that this was the only one he broke? Now ſuppoſe I could prove to you that he probably broke not leſs than ſix out of thoſe ten commandments, which the great Lord of heaven himſelf ſtooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men, would you

you not, then, think it a terrible thing to ſteal, whether apples or guineas?

Boy. Yes, maſter.

Maſter. I will put the caſe. Some wicked boy has robbed widow Brown's orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned on poor Tom Price, except thoſe of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuſe no one, continued the maſter, Tom Price is a good boy, and was not miſſing at the time of the robbery; theſe are two reaſons why I preſume he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by ſtealing theſe apples he broke the eighth commandment?

Boy. Yes, maſter.

Maſter. On what day were theſe apples ſtolen?

Boy. On Sunday.

Maſter. What is the fourth commandment?

Boy. Thou ſhalt keep holy the ſabbath day.

Maſter. Does that perſon keep holy the ſabbath day, who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he ſhould be at church, and ſteals apples when he ought to be ſaying his prayers?

Boy. No, maſter.

Maſter. What command does he break?

Boy. The fourth.

Maſter. Suppoſe this boy had parents who had ſent him to church, and that he had diſobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

Boy.

Boy. No, maſter; for the fifth commandment ſays, "Thou ſhalt *honour* thy father and thy mother."

This was the only part of the caſe in which poor Dick Giles's heart did not ſmite him; for he knew he had diſobeyed no father; for his father, alas! was ſtill wickeder than himſelf, and had brought him to commit the ſin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The maſter went on.

Maſter. Suppoſe this boy earneſtly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another perſon, would that be right?

Boy. No, maſter; for the tenth commandment ſays, "Thou ſhalt not covet."

Maſter. Very well. Here are four of God's poſitive commands already broken. Now do you think thieves ever ſcruple to uſe wicked words?

Boy. I am afraid not, maſter.

Here Dick Giles was not ſo hardened but that he remembered how many curſes had paſſed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The maſter went on.

"I will now go one ſtep further. If the thief, to all his other ſins, has added that of accuſing the innocent to ſave himſelf, if he ſhould break the ninth commandment, by *bearing falſe witneſs againſt a harmleſs neighbour*, then SIX COMMANDMENTS ARE BROKEN FOR AN APPLE!

APPLE! But if it be otherwiſe, if Tom Price ſhould be found guilty, it is not his good character ſhall ſave him. I ſhall ſhed tears over him, but puniſh him I muſt, and that ſeverely.' 'No, that you ſhan't,' roared out Dick Giles, who ſprung from his hiding-place, fell on his knees, and burſt out a crying, 'Tom Price is as good a boy as ever lived; it was father and I ſtole the apples!'

It would have done your heart good to have ſeen the joy of the maſter, the modeſt bluſhes of Tom Price, and the ſatisfaction of every honeſt boy in the ſchool. All ſhook hands with Tom, and even Dick got ſome portion of pity. I wiſh I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the maſter gave. But while Mr. Wilſon left the guilty boy to the management of the maſter, he thought it became him, as a miniſter and a magiſtrate, to go to the extent of the law in puniſhing the father. Early on the Monday morning he ſent to apprehend Giles; in the mean time Mr. Wilſon was ſent for to a gardener's houſe two miles diſtant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind. He ſet out directly; but what was his ſurpriſe, on his arrival, to ſee, on a little bed on the floor, Poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weſton, the ſame poor young man againſt whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling by him, offering him ſome broth, and talking to him

him in the kindeſt manner. Mr. Wilſon begged to know the meaning of all this; and Jack Weſton ſpoke as follows:

"At four this morning, as I was going out to mow, paſſing under the high wall of this garden, I heard a moſt diſmal moaning. The nearer I came the more diſmal it grew. At laſt, who ſhould I ſee but poor Giles groaning, and ſtruggling under a quantity of bricks and ſtones, but not able to ſtir. The day before he had marked a fine large net on this old wall, and reſolved to ſteal it, for he thought it might do as well to catch partridges as to preſerve cherries; ſo, Sir, ſtanding on the very top of this wall, and tugging with all his might to looſen the net from the hooks which faſtened it, down came Giles, net, wall, and all; for the wall was gone to decay. It was very high indeed, and poor Giles not only broke his thigh, but has got a terrible blow on his brain, and is bruiſed all over like a mummy. On ſeeing me, Sir, poor Giles cried out, oh, Jack! I did try to ruin thee by lodging that information, and now thou wilt be revenged by letting me lie here and periſh." "God forbid Giles," cried I: thou ſhalt ſee what ſort of revenge a Chriſtian takes. So, Sir, I ſent off the gardener's boy to fetch a ſurgeon, while I ſcampered home and brought on my back this bit of a hammock, which is indeed my own bed, and put Giles upon it; we then lifted him up, bed and all, as tenderly as if he had been a gentleman,

man, and brought him in here. My wife has just brought him a drop of nice broth; and now, Sir, as I have done what I could for his poor perishing body, it was I who took the liberty to send to you to come to try to help his poor soul, for the doctor says he can't live.'

Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, 'such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that precept of our blessed Master, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you."' Giles's dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could neither pray himself, nor attend to the minister. He could only cry out, 'Oh, Sir, what will become of me? I don't know how to repent. O my poor wicked children! Sir, I have bred them all up in sin and ignorance. Have mercy on them, Sir; let me not meet them in the place of torment to which I am going. Lord grant them that time for repentance which I have thrown away!' He languished a few days, and died in great misery; a fresh and sad instance that people cannot repent when they will.

Except the minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tommy Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice-milk or apple-dumpling; and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, 'that he thought now there must be some truth in religion,

ligion, it taught even a boy to *deny himself*, and to *forgive an injury.*' Mr. Wilſon, the next Sunday, made a moving diſcourſe on the danger of what are called 'petty offences.' This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced ſuch an effect, that no poacher has been able to ſhew his head in that pariſh ever ſince.

Z.

TAWNEY

TAWNEY RACHEL;

OR, THE

FORTUNE TELLER;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

DREAMS, OMENS, AND CONJURERS.

TAWNY Rachel was the wife of poaching Giles. There ſeemed to be a conſpiracy in Giles's whole family to maintain themſelves by tricks and pilfering. Regular labour and honeſt induſtry did not ſuit their idle habits. They had a ſort of genius at finding out every unlawful means to ſupport a vagabond life. Rachel travelled the country with a baſket on her arm. She pretended to get her bread by ſelling laces, cabbage nets, ballads and hiſtory books, and uſed to buy old rags and rabbit ſkins, Many honeſt people trade in theſe things, and I am ſure I do not mean to ſay a word againſt honeſt people, let them trade in what they will. But Rachel only made this traffic a pretence for getting admittance into farmers' kitchens, in order to tell fortunes.

She was continually practiſing on the credulity of ſilly girls; and took advantage of their ignorance

ignorance to cheat and deceive them. Many an innocent ſervant has ſhe cauſed to be ſuſpected of a robbery, while ſhe herſelf, perhaps, was in league with the thief. Many a harmleſs maid has ſhe brought to ruin by firſt contriving plots and events herſelf, and then pretending to foretel them. She had not, to be ſure, the power of really foretelling things, becauſe ſhe had no power of ſeeing into futurity; but ſhe had the art ſometimes to bring them about according as ſhe had foretold them. So ſhe got that credit for her wiſdom which really belonged to her wickedneſs.

Rachel was alſo a famous interpreter of dreams, and could diſtinguiſh exactly between the fate of any two perſons who happened to have a mole on the right or the left cheek. She had a cunning way of getting herſelf off when any of her prophecies failed. When ſhe explained a dream according to the natural appearance of things, and it did not come to paſs; then ſhe would get out of that ſcrape by ſaying, that 'this ſort of dreams went by contraries.' Now of two very oppoſite things the chance always is that one of them may turn out to be true; ſo in either caſe ſhe kept up the cheat.

Rachel, in one of her rambles, ſtopped at the houſe of Farmer Jenkins. She contrived to call when ſhe knew the maſter of the houſe was from home, which indeed was her uſual way. She knocked at the door; the maids being out hay-making, Mrs. Jenkins went to open it herſelf.

herſelf. Rachel aſked her if ſhe would pleaſe to let her light her pipe? This was a common pretence, when ſhe could find no other way of getting into a houſe. While ſhe was filling her pipe, ſhe looked at Mrs. Jenkins and ſaid, ſhe could tell her ſome good fortune. The farmer's wife, who was a very inoffenſive, but a weak and ſuperſtitious woman, was curious to know what ſhe meant. Rachel then looked about very carefully, and ſhutting the door with a myſterious air, aſked her if ſhe was ſure nobody would hear them. This appearance of myſtery was at once delightful and terrifying to Mrs. Jenkins, who, with trembling agitation, bid the cunning woman ſpeak out. 'Then,' ſaid Rachel in a ſolemn whiſper, 'there is to my certain knowledge a pot of money hid under one of the ſtones in your cellar.' 'Indeed,' ſaid Mrs. Jenkins, 'it is impoſſible, for now I think of it, I dreamt laſt night I was in priſon for debt.'—'Did you indeed,' ſaid Rachel, 'that is quite ſurpriſing. Did you dream before twelve o'clock or after?'—'O it was this morning, juſt before I awoke.' 'Then I am ſure it is true, for morning dreams always go by contraries,' cried Rachel. 'How lucky it was you dreamt it ſo late.'—Mrs. Jenkins could hardly contain her joy, and aſked how the money was to be come at,—'There is but one way,' ſaid Rachel, 'I muſt go into the cellar. I know by my art under which ſtone it lies, but I muſt not tell.' Then they both

went down into the cellar, but Rachel refuſed to point at the ſtone unleſs Mrs. Jenkins would put five pieces of gold into a baſon and do as ſhe directed. The ſimple woman, inſtead of turning her out of doors for a cheat, did as ſhe was bid. She put the guineas into a baſon which ſhe gave into Rachel's hand. Rachel ſtrewed ſome white powder over the gold, muttered ſome barbarous words, and pretended to perform the black art. She then told Mrs. Jenkins to put the baſon quietly down within the cellar; telling her that if ſhe offered to look into it, or even to ſpeak a word, the charm would be broken. She alſo directed her to lock the cellar door, and on no pretence to open it in leſs than forty-eight hours. 'If,' added ſhe, 'you cloſely follow theſe directions, then, by the power of my art, you will find the baſon conveyed to the very ſtone under which the money lies hid, and a fine treaſure it will be.' Mrs. Jenkins, who believed every word the woman ſaid, did exactly as ſhe was told, and Rachel took her leave with a handſome reward.

When farmer Jenkins came home he deſired his wife to draw him a cup of cider; this ſhe put off doing ſo long that he began to be diſpleaſed. At laſt ſhe begged he would drink a little beer inſtead. He inſiſted on knowing the reaſon, and when at laſt he grew angry ſhe told him all that had paſſed, and owned that as the pot of gold happened to be in the cider

cellar, ſhe did not dare open the door, as ſhe was ſure it would break the charm. 'And it would be a pity you know,' ſaid ſhe, 'to loſe a good fortune for the ſake of a draught of cider.' The farmer, who was not ſo eaſily impoſed upon, ſuſpected a trick. He demanded the key, and went and opened the cellar door; there he found the baſon, and in it five round pieces of tin covered with powder. Mrs. Jenkins burſt out a-crying; but the farmer thought of nothing but of getting a warrant to apprehend the cunning woman. Indeed ſhe well proved her claim to that name, when ſhe inſiſted that the cellar door might be kept locked till ſhe had time to get out of the reach of all purſuit.

Poor Sally Evans! I am ſure ſhe rued the day that ever ſhe liſtened to a fortune teller. Sally was as harmleſs a girl as ever churned a pound of butter; but Sally was ignorant and ſuperſtitious. She delighted in dream-books, and had conſulted all the cunning women in the country to tell her whether the two moles on her cheek denoted that ſhe was to have two huſbands, or only two children. If ſhe picked up an old horſe-ſhoe going to church ſhe was ſure that would be a lucky week. She never made a black-pudding without borrowing one of the Parſon's old wigs to hang in the chimney, firmly believing there were no other means to preſerve them from burſting. She would never go to bed on Midſummer eve

without ſticking up in her room the well-known plant called Midſummer-men, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left, would not fail to tell her whether Jacob, of whom we ſhall ſpeak preſently, was true or falſe. She would rather go five miles about than paſs near a church-yard at night. Every ſeventh year ſhe would not eat beans becauſe they grew downward in the pod, inſtead of upward; and ſhe would rather have gone with her gown open than have taken a pin of an old woman, for fear of being bewitched. Poor Sally had ſo many unlucky days in her calendar, that a large portion of her time became of little uſe, becauſe on theſe days ſhe did not dare ſet about any new work. And ſhe would have refuſed the beſt offer in the country if made to her on a Friday, which ſhe thought ſo unlucky a day that ſhe often ſaid what a pity it was that there were any Friday in the week. Sally had twenty pounds left her by her grandmother. She had long been courted by Jacob, a ſober lad, with whom ſhe lived fellow-ſervant at a creditable farmer's. Honeſt Jacob, like his nameſake of old, thought it little to wait ſeven years to get this damſel to wife, becauſe of the love he bore her, for Sally had promiſed to marry him when he could match her twenty pounds with another of his own.

Now there was one Robert, a rambling, idle young gardener, who, inſtead of ſitting down ſteadily in one place, uſed to roam about the country,

country, and do odd jobs where he could get them. No one underſtood any thing about him, except that he was a down-looking fellow, who came nobody knew whence, and got his bread nobody knew how, and never had a penny in his pocket. Robert, who was now in the neighbourhood, happened to hear of Sally Evans and her twenty pounds. He immediately conceived a longing deſire for the latter. So he went to his old friend Rachel, told her all he had heard of Sally, and promiſed if ſhe could bring about a marriage between them, ſhe ſhould go ſhares in the money.

Rachel undertook the buſineſs. She ſet off to the farm houſe, and fell to ſinging one of her moſt enticing ſongs juſt under the dairy window. Sally was ſo ſtruck with the pretty tune, which was unhappily uſed, as is too often the caſe, to ſet off ſome very looſe words, that ſhe jumped up, dropped the ſkimming diſh into the cream, and ran out to buy the ſong. While ſhe ſtooped down to rummage the baſket for thoſe ſongs which had the moſt tragical pictures, (for Sally had a tender heart, and delighted in whatever was mournful) Rachel looked ſtedfaſtly in her face, and told her ſhe knew by her art that ſhe was born to good fortune, but adviſed her not to throw herſelf away. 'Theſe two moles on your cheek,' added ſhe, 'ſhew you are in ſome danger.'—'Do they denote huſbands or children?' cried Sally, 'ſtarting up, and letting fall the ſong of the children in the wood;'

—'Huſbands,' muttered Rachel. 'Alas! poor Jacob!' ſaid Sally, mournfully, 'then he will die firſt, won't he?'—'Mum for that,' quoth the fortune-teller, 'I will ſay no more.' Sally was impatient, but the more curioſity ſhe diſcovered, the more myſtery Rachel affected. At laſt ſhe ſaid, 'if you will croſs my hand with a piece of ſilver, I will tell you your fortune. By the power of my art I can do this three ways; by cards, by the lines of your hand, or by turning a cup of tea-grounds; which will you have?' 'O, all! all!' cried Sally, looking up with reverence to this ſun-burnt oracle of wiſdom, who knew no leſs than three different ways of diving into the ſecrets of futurity. Alas! perſons of better ſenſe than Sally have been ſo taken in; the more is the pity! The poor girl ſaid, ſhe would run up ſtairs to her little box where ſhe kept her money tied up in a bit of an old glove, and would bring down a bright queen Ann's ſix-pence very crooked. 'I am ſure,' added ſhe, 'it is a lucky one, for it cured me of a very bad ague laſt ſpring, by only laying it nine nights under my pillow without ſpeaking a word. But then you muſt know what gave the virtue to this ſix-pence was, that it had belonged to three young men of the name of John; I am ſure I had work enough to get it. But true it is, it certainly cured me. It muſt be the ſix-pence you know, for I am ſure I did nothing elſe for my ague, except indeed taking ſome bitter ſtuff every three hours

which

which the doctor called bark. To be ſure I loſt my ague ſoon after I took it, but I am certain it was owing to the crooked ſix-pence and not to the bark. And ſo, good woman, you may come in if you will, for there is not a ſoul in the houſe but me.' This was the very thing Rachel wanted to know, and very glad ſhe was to learn it.

While Sally was above ſtairs untying her glove, Rachel ſlipped into the parlour, took a ſmall ſilver cup from the beaufet, and clapped it into her pocket. Sally run down lamenting that ſhe had loſt her ſix-pence, which ſhe verily believed was owing to her having put it into a left glove, inſtead of a right one. Rachel comforted her by ſaying, that if ſhe gave her two plain ones inſtead, the charm would work juſt as well. Simple Sally thought herſelf happy to be let off ſo eaſily, never calculating that a ſmooth ſhilling was worth two crooked ſix-pences. But this ſkill was a part of the black art in which Rachel excelled. She took the money and began to examine the lines of Sally's left hand. She bit her withered lip, ſhook her head, and bade her poor dupe beware of a young man, who had black hair. 'No indeed,' cried Sally all in a fright, 'you mean black eyes, for our Jacob has got brown hair, 'tis his eyes that are black.'—'That is the very thing I was going to ſay,' muttered Rachel, 'I meant eyes though I ſaid hair, for I know his hair is as brown as a cheſnut, and

his eyes as black as a ſloe.'—'So they are ſure enough,' cried Sally, 'how in the world could you know that?' forgetting that ſhe herſelf had juſt told her ſo. And it is thus that theſe hags pick out of the credulous all which they afterwards pretend to reveal to them. 'O, I know a pretty deal more than that,' ſaid Rachel, 'but you muſt be aware of this man.' 'Why ſo,' cried Sally with great quickneſs: 'Becauſe,' anſwered Rachel, 'you are fated to marry a man worth a hundred of him, who has blue eyes, light hair, and a ſtoop in the ſhoulders.' 'No, indeed, but I can't,' ſaid Sally, 'I have promiſed Jacob, and Jacob I will marry.' 'You cannot child,' returned Rachel, in a ſolemn tone; 'it is out of your power, you are *fated* to marry the grey eyes and light hair.' 'Nay, indeed,' ſaid Sally, ſighing deeply, 'if I am fated, I muſt; I know there is no reſiſting one's fate.' This is a common cant with poor deluded girls, who are not aware that they themſelves make their fate by their folly, and then complain there is no reſiſting it.—'What can I do?' ſaid Sally. 'I will tell you that too,' ſaid Rachel. 'You muſt take a walk next Sunday afternoon to the church-yard, and the firſt man you meet in a blue coat, with a large poſy of pinks and ſouthernwood in his boſom, ſitting on the church-yard wall, about ſeven o'clock, he will be the man.' 'Provided,' ſaid Sally, much diſturbed, 'that he has grey eyes, and ſtoops.'—'O, to be ſure,' ſaid

ſaid Rachel, 'otherwiſe it is not the right man.' 'But if I ſhould miſtake,' ſaid Sally, 'for two men may happen to have a coat and eyes of the ſame colour?'—'To prevent that,' replied Rachel, 'if it is the right man, the two firſt letters of his name will be R. P. This man has got money beyond ſea.'—'O, I do not value his money,' ſaid Sally, with tears in her eyes, 'for I love Jacob better than houſe or land; but if I am fated to marry another, I can't help it; you know there is no ſtruggling againſt my fate.'

Poor Sally thought of nothing, and dreamt of nothing all the week but the blue coat and the grey eyes. She made a hundred blunders at her work. She put her rennet into the butter-pan, inſtead of the cheeſe-tub. She gave the curd to the hogs, and put the whey into the vats. She put her little knife out of her pocket for fear it ſhould cut love, and would not ſtay in the kitchen, if there was not an even number of people, leſt it ſhould break the charm. She grew cold and myſterious in her behaviour to faithful Jacob, whom ſhe truly loved. But the more ſhe thought of the fortune-teller, the more ſhe was convinced that brown hair and black eyes were not what ſhe was fated to marry, and therefore, though ſhe trembled to think it, Jacob could not be the man.

On Sunday ſhe was too uneaſy to go to church; for poor Sally had never been taught,

that her being uneaſy was only a freſh reaſon why ſhe ought to go thither. She ſpent the whole afternoon in her little garret, dreſſing in all her beſt. Firſt ſhe put on her red ribbon, which ſhe had bought at laſt Lammas fair: then ſhe recollected that red was an unlucky colour, and changed it for a blue ribbon, tied in a true lover's knot; but ſuddenly calling to mind that poor Jacob had bought this knot for her of a pedlar at the door, and that ſhe had promiſed to wear it for his ſake, her heart ſmote her, and ſhe laid it by, ſighing to think ſhe was not fated to marry the man who had given it to her. When ſhe had looked at herſelf twenty times in the glaſs, for one vain action always brings on another, ſhe ſet off, trembling and quaking every ſtep ſhe went. She walked eagerly towards the church-yard, not daring to look to the right or left, for fear ſhe ſhould ſpy Jacob, who would have offered to walk with her, and ſo have ſpoilt all. As ſoon as ſhe came within ſight of the wall, ſhe ſpied a man ſitting upon it. Her heart beat violently. She looked again; but alas! the ſtranger not only had on a black coat, but neither hair nor eyes anſwered the deſcription. She now happened to caſt her eyes on the church-clock, and found ſhe was two hours before her time. This was ſome comfort. She walked away and got rid of the two hours as well as ſhe could, paying great attention as ſhe went not to walk over any ſtraws which lay acroſs, and carefully looking

looking to ſee if there were never an old horſe-ſhoe in the way, that infallible ſymptom of good fortune. While the clock was ſtriking ſeven, ſhe returned to the church-yard, and, O! the wonderful power of fortune-tellers! there ſhe ſaw him! there ſat the very man! his hair as light as flax, his eyes as blue as butter-milk, and his ſhoulders as round as a tub. Every tittle agreed, to the very noſegay in his waiſtcoat button-hole. At firſt indeed ſhe thought it had been ſweetbrier, and, glad to catch at a ſtraw, whiſpered to herſelf, it is not he, and I ſhall marry Jacob ſtill; but on looking again, ſhe ſaw it was ſouthernwood plain enough, and that of courſe all was over. The man accoſted her with ſome very nonſenſical, but too acceptable, compliments. Sally was naturally a modeſt girl, and but for Rachel's wicked arts, would not have had courage to talk with a ſtrange man; but how could ſhe reſiſt her fate you know? After a little diſcourſe, ſhe aſked him, with a trembling heart, what might be his name? 'Robert Price at your ſervice,' was the anſwer. 'Robert Price! that is R. P. as ſure as I am alive, and the fortune-teller was a witch! It is all out! it is all out! O the wonderful art of fortune-tellers!'

The little ſleep ſhe had that night was diſturbed with dreams of graves, and ghoſts, and funerals; but as they were morning dreams, ſhe knew thoſe always went by contraries, and

that a funeral denoted a wedding. Still a ſigh would now and then heave, to think that in that wedding Jacob could have no part. Such of my readers as know the power which ſuperſtition has over the weak and credulous mind, ſcarcely need be told, that poor Sally's unhappineſs was ſoon compleated. She forgot all her vows to Jacob; ſhe at once forſook an honeſt man whom ſhe loved, and conſented to marry a ſtranger, of whom ſhe knew nothing, from a ridiculous notion that ſhe was compelled to do ſo by a decree which ſhe had it not in her power to reſiſt. She married this Richard Price, the ſtrange gardener, whom ſhe ſoon found to be very worthleſs, and very much in debt. He had no ſuch thing as 'money beyond ſea,' as the fortune-teller had told her; but, alas! he had another wife there. He got immediate poſſeſſion of Sally's 20*l.* Rachel put in for her ſhare, but he refuſed to give her a farthing, and bid her get away or he would have her taken up on the vagrant act. He ſoon ran away from Sally, leaving her to bewail her own weakneſs; for it was that indeed, and not any irreſiſtible fate, which had been the cauſe of her ruin. To compleat her miſery, ſhe herſelf was ſuſpected of having ſtolen the ſilver cup which Rachel had pocketed. Her maſter, however, would not proſecute her, as ſhe was falling into a deep decline, and ſhe died in a few months of a broken heart, a ſad warning to all credulous girls.

Rachel,

Rachel, whenever ſhe got near home, uſed to drop her trade of fortune-telling, and only dealt in the wares of her baſket. Mr. Wilſon, the clergyman, found her one day dealing out ſome very wicked ballads to ſome children. He went up with a view to give her a reprimand; but had no ſooner begun his exhortation than up came a conſtable, followed by ſeveral people. 'There ſhe is, that is ſhe, that is the old witch who tricked my wife out of the five guineas,' ſaid one of them. 'Do your office conſtable, ſeize that old hag. She may tell fortunes and find pots of gold in Taunton gaol, for there ſhe will have nothing elſe to do?' This was that very farmer Jenkins, whoſe wife had been cheated by Rachel of the five guineas. He had taken pains to trace her to her own pariſh: he did not ſo much value the loſs of the money, but he thought it was a duty he owed the public to clear the country of ſuch vermin. Mr. Wilſon immediately committed her. She took her trial at the next aſſizes, when ſhe was ſentenced to a year's impriſonment. In the mean time, the pawnbroker to whom ſhe had ſold the ſilver cup, which ſhe had ſtole from poor Sally's maſter, impeached her; and as the robbery was fully proved upon Rachel, ſhe was ſentenced for this crime to Botany Bay; and a happy day it was for the county of Somerſet, when ſuch a nuiſance was ſent out of it. She was tranſported much about the ſame time

that

that her huſband Giles loſt his life, in ſtealing the net from the garden wall, as related in the ſecond part of Poaching Giles.

I have thought it my duty to print this little hiſtory, as a kind warning to all you young men and maidens not to have any thing to ſay TO CHEATS, IMPOSTORS, CUNNING WOMEN, FORTUNE-TELLERS, CONJURERS, and INTERPRETERS OF DREAMS. Liſten to me, your true friend, when I aſſure you that God never reveals to weak and wicked women thoſe ſecret deſigns of his providence, which no human wiſdom is able to foreſee. To conſult theſe falſe oracles is not only fooliſh, but ſinful. It is fooliſh, becauſe they are themſelves as ignorant as thoſe whom they pretend to teach; and it is ſinful, becauſe it is prying into that futurity which God, in mercy as well as wiſdom, hides from men. God indeed *orders* all things; but when you have a mind to do a fooliſh thing, do not fancy you are *fated* to do it. This is tempting Providence, and not truſting him. It is indeed "charging God with folly." Prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make uſe of prudence, under the direction of prayer, than when you madly run into ruin, and think you are only ſubmitting to your fate. Never fancy that you are compelled to undo yourſelf, or to ruſh upon your own deſtruction, in compliance with any ſuppoſed fatality. Never believe that God conceals his will from a ſober

Chriſtian

Chriſtian who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond gipſey, who runs up and down breaking the laws, both of God and man. King Saul never conſulted the witch till he had left off ſerving God. The Bible will direct us what to do, better than any conjurer, and no days are unlucky but thoſe which we make ſo by our own vanity, folly, and ſin.

Z.

BETTY

BETTY BROWN,

THE

ST. GILES's ORANGE GIRL:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MRS. SPONGE, THE MONEY-LENDER.

BETTY Brown, the Orange Girl, was born, nobody knows where, and bred nobody knows how. No girl in all the ſtreets of London, could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid puſhing againſt paſſengers more dextrouſly, or cry her 'Fine China Oranges' in a ſhriller voice. But then ſhe could neither ſow, nor ſpin, nor knit, nor waſh, nor iron, nor read, nor ſpell. Betty had not been always in ſo good a ſituation as that in which we now deſcribe her. She came into the world before ſo many good gentlemen and ladies began to concern themſelves ſo kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable ſociety then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendleſs children in the ſtreets*, and put them into a good houſe, and give them

* The Philanthropic.

meat,

meat, and drink, and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get their bread in an honeſt way, into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the caſe in London, bleſſed be God who has ordered the bounds of our habitation, and caſt our lot in ſuch a country.

The longeſt thing that Betty can remember is, that ſhe uſed to crawl up out of a night cellar, ſtroll about the ſtreets, and pick cinders from the ſcavengers' carts. Among the aſhes ſhe ſometimes found ſome ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with theſe ſhe uſed to dizen herſelf out, and join the merry bands on the firſt of May. This was not however quite fair, as ſhe did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers, who foot it gaily round the garland, or to the ſooty tribe, who, on this happy holiday, forget their whole year's toil; ſhe often, however, got a few ſcraps, by appearing to belong to both parties. But as ſhe grew bigger, Betty was not an idle girl; ſhe always put herſelf in the way of doing ſomething. She would run of errands for the footmen, or ſweep the door for the maid of any houſe where ſhe was known; ſhe would run and fetch ſome porter, and never was once known either to ſip a drop by the way, or ſteal the pot. Her quickneſs and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her maſter's cold meat and beer, not to thoſe who were moſt in want, but to thoſe who waited upon

upon her, and did the little things for her which ſhe ought to have done herſelf.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, ſoon employed her to ſell ends of candles, pieces of meat and cheeſe, and lumps of butter, or any thing elſe ſhe could crib from the houſe. Theſe were all carried to her friend Mrs. Sponge, who kept a little ſhop, and a kind of eating-houſe for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She alſo bought, as well as ſold, many kinds of ſecond hand things, and was not ſcrupulous to know whether what ſhe bought, was honeſtly come by, provided ſhe could get it for a ſixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner preſumed to aſk for it's real value, then ſhe had ſudden qualms of conſcience, inſtantly ſuſpected the things were ſtolen, and gave herſelf airs of honeſty, which often took in poor ſilly people, and gave her a ſort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant, whoſe friend ſhe hypocritically pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cook's pilferings, and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for theſe in money, the cook was willing to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for ſhe dealt in all kinds of ſpirits. I ſhall only juſt remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers, who are tempted to commit theſe petty thieveries, by knowing how eaſy it is to diſpoſe of them at ſuch iniquitous houſes.

Betty

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, conſidering the greatneſs of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day, ſhe ventured to aſk Mrs. Sponge, if ſhe could not aſſiſt her to get into a more ſettled way of life. She told her, that when ſhe roſe in the morning, ſhe never knew where ſhe ſhould lie at night, nor was ſhe ever ſure of a meal before-hand. Mrs. Sponge aſked her what ſhe thought herſelf fit for; Betty, with fear and trembling, ſaid, there was one trade for which ſhe thought herſelf qualified, but ſhe had not the ambition to look ſo high; it was far above her humble views; this was, to have a barrow, and ſell fruit, as ſeveral other of Mrs. Sponge's cuſtomers did, whom ſhe had often looked up to with envy.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as ſhe was, ſhe was always aiming at ſomething of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While ſhe watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, ſhe had a falſe fawning way of ſeeming to do all ſhe did out of pity and kindneſs to the diſtreſſed; and ſhe ſeldom committed an extortion, but ſhe tried to make the perſon ſhe cheated believe themſelves highly obliged to her kindneſs. By thus pretending to be their friend, ſhe gained their confidence; and ſhe grew rich herſelf, while they thought ſhe was only ſhewing favour to them. Various were the arts ſhe had

of

of getting rich; and the money ſhe got by grinding the poor, ſhe ſpent in the moſt luxurious living; and, while ſhe would haggle with her hungry cuſtomers for a farthing, ſhe would ſpend pounds on the moſt coſtly delicacies for herſelf.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aſide that haughty look and voice, well known to ſuch as had the misfortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical ſmile and ſoft canting tone, which ſhe always aſſumed, when ſhe meant to *take in* her dependents. 'Betty,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am reſolved to ſtand your friend. Theſe are ſad times to be ſure. Money is money now. Yet I am reſolved to put you into a handſome way of living. You ſhall have a barrow, and well furniſhed too.' Betty could not have felt more joy or gratitude, if ſhe had been told that ſhe ſhould have a coach. 'O, madam,' ſaid Betty, 'it is impoſſible. I have not a penny in the world, towards helping me to ſet up.' 'I will take care of that,' ſaid Mrs. Sponge; 'only you muſt do as I bid you. You muſt pay me intereſt for my money; and you will of courſe, be glad alſo to pay ſo much every night, for a nice hot ſupper which I get ready, *quite out of kindneſs*, for a number of poor working people. This will be a great comfort for ſuch a friendleſs girl as you, for my victuals and drink are the beſt; and my company the merrieſt of any houſe in all St. Giles's.' Betty thought all this only ſo many more favours,

vours, and courteſying to the ground, ſaid, 'to be ſure, ma'am, and thank you a thouſand times into the bargain. I never could hope for ſuch a riſe in life.'

Mrs. Sponge knew what ſhe was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and ſo well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt ſhe would get cuſtom. A barrow was ſoon provided, and five ſhillings put into Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condeſcended to go to ſhew her how to buy the fruit, for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman, and one from which ſhe never departed, that no one ſhould cheat but herſelf.

Betty had never poſſeſſed ſuch a ſum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy ſhe could live upon the capital. The crown, however, was laid out to the beſt advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her oranges; and received many uſeful leſſons how to get off the bad with the good, and the ſtale with the freſh. Mrs. Sponge alſo lent her a few bad ſixpences, for which ſhe ordered her to bring home good ones at night.—Betty ſtared. Mrs. Sponge ſaid, 'Betty, thoſe who would get money, muſt not be too nice about trifles. Keep one of theſe ſixpences in your hand, and if an ignorant young cuſtomer gives you a good ſixpence, do you immediately ſlip it into your other hand, and give him the bad one, declaring

claring, that it is the very one you have juſt received, and that you have not another ſixpence in the world. You muſt alſo learn how to treat different ſorts of cuſtomers. To ſome you may put off with ſafety, goods which would be quite unſaleable to others. Never offer bad fruit, Betty, to thoſe who know better; never waſte the good on thoſe who may be put off with worſe; put good oranges at top, and the mouldy ones under.'

Poor Betty had not a nice conſcience, for ſhe had never learnt that grand, but ſimple rule of all moral obligation, "Never do that to another which you would not have another do to you." She ſet off with her barrow, as proud and as happy as if ſhe had been ſet up in the fineſt ſhop in Covent Garden. Betty had a ſort of natural good nature, which made her unwilling to impoſe, but ſhe had no principle which told her it was a ſin. She had ſuch good ſucceſs, that, when night came, ſhe had not an orange left. With a light heart, ſhe drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door. She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the counter every farthing ſhe had taken. 'Betty,' ſaid Mrs. Sponge, 'I have a right to it all, as it was got by my money. But I am too generous to take it. I will therefore only take ſixpence for this day's uſe of my five ſhillings. This is a moſt reaſonable intereſt, and I will lend you the ſame ſum to trade with to-morrow, and ſo on; you only

only paying me ſixpence for the uſe of it every night, which will be a great bargain to you. You muſt alſo pay me my price every night for your ſupper, and you ſhall have an excellent lodging above ſtairs; ſo you ſee every thing will now be provided for you in a genteel manner, through my generoſity.'

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her ſo completely, that ſhe forgot to calculate the vaſt proportion which this generous benefactreſs was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herſelf a happy creature, and went in to ſupper with a number of others of her own claſs. For this ſupper, and for more porter and gin than ſhe ought to have drank, Betty was forced to pay ſo high, that it eat up all the profits of the day, which, added to the daily intereſt, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five ſhillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new ſituation, as ſhe crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets, five ſtories high. This loft, to be ſure, was ſmall, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. Thoſe gentry had one night, in a drunken frolic, broke down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, ſince that time, the lodgers had died much ſeldomer of infectious diſtempers, than when they were cloſe ſhut in. For this lodging, Betty paid twice as much to her good friend

friend as ſhe would have done to a ſtranger. Thus ſhe continued, with great induſtry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the firſt day, and not a bit nearer to ſaving money enough to buy her even a pair of ſhoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a ſtreet near Holborn, a lady from a window called out to her that ſhe wanted ſome oranges. While the ſervant went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into ſome talk with Betty, having been ſtruck with her honeſt countenance and civil manner. She queſtioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade; and Betty, who had never been ſo kindly treated before by ſo genteel a perſon, was very communicative. She told her little hiſtory as far as ſhe knew it, and dwelt much on the generoſity of Mrs. Sponge, in keeping her in her houſe, and truſting her with ſo large a capital as five ſhillings. At firſt it ſounded like a very good-natured thing; but the lady, whoſe huſband was one of the juſtices of the new police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to inquire ſtill further. Betty owned, 'that to be ſure it was not all clear profit, for that beſides that the high price of the ſupper and bed ran away with all ſhe got, ſhe paid ſix-pence a day for the uſe of the five ſhillings.' 'And how long have you done this?' ſaid the lady. 'About a year, madam.'

The

The lady's eyes were at once opened. 'My poor girl,' ſaid ſhe, 'do you know that you have already paid for that ſingle five ſhillings the enormous ſum of 7l. 10s.? I believe it is the moſt profitable five ſhillings Mrs. Sponge ever laid out.' 'O, no, madam,' ſaid the girl, 'that good gentlewoman does the ſame kindneſs to ten or twelve other poor friendleſs creatures like me.' 'Does ſhe ſo?' ſaid the lady, 'then I never heard of a better trade than this woman carries on, under the maſk of charity, at the expence of her poor deluded fellow-creatures.'

'But, madam,' ſaid Betty, who did not comprehend this lady's arithmetic, 'what can I do? I now contrive to pick up a morſel of bread without begging or ſtealing. Mrs. Sponge has been very good to me; and I don't ſee how I can help myſelf.'

'I will tell you,' ſaid the lady: 'if you will follow my advice, you may not only maintain yourſelf honeſtly, but independently. Only oblige yourſelf to live hard for a little time, till you have ſaved five ſhillings out of your own earnings. Give up that expenſive ſupper at night, drink only one pint of porter, and no gin at all. As ſoon as you have ſcraped together the five ſhillings, carry it back to your falſe friend; and if you are induſtrious, you will, at the end of the year, have ſaved 7l. 10s. If you can make a ſhift to live now, when you have this heavy intereſt to pay,

judge how things will mend when your capital becomes your own. You will put ſome clothes on your back; and, by leaving the uſe of ſpirits, and the company in which you drink them, your health, your morals, and your condition, will mend.'

The lady did not talk thus to ſave her money. She would willingly have given the girl the five ſhillings; but ſhe thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Beſides, ſhe knew there was more pleaſure, as well as honour, in poſſeſſing five ſhillings of one's own ſaving, than of another's giving. Betty promiſed to obey. She owned ſhe got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs. Sponge's. She promiſed that very night to begin ſaving the expence of the ſupper; and that ſhe would not taſte a drop of gin till ſhe had the five ſhillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abſtain for a certain time, it would become eaſy to her. She therefore, at preſent, ſaid little about the *ſin* of drinking, and only inſiſted on the *expence* of it.

In a very few weeks Betty had ſaved up the five ſhillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abuſe her moſt unmercifully. She called her many hard names, not fit to repeat, for having forſaken the ſupper, by which ſhe ſwore ſhe got nothing at all;

all; but as ſhe had the charity to dreſs it for ſuch beggarly wretches, ſhe inſiſted they ſhould pay for it, whether they eat it or not. She alſo brought in a heavy ſcore for lodging, though Betty had paid for it every night, and had given notice of her intending to quit her. By all theſe falſe pretences, ſhe got from her not only her own five ſhillings, but all the little capital with which Betty was going to ſet up for herſelf. As all was not ſufficient to anſwer her demands, ſhe declared ſhe would ſend her to priſon; but while ſhe went to call a conſtable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, ſhe went back to the lady; and with many tears told her ſad ſtory. The lady's huſband, the juſtice, condeſcended to liſten to Betty's tale. He ſaid Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of ſtolen goods. Betty's evidence ſtrengthened his bad opinion of her. 'This petty ſyſtem of uſury,' ſaid the magiſtrate, 'may be thought trifling; but it will no longer appear ſo, when you reflect, that if one of theſe female ſharpers poſſeſſes a capital of ſeventy ſhillings, or 3l. 10s. with fourteen ſteady regular cuſtomers, ſhe can realize a fixed income of one hundred guineas a year. Add to this the influence ſuch a loan gives her over theſe friendleſs creatures, by compelling them to eat at her houſe, or lodge, or buy liquors, or by taking their pawns, and you will ſee the extent of the evil. I pity theſe poor victims:

you, Betty, ſhall point out ſome of them to me. I will endeavour to open their eyes on their own bad management. It is one of the greateſt acts of kindneſs to the poor to mend their œconomy, and to give them right views of laying out their little money to advantage. Theſe poor blinded creatures look no farther than to be able to pay this heavy intereſt every night, and to obtain the ſame loan on the ſame hard terms the next day. Thus are they kept in poverty and bondage all their lives; but I hope as many as hear of this will get on a better plan, and I ſhall be ready to help any who are willing to help themſelves.' This worthy magiſtrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with proper officers; and he ſoon got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to priſon for receiving ſtolen goods, and various other offences, which may, perhaps, make the ſubject of another hiſtory.

Betty was now ſet up in trade to her heart's content. She had found the benefit of leaving off ſpirits, and ſhe reſolved to drink them no more. The firſt fruits of this reſolution was, that in a fortnight ſhe bought her a new pair of ſhoes; and as there was now no deduction for intereſt, or for gin, her earnings became conſiderable. The lady made her a preſent of a gown and a hat, on the eaſy condition that ſhe ſhould go to church. She accepted the terms, at firſt rather as an act of obedience to the

the lady, than from a ſenſe of higher duty. But ſhe ſoon began to go from a better motive. This conſtant attendance at church, joined to the inſtructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard, for the firſt time, that ſhe was a ſinner; that God had given a law which was holy, juſt, and good; that ſhe had broken this law, had been a ſwearer, a ſabbath-breaker, and had lived without God in the world. All this was ſad news to Betty; ſhe knew, indeed, before, that there were ſinners, but ſhe thought they were only to be found in the priſons, or at Botany Bay, or in thoſe mournful carts which ſhe had ſometimes followed with her barrow, with the unthinking crowd, to Tyburn. She was deeply ſtruck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture, which were quite new to her; her heart ſmote her, and ſhe became anxious to flee from the wrath to come. She was deſirous of improvement, and ſaid, 'ſhe would give up all the profits of her barrow, and go into the hardeſt ſervice, rather than live in ſin and ignorance.'

'Betty,' ſaid the lady, 'I am glad to ſee you ſo well diſpoſed, and will do what I can for you. Your preſent way of life, to be ſure, expoſes you to much danger; but the trade is not unlawful in itſelf, and we may pleaſe God in any calling, provided it be not a diſhoneſt one. In this great town there muſt be barrow-women to ſell fruit. Do you, then, inſtead of forſaking your buſineſs, ſet a good

example to thoſe in it, and ſhew them, that though a dangerous trade, it need not be a bad one. Till Providence points out ſome ſafer way of getting your bread, let your companions ſee, that it is poſſible to do good even in this. Your trade being carried on in the open ſtreet, and your fruit bought in an open ſhop, you are not ſo much obliged to keep ſinful company as may be thought. Take a garret in an honeſt houſe, to which you may go home in ſafety at night. I will give you a bed and a few neceſſaries to furniſh your room; and I will alſo give you a conſtant Sunday's dinner. A barrow-woman, bleſſed be God and our good laws, is as much her own miſtreſs on Sundays as a ducheſs; and the church and the Bible are as much open to her. You may ſoon learn all that ſuch as you are expected to know. A barrow-woman may pray as heartily morning and night, and ſerve God as acceptably all day, while ſhe is carrying on her little trade, as if ſhe had her whole time to ſpare.

To do this well, you muſt mind the following

RULES FOR RETAIL DEALERS.

Reſiſt every temptation to cheat.
Never impoſe bad goods on falſe pretences.
Never put off bad money for good.
Never uſe prophane or uncivil language.

Never

Never ſwear your goods coſt ſo much, when you know it is falſe. By ſo doing you are guilty of two ſins in one breath, a lie and an oath.

To break theſe rules, will be your chief temptation. God will mark how you behave under them, and will reward or puniſh you accordingly. Theſe temptations will be as great to you, as higher trials are to higher people; but you have the ſame God to look to for ſtrength to reſiſt them as they have. You muſt pray to him to give you this ſtrength. You ſhall attend a Sunday-ſchool, where you will be taught theſe good things; and I will promote you as you ſhall be found to deſerve.

Poor Betty here burſt into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, 'What! ſhall ſuch a poor friendleſs creature as I be treated ſo kindly and learn to read the word of God too? Oh, madam, what a lucky chance brought me to your door!' 'Betty,' ſaid the lady, 'what you have juſt ſaid, ſhews the need you have of being better taught; there is no ſuch thing as chance; and we offend God when we call that luck or chance which is brought about by his will and pleaſure. None of the events of your life have happened by chance; but all have been under the direction of a good and kind Providence. He has permitted you to experience want and diſtreſs, that you might acknowledge his hand in your preſent comfort and proſperity. Above all, you muſt bleſs

his goodneſs in ſending you to me, not only becauſe I have been of uſe to you in your worldly affairs, but becauſe he has enabled me to ſhew you the danger of your ſtate from ſin and ignorance, and to put you in a way to know his will and to keep his commandments, which is eternal life.'

How Betty, by induſtry and piety, roſe in the world, till at length ſhe came to keep that handſome ſauſage-ſhop near the Seven Dials, and was married to an honeſt hackney-coachman, may be told at ſome future time, in a ſecond part.

Z.

THE

THE GOOD MOTHER's LEGACY.

FARMER ADAMS at his death, left a wife, and ſeven children: though his property was but ſlender for the maintenance of ſuch a family, yet Mrs. Adams was quite a treaſure in herſelf; her life was a daily leſſon of inſtruction. To an extraordinary degree of piety, ſhe joined the moſt unwearied induſtry; and her religion made her ſo chearful and good-humoured, that the whole pariſh ſought her acquaintance, and they never left her but they ſaid, ſhe had made them better and happier.

As ſhe lived within a few miles of a conſiderable town, ſhe twice a week carried her goods to market, yet never once belied her conſcience by aſking one price, and then taking another; ſo that the gentlefolks who were her cuſtomers, ſeeing ſhe never broke her word with them, always took her butter and cheeſe at her own price: by this diſpatch in buſineſs ſhe was often ready to quit the market, before many a farmer's wife had ſold a ſingle griſkin.

Her character for honeſty was ſo well known throughout the market, that the officers, when

they went their rounds to weigh the butter, never thought of putting a pound of Mrs. Adams's into the ſcales, though they frequently ſeized baſkets full belonging to other women, which they ſent off to the priſons for being under weight: it grieved her to the heart whenever this happened, for it would ſet her a thinking how ~~theſe very~~ people, at the day of judgment, might themſelves "be weighed in the balance and found wanting," for having violated our Saviour's golden rule, of not doing unto others as they would be done unto, "for a falſe balance is an abomination to the Lord."

Whenever the butter was taken away in this manner, the other people who ſaw it, would ſhout, and laugh, and hiſs the poor wretches who had been detected; whilſt Mrs. Adams was inwardly grieved at it, and would mildly rebuke them amidſt their riotous mirth, and ſay they ought to pity the diſgrace of a neighbour, not rejoice over it; and then ſhe would kindly exhort the culprits to do ſo no more, and would pray to God for them, that a ſpirit of piety might be given them, for ſhe would ſay, if there were no religion in the heart, you could never expect to find ſtrict honeſty in the dealings; and moreover, that we have all our faults, and therefore we muſt learn to live in love and charity with our neighbours, and forgive one another if we ourſelves hope to be forgiven.

It was the cuſtom of Mrs. Adams whenever the ſeized butter was carried to the priſoners, always to ſend ſixpence to them by the officers; it was the widow's mite. She had a large family, but if every body in time of need added a trifle to the priſoners' wants, much kindneſs, ſhe would ſay, might be done them; though to be ſure, ſhe would add, if there were no lazineſs there would be no want; and if there were no drunkenneſs or theft in good Old England, there need be no priſons.

Mrs. Adams never went to drink a dram when her marketing was over, as is but too cuſtomary, but ſhe haſtened home immediately to attend the buſineſs of her farm; and when that was done, ſhe had ſometimes an hour's leiſure in the evening to inſtruct her ſervants and children: whilſt they were ſitting round the fire at work, making and mending the family linen, her eldeſt ſon George would read a chapter in the Teſtament, after which ſhe herſelf would read a bit of a ſermon, ſuch as the curate recommended, one that was more religious than learned, ſuch as people could underſtand who had but little education; after which ſhe read a good family prayer, and then they all went chearfully to-bed, bleſſing and praiſing God for his mercies.

Mrs. Adams brought up her two eldeſt ſons to the farming buſineſs: no part of their good mother's inſtructions was loſt upon them; they were ſober, diligent, and dutiful; they never

frequented a market or a fair, but for the neceſſary purpoſe of buying and ſelling their cattle, and their buſineſs was no ſooner over, than they returned home, to give their mother a faithful account of what they had done. Mrs. Adams's children were never preſent at any revelling or merry-making in the pariſh; and as a reward for their dutiful behaviour, ſhe often made ſome little entertainment for them at home, and gave them the liberty alſo of inviting ſome of their friends, for ſhe would ſay, 'I love to ſee young people chearful and happy, but I tremble to have them dancing in ale-houſes, which takes away their modeſty —or getting drunk, which turns them into brutes—or prophanely curſing and ſwearing, to the endangering their immortal ſouls.'

Mrs. Adams's eldeſt daughter Mary, being brought up under ſo good a mother, turned out exactly like her; for by being kept in her youth out of evil company, ſhe was preſerved from falling into thoſe temptations which prove the ruin of ſo many young women. Her dreſs was neat, modeſt, and ſuitable to her ſtation; for as to ruffles and flounces, long tailed gowns, and hair curled half way down the back, ſhe thought them very unbecoming a farmer's daughter, whoſe buſineſs it was to carry a milk-pail, though to be ſure, now-a-days it is a ſight commonly ſeen: and ſhe looked ſo neat at church every Sunday, that it made all the girls in the pariſh aſhamed of their frippery.

frippery. Molly Adams's good name, ſoon procured her a good huſband, who had an eſtate in free land of a hundred pounds a year, and his father and mother very much approved the match, though Molly had not a ſhilling; for they were prudent people, and ſaid, it was better to get a fortune *in* a wife, than a fortune *with* a wife; as for the young man, he liked one who knew how to take care of the main chance, and the ſweetneſs of her temper made him happy, whilſt the labours of her hands made him rich.

Mrs. Adams's two next daughters did not take kindly to the dairy life; Suſan, therefore, the eldeſt, went into a reſpectable family, and by her obliging behaviour, ſoon acquired the love and confidence of her maſter and miſtreſs. They were people of excellent character, and by a regular practice of devotion being kept up in the family, the ſervants by degrees became ſober, diligent, and faithful, in whatever was intruſted to their care, and every Chriſtmas their miſtreſs made them a preſent, ſaying, ſhe could afford to increaſe their wages, when ſhe found they did not make it their daily habit to waſte her ſubſtance.

Suſan Adams now begun to thrive in the world, for ſhe did not ſpend the profit of her labours in flaunty gowns, and caps, as many young ſervants do; but wiſely left her money in her miſtreſs's hands, and out of the firſt twenty pounds ſhe ſaved, ſhe very dutifully made

made her mother a preſent of ten, towards paying ſomething for her bringing up.

In the courſe of ſome years, few ſervants were ſo rich as Suſan Adams, for ſhe ſtaid in the ſame place, whereas, too many, by their ficklenefs or bad conduct, are changing place continually, and by having half their time nothing to do, they ſoon come to poverty and rags.

But Mrs. Adams was not equally happy in all her children; ſhe had her trials; but in her deepeſt diſtreſs ſhe would often ſay, 'our faith in God can only be known by the patience and ſubmiſſion with which we ſupport ourſelves under troubles; and if afflictions had not been uſeful to our ſouls' good, our heavenly Father would have with-held them from us.'

Her third daughter Betty had imprudently made an acquaintance with the ſervants of the gentleman and lady, who lived at the great white houſe on the hill. This whole family, from the higheſt to the loweſt, lived as though there were no duties in this world, and no God in the next; as they were without principle in their hearts, their daily lives were a ſcene of extravagance and diſorder, and there were more oaths ſworn in the family in one day, than there were prayers offered in it in a twelvemonth: indeed, ſince the heads of this houſe lived very riotouſly, it could not but be expected but the ſervants would do the ſame.

Betty

Betty Adams was a pretty genteel young woman, when ſhe unfortunately got acquainted with Lady Townley's waiting maid, a very dreſſy, ſtaunty body, who was ignorant of all good things which every Chriſtian ought to know: becauſe forſooth ſhe was better dreſſed than her country neighbours, ſhe looked upon herſelf as altogether one of their betters; and ſhe was the more proud, and ſauey, becauſe ſhe was very ignorant; for real gentlefolks, who have got learning on their ſide, generally behave as mildly, and civilly to poor people, as if they were their equals.

This Mrs. Perkins, for ſo ſhe was called, took a mighty fancy to Betty Adams, and would ſometimes *condeſcend*, as ſhe called it, to walk over to the farm, leſs with a view, as it was whiſpered, to ſee Mrs. Adams, than to take a peep at her ſon; but the young farmer ſhunned her, and wiſely concluded, that ſuch a tawdry minx of a wife would ſoon bring a young man to ruin.

Betty Adams, naturally fond of fine clothes and ſmart company, took mightily to Mrs. Perkins, who finding ſhe had great power over Betty's mind, began by making her diſſatisfied with a country life; and told her ſhe was ſuch a pretty figure of a woman, that when ſhe was dreſſed genteelly, ſhe would look as much like a gentlewoman as any body, and then concluded by ſaying, 'no young perſon was fit to be ſpoken to, who had never been

to

to London; beſides, the ſervants in many families there, had ſuch merry times on't, that they had often more pleaſure than their maſters and miſtreſſes; 'for,' ſaid ſhe, 'we have our card parties in the hall; ſometimes a dance, ſometimes a concert, and you have a very pretty voice, Betſy,' continued ſhe, 'and I'll anſwer for it, you will be vaſtly admired amongſt us; beſides, our butler is half in love with you already.'

Betty was no ſtranger to this intelligence, having often heard it from the butler himſelf; this circumſtance ſerved ſecretly to ſtrengthen the arguments already made uſe of by Mrs. Perkins, and ſhe reſolved to quit her mother, as a place offered in Lady Townley's family, who was now about to return to London for the winter. Betty, like many other young folks, never aſked her mother's advice, till it was too late to take it; within a few days of her intended departure, ſhe told her mother what ſhe had done, who, though grieved at heart, ſpoke kindly and gently to her as follows:

'My dear Betty, as you think you can mend your fortune by going to ſervice, and as you are of an age to think and act for yourſelf, I have no right to control you; yet it is my duty as a mother to adviſe you, and to warn you againſt falling into thoſe temptations, which prove the ruin of thouſands of heedleſs girls; by firſt yielding to ſmall ſins, you will be led on

on to fall into greater ones, and for the indulgence of a worldly pleaſure, you may endanger your immortal ſoul. Never look with an envious eye, my child, on the ſeeming proſperity of thy neighbour; but whatever be thy condition, learn to be ſatisfied with it, 'for a contented mind is a continual feaſt.' It is not always the favourites of heaven who abound the moſt in the good things of this world: the beſt people, we often ſee, are moſt chaſtiſed by affliction; for it is truly ſaid, "God loveth thoſe whom he chaſteneth." Be not diſcouraged, my love, if thou art often rebuked for well-doing. Be careful of whatever is intruſted to thy care; manage thy maſter's or miſtreſs's property with as much attention as if it were thy own; take care not to be negligent in the performance of thy duty, but do thy work diligently; for though the eye of thy miſtreſs be not over thee, the eye of God is upon thee. Take care that every action of thy life be done honeſtly, and fairly; for they muſt all be accounted for at the day of judgment: no poor perſon need, therefore, envy a wicked rich man for his wealth, ſince he muſt be accountable to God for the means by which he obtained it, and the manner in which he hath ſpent it.

'There is a great deal of ſin and wickedneſs in the world, Betty, beyond what I could ever have imagined, if I had not ſometimes read Cruttwell's Bath Journal. Take heed therefore to all your ways, now you are venturing into the world,

world, or ruin will ſoon come upon you; and put not your truſt in your own ſtrength, inſtead of looking up for ſafety to God, but be conſtant in prayer to him morning and evening. When you are in health, praiſe the Lord for his mercies—when you are in ſickneſs and ſorrow, humbly pray for his aſſiſtance under every affliction, and he will ſend it you in his own good time, ſince he can by his power, in an inſtant, turn your mourning into joy.'

Here Mrs. Adams finiſhed her truly motherly exhortation. All Betty's brothers and ſiſters, with tears ſtreaming from their eyes, tenderly kiſſed her, and bade her farewell; her fond mother, for a long time, held her to her boſom before ſhe could ſpeak; at laſt ſhe ſaid, 'My child, my dear child, remember what I have been ſaying to you; when you get amongſt irreligious people, then will be your hour of trial, and remember, there is no way of eſcaping evil, but by cleaving unto that which is good; if you lead a regular, ſober, and religious life, you muſt expect to be jeered and laughed at; but it is ſafer to win God's favour, than the world's love. Once more, my Betty, take my bleſſing, and let me warn thee, for the laſt time, that the only way to avoid ſorrow, is to flee from ſin.'

Betty moſt dutifully thanked her mother, and caſting a mournful look on all around, took up her bundle, and walked off to the great houſe.

The

The reſt of Mrs. Adams's children were ſoon after comfortably ſettled in life, and grew every day richer and happier; they were induſtrious without being covetous; for the good things of this world never made them loſe ſight of thoſe better things they looked forward to poſſeſs in the world to come.

For ſome time after ſhe got to London, Betty Adams continued to write to her mother; at length many a long month paſſed, but no tale or tidings could they get of her, till at laſt they began to conclude ſhe was dead. It muſt be mentioned here, why Betty did not write as uſual; ſhe went on very well for ſome time, but as the largeſt fortune is inſufficient to ſupply the wants of extravagant people, it ſo fell out at Lady Townley's, where all was riot and waſte from the parlour down to the kitchen; ſo that my lady, and her children, who were all grown up, to avoid a priſon were obliged to retire to foreign parts, where many Engliſh folks go, the more is the pity, when they have ſpent more than they can pay. The ſervants were all turned off at a minute's warning, with moſt of their wages unpaid.

Betty Adams was too proud to write to her mother the hiſtory of the diſgrace which had befallen the family; but, to ſay the truth, the butler had alſo decoyed her away under a promiſe of marriage, which he never fulfilled, and having firſt deluded her, he then left her to ſtarve.

One

One night, in the middle of January, it was one of the coldeſt that ever was known, the wind blowing quite a hurricane, the ſnow falling in ſheets, and being now ſo drifted, that it was four or five feet deep in many places; on this night the young farmer Adams was making his way, as well as he could, to the barn, to ſee if ſome young lambs had been properly taken care of. As he was going to open the barn door, his foot ſtruck againſt ſomething which he thought was a block of wood, but ſtooping down to remove it, what was his ſurpriſe to perceive it was a woman with a young child in her arms. 'Speak, if you are alive,' cried the farmer, 'and tell me who and what you are.'

'A poor miſerable wretch,' replied the woman, in a dying voice, 'expoſed to ſhame, ſunk in ſin, and periſhing with cold and hunger.'

'Then lend me your arm,' ſaid the farmer, 'and I'll help you in to my mother; you will make her happy, for ſhe loves to help thoſe that cannot help themſelves.'

Here the poor creature gave a deep groan, but ſpoke not; the farmer thought ſhe was dead, and ran with all ſpeed into the houſe to get aſſiſtance. He deſired the man ſervant, who was ſitting by the kitchen fire, learning to read, (his work for the night being done) to get a candle and follow him to the barn: his mother on hearing for what cauſe, ſaid, ſhe would follow them, when her ſon kindly adviſed her to ſtay within as ſhe had ſo bad a cold. 'I would

would not go out in ſuch a night as this, George,' replied ſhe, 'to a merry-making, or a puppet-ſhow; but no weather is too bad for a perſon in tolerable health to go out in, if it is to aſſiſt a fellow-creature in diſtreſs.' The whole family then ſallied forth together: when they reached the poor woman, they thought the hand of death had cloſed her eyes for ever; ſhe was the very image of horror, withered and ſhrunk by famine; her helpleſs infant lay half naked, and ſtretched out on her lap, and one of it's little hands, for want of a cloak to cover it, was frozen to the ſnow under which it lay buried; at this ſad ſight every female preſent burſt into tears, when one of the ſervants took the child out of it's mother's arms, and ran with it, wrapped up in her apron, into the houſe, whilſt the men followed with it's mother. They gave her a cup of warm wine, for Mrs. Adams always kept a bottle in the houſe for ſickneſs, though ſhe would have thought it very extravagant to have made uſe of a glaſs in time of health.

At length the poor creature opened her eyes, and looking mournfully all round, in a piteous voice cried out, 'O my dear mother! O my dear brothers and ſiſters! why did you bring ſuch a wretch as I am into a houſe where none but chriſtians live? I believe I have loſt my poor baby in the ſnow; my memory is quite gone; my heart ſcarcely beats, ſo heavily does the weight of my guilt lie upon it. My dear mother,

mother, do not you know your own child, your penitent child Betty Adams?'

The houſe now rung with the moſt pitiable lamentations: 'My Betty! my child!' ſaid Mrs. Adams, as ſoon as grief would let her ſpeak; ſhe tenderly kiſſed her, and ſaid, 'God only has a right to judge thee for thy faults, and if thou art truly penitent for them, thou art a thouſand times more welcome to my heart, than if I had found thee ſurrounded by all the grandeur of this world, and living in a courſe of ſinful pleaſure; for the ſufferings of this life are but ſhort, when compared with the happineſs of eternity.'

Though every care was taken of the poor little baby, it's limbs were already periſhed with the froſt; it fell into a convulſion fit, and died on the maid's lap. Betty Adams was light-headed for the greater part of the night; towards the morning ſhe doſed a little; ſhe was ſomewhat refreſhed when ſhe awoke, but was again nearly overcome, when ſhe ſaw all her family ſitting crying round her bed; then ſeeing her dear mother, who raiſed her a little, ſhe ſpoke as follows:

'My honoured mother, and you, my kind brothers and ſiſters, weep not for me; I have only myſelf to blame for the miſeries which have befallen me; I have ſinned againſt warning, and muſt ſhortly appear before God to anſwer for it. Soon after I left you, my good mother, I began to neglect my duty towards God,

God, and that ſoon led me on to be neglectful of my duty towards my maſter and miſtreſs: the hours, when my work was done, which I ſhould have ſpent in reading my Bible, as I uſed to do, I ſpent in making ſmart hats and caps, for all the ſervants made it quite a paſtime to laugh me out of my religion; ſo by degrees I grew bolder and bolder; our butler at length betrayed me to my ruin, and then left me in ſickneſs and poverty, to bewail my unhappy fate.

'I was then turned out of doors at a moment's warning, and as I had no one to give me a character, I could not expect a place without one; ſo I was forced to live in one of thoſe dark cellars in London, which are full of beggars and thieves, where my poor baby was born: I ſoon pawned all my clothes, but that could not maintain us long; and as I had a conſtant fever and a cough, thinking I ſhould not live a great while to be a charge to my mother, I determined, as ſoon as I could crawl, to beg my way home. I left London, and the firſt door I knocked at to aſk for a bit of bread, I thought of my dear mother, and I fainted away; the people of the houſe were kind, relieved my wants, and gave me ſixpence to help me on. I have been three weeks travelling hither, ſometimes taking up my night's lodging under a hay-mow, and in the towns I got a penny lodging amongſt beggars. I came to our little hatch this evening juſt as the night ſet in, but my heart failed me, and I had not courage to lift

up

up the hatch, ſo, with my legs trembling under me, I ſtaggered off, as well as I could, to the barn, where I fell down fainting with cold and hunger: not being able to ſtir a ſtep farther, I hoped I ſhould die ſoon, for I was certain I ſhould break my poor mother's heart, when ſhe found me aſking charity at her door: but I feel it is all over with me: your bleſſing and forgiveneſs are all I have now to aſk of you; and I do not deſpair of it, for I know that real Chriſtians, and real Chriſtians only, can forgive ſuch offences as I have committed.'

'Thou haſt my pardon, my poor child,' cried Mrs. Adams, 'and I truſt, if thy ſpirit be truly humbled for thy crime, thou wilt, for Chriſt's ſake, meet the forgiveneſs of God alſo. Take comfort in the ſcripture promiſe, "That there is joy in the preſence of the angels of God over one ſinner that repenteth."

Hearing theſe comfortable words, the poor girl lifted up her hands and eyes; her quivering lips tried to ſpeak but in vain; a ghaſtly hue overſpread her features; her limbs ſhivered, her jaws fell, and, with a deep groan, ſhe expired.

At Mrs. Adams's requeſt, the following Sunday the curate preached an excellent ſermon, to adviſe all young people to take warning by poor Betty Adams, and to learn to be content and happy in that ſtation of life in which Providence has placed them. The ſermon was ſo very moving, there was not a dry eye in the church.

Mrs.

Mrs. Adams's children, and all her grandchildren, alſo returned to her houſe when the funeral was over, and as ſoon as they were all met, ſhe ſpoke to them in the following manner:

'My dear children,' ſaid ſhe, 'it may pleaſe the Almighty to take me from you as ſuddenly as he has done your poor ſiſter; to God I muſt be accountable for all the things I have done in this life. As I ſhall have no great riches to leave amongſt you, I wiſh to give you a Legacy before I die; (ſo ſaying, ſhe gave every one of them a handſome new Bible) this is the richeſt treaſure you can poſſeſs in this world, and if rightly uſed, will procure you a treaſure in the world to come. Without daily ſtudying this book, and making it's doctrines the conſtant rule of your lives, you will live to a woeful purpoſe. The Holy Bible, my children, is the only thing that can give you ſupport under every affliction; it is our comfort in life, our hope in death, and our ſource of happineſs to all eternity.

'But it is not enough, my dear children, that you are conſtantly hearing God's word, you muſt be conſtantly doing God's work. Be very careful to avoid evil company and evil words; they are the great ſnares which lead youth into temptation: remember, that every ſin you commit, however it may eſcape your memory, will be noted in the book of Heaven, and produced at the great day of account; then you will be convinced, my children, how ſafe it was for

you to have loved godlineſs more than greatneſs. Never forget, that a contented mind is a continual feaſt: now, as God's love is great towards us, let our thankfulneſs be equally great towards him. Never be ambitious to poſſeſs what is out of your reach: it is ſafer ſtriving to win a heavenly crown by prayer, than earthly riches by fraud. How often, my good children, have I ſeen you rejoice when you have eſcaped any dangerous diſtemper in the pariſh; how much more ought you to rejoice, when you have eſcaped any dangerous ſin? Above all things, be careful that pride never enters your heart; becauſe you will find, on your death-bed, as much ſatisfaction in having been low born as high born; the grand queſtion will then be, in the midſt of your proſperity, did you poſſeſs an humble praying heart? Thoſe only who have lived righteouſly can die joyfully; for he who ſinks in darkneſs can never riſe in light. All our ſorrows in life, my children, are but the puniſhments of ſin; it is a ſad thing to live ſinning, but it is a glorious one to die rejoicing. Above all things, remember, that every bleſſing you receive is an inſtance of God's mercy towards you. And, O! remember daily what a dreadful thing it is to die in a chriſtian country, and yet be ignorant of the doctrines of Chriſt, who ſhed his blood upon the croſs for you.—All that I ſhall further adviſe you is, to let your morning ſong begin with prayer, and your evening one cloſe with thankſgiving, that under every

every affliction in life you may be able to ſay, "Thy will, not mine, be done, O Lord!"

Here Mrs. Adams ended her little ſermon, as one may call it. Her family heard it with tears, and treaſured it up in their minds. After an affectionare parting they each returned home, bleſſing God for ſending them ſo good a mother.

S.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLES JONES, THE FOOTMAN,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

MY Father, George Jones, commonly called Black George, on account of his ſwarthy complexion, was one of the moſt induſtrious men in the whole village. His cottage, which was his own, and partly built by his own hands, ſtands on the common, about a ſtone's caſt from the road, near the great oak-tree, in the pariſh of King's Charleton, in Somerſetſhire. The lord of the manor having granted him leave to incloſe a bit of the common for a garden, my father had got a thriving young orchard and a long ſtrip of potatoes, beſides his cottage, all the produce of his own induſtry. It uſed to be a favourite ſaying with him, that no man, to whom God had given two hands, had ever need to want. 'For my part,' ſays he, 'I never knew what want was. When I am ſick, the club ſupports me; and when I am well, I warrant I'll ſupport myſelf.' My mother, beſides

ſides being equally induſtrious, was much more religious, and therefore much happier. She was as good and as ſweet-tempered a woman as any in the world, be the next where ſhe will. For conſtancy at her place of worſhip, civility to her neighbours, cleanlineſs in her own perſon, her houſe, and her children, ſhe had not her fellow. But the moſt remarkable thing in her (I am afraid a very uncommon thing) was her ſteady and uninterrupted practice of family prayer. It muſt have been a hard day's work indeed that hindered her from her prayers. At ſix in the morning and eight in the evening, as regularly as ever the hour came, ſhe always knelt down with her children round her, four of us, and read with great ſolemnity and devotion a ſhort form given her by the clergyman, which concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which we all joined. And ſhe uſed to ſay after ſhe had finiſhed—'Now I can go to bed or to work, in peace; for now we may hope God will protect us.' I am ſorry to ſay my father ſeldom joined with us. He uſed to pretend he was buſy or tired; and yet it would not have detained him long neither, for we were never more than ſix minutes about it, and ſurely twelve minutes a day (ſix in the morning and ſix in the evening) is no great time to give to God. One thing has often ſtruck me, that if any thing went wrong and ruffled my dear mother's temper, or made her uneaſy, the prayers ſeemed to ſet it all to rights. When ſhe had been to

prayers, all her grief ſeemed to be fled away. And, indeed, I obſerved the ſame thing with reſpect to my father, if he ever did join with us, it always ſeemed ſomehow to compoſe and ſweeten his mind, and make him a great deal kinder to my mother and us.

As my father and mother were very induſtrious themſelves, they were very deſirous to make their children ſo; every child was employed as ſoon as he was able in ſomething or other. At about thirteen years of age my employment had been for ſome time to weed in the parſon's garden and run of errands for him. At fourteen he took me into his houſe, and not a little proud was I at obtaining the title of his 'little footman.' The morning I left my father's cottage, my dear mother, who was as kind as ſhe was good, appeared to be very much affected; ſhe ſaid ſhe could not commit me to the wide world, without firſt committing me to God who governed it; and then ſhe knelt down with me by her ſide, and prayed, 'Gracious Lord, be pleaſed to have mercy on my dear boy. To thy care I commend him. Guard him, I beſeech thee, in the many temptations which he is now beginning to encounter. May he, with ſolid piety and honeſt diligence, do his duty in that ſtate of life in which it hath pleaſed thee to place him.' She then gave me her bleſſing, put a Teſtament into my pocket, bid me fear God, and always act for my maſter as I would do for myſelf.

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In my new ſituation there were to be ſure ſome few things diſagreeable. My miſtreſs was peeviſh and fretful; the cook violent and paſſionate. But what ſervice is there, or indeed what ſituation in life, howſoever much above ſervitude, in which there is not ſomething unpleaſant? Every ſtate has it's trials: ſervants have theirs: but if they cannot learn to put up with ſome little inconveniences, they may change their places every year of their lives, and never be ſatisfied after all. This is a leſſon I have learned by long experience.

Though by God's bleſſing I had received a more religious education than moſt children, it yet ſoon appeared that I had many faults, which it was neceſſary for me to be corrected of before I could become a good ſervant. At firſt, when I was ſent upon an errand, I was much given to loitering. I was then too young to conſider that by loitering in errands I was waſting what was not my own, my maſter's time. Beſides this fault, as every thing which I ſaw and heard in my maſter's houſe was ſuch as I had never ſeen and heard before, I was too apt to talk of it to my old playfellows, or at the village ſhop. But as ſoon as ever I became a little older, I began to reflect that this was very wrong. One Sunday evening, when I had leave to go home to ſee my parents, I was beginning to tell my mother how there had been a great uproar at the parſonage the day before, about ———. Here ſhe put her hand upon my lips, and ſaid,

'Charles, not a word more of what has paſſed at the parſonage. Whatſoever happens in your maſter's houſe is never to be ſpoken of out of your maſter's doors. A tale bearing ſervant is always an unfaithful ſervant; he betrays the truſt which his maſter puts in him.'

My mother's vehemence ſurprized me a little, but it made ſo much impreſſion upon me, that was pretty well broken of the fault from that very time. Into how many ſcrapes has this talkative temper brought many ſervants of my acquaintance! There was poor Nic. Jarrett, the Squire's under footman, that loſt his place, a new ſuit of black broad-cloth, and a legacy of 5l. which he would ſoon have had by reaſon of his maſter's death, only for ſaying at a neighbour's houſe, that his miſtreſs ſometimes fell aſleep while the 'Squire was reading to the family on a Sunday night.

Nic. and I were at one time rather too intimate; I remember one day, when I was about ſixteen, having attended my maſter to the 'Squire's houſe, Nic. prevailed on me after dinner to play with him at pitch and toſs. I was worth at that time 5s. and 2d. more money than I had ever poſſeſſed before in my life. In about two hours Nic. reduced me to my laſt ſhilling. But though it was a heavy ſtroke at the time, yet it proved in the end a happy event, for, by my mother's perſuaſions, I reſolved thence forward never to game again as long as I lived, which reſolution, by God's grace, I have hitherto happily

happily kept. I wiſh from my heart that all other ſervants would reſolve the ſame. The practice of card-playing, ſo common amongſt ſervants in large families, is the worſt cuſtom they can poſſibly fall into. My poor brother Tom ſuffered enough for it. One day, having received in the morning a quarter's wages, he loſt the whole of it before night at all-fours; and what was the conſequence? Why, from that very time, he took to thoſe practices of cheating his maſter which ended in his ruin. How much better would it be for all ſervants, if inſtead of waſting their leiſure in card-playing, they would amuſe themſelves in reading ſome godly book, or improve themſelves in writing or cyphering. It was by this means, for I was never taught to write, that I qualified myſelf for the place of bailiff, which I now fill.

I remember Nic. uſed to ſay, 'Whilſt my maſter plays cards in the parlour, why ſhouldſt thou be ſo ſqueamiſh as not to play in the kitchen?" But Nic. did not conſider that his maſter being rich, and playing for ſmall ſums, his loſſes laid him under no temptation of diſhoneſty in order to repair them: beſides, the 'Squire could read and write at any time, whereas this was our only leiſure time, and if we did not improve ourſelves then, we never could; what might be comparatively innocent in him, might be ruinous to us. And even if my maſter be a profeſſed gambler, that is no reaſon I ſhould be ſo too. A ſervant is to do what is right, let his

maſter do what he will. If a maſter ſwears and gets drunk, and talks at table with indecency, or againſt God and religion, to God he muſt account for it, and a ſorry account it will be I doubt; but his example will not excuſe our crimes, though it will aggravate his. We muſt take care of our own ſouls, whether our maſters take care of theirs or not.

But to return to my hiſtory. I am aſhamed to ſay that I was guilty, more than once, in the earlier part of my ſervitude, of the ſhocking and deteſtable crime of lying, in order to excuſe or ſcreen my faults. Happily I was cured of it in the following manner: having been one day ordered to carry a bottle of wine to a ſick man, one of my maſter's pariſhioners, I accidentally broke the bottle, and of courſe loſt the wine. What was to be done? Should I confeſs my misfortune and acknowledge my careleſſneſs, or conceal it by a lie? After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the lie. I therefore had made up my ſtory, 'how the poor man ſent his duty to my maſter and thanked him a thouſand times, and that he was a little better, and that his wife ſaid ſhe thought this wine would ſave his life.' Being thus prepared, as I was returning home, I met a pedlar, of whom I bought, for a penny, a little book, containing a ſtory of a woman at Devizes, who was ſtruck dead on the ſpot for telling a lie. To be ſure it was Heaven that ſent the pedlar

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to me, to ſave me from the ſin I was going to commit. 'If this woman was ſtruck dead for a lie,' ſaid I to myſelf, why may not I?' I therefore went directly home, and made a confeſſion of my negligence and misfortune. And it is well for me that I did; for the ſick man, whoſe duty and thanks I had wickedly intended to carry to my maſter, was dead, as I underſtood afterwards, three hours before the bottle was broken. From this time, therefore, I began to ſee, what I am now fully convinced of, that beſide the ſinfulneſs of lying, it was always more for the intereſt and laſting comfort of ſervants to confeſs the truth at once, than to conceal a fault by falſehood. When a ſervant has told a lie, he is always in danger of its being found out; and ſooner or later it generally is found out, and then his character is ruined: whereas, if he confeſſes the truth at once, he probably eſcapes without any anger at all, or, at worſt, it is ſoon over, and the fault itſelf is forgotton.

Having now lived ſeven years at the parſonage, and being twenty-one years of age, my maſter called me one day into his ſtudy, where he ſpent a good deal of his time, and ſaid to me, 'Charles, you have lived with me a conſiderable time; and it has been always with much pleaſure that I have remarked the decency, ſobriety, and diligence of your conduct. Thoſe few faults which you have, farther experience, and the grace of God, will, I doubt

not, cure. You are now qualified for a better place than mine, and are entitled to higher wages than it is in my power to give. I have, therefore, recommended you to a friend of mine in London, for which place you are to ſet out, if you approve it, in a month. But I ſhould think it a crime to diſmiſs you to a ſituation ſo full of temptations, without giving you ſome little advice. Liſten, therefore, my dear Charles, to what I ſhall ſay, as I mean it only for your good. In the firſt place, fear God; and then you will never have any occaſion to be afraid of man. Act always as in his preſence. Never enter or quit your bed without prayer. Do always for your maſter, as you would your maſter, if you were to change places, ſhould do for you. Endeavour to get a pious friend; but avoid, as you would the plague, all wicked company. Be cautious of too great familiarity with your female fellow-ſervants; an unlawful intercourſe of this kind will ruin you, body and ſoul. Flee from an alehouſe as you would from the Devil; if you once get into it, you will never be out of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you. Here, Charles, is a Bible for you; the more you read it, the more you will love it; and the more you love it, the better you will be, and the happier. I have written ſome directions for you in the firſt page of it. God bleſs you; and when my race, which is now drawing to its end, ſhall finiſh, may we meet

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in heaven.'—My master's kindness so affected me, that I could not answer him for tears. I was indeed very glad of going to so fine a place as London; though, at the same time, I could not leave a house, where I had been treated more like a child than a servant, without great regret. I shall not attempt to describe my parting with my mother. No description, I am sure, could do justice to the solemn and affectionate manner in which she exhorted me to be pious and just, and recommended me to God in prayer. Her last words I shall never forget: 'I know, my dear son,' said she, 'that you love me tenderly, and that you would not give me unnecessary pain on any account. Remember, then, that whenever you do any wrong thing, you are planting a dagger in your mother's heart.' With these words, her eyes brim-full of tears, and her hands lifted up in silent prayer to God, she turned away from me and went into the cottage.

And now, reader, you find me in the great and dangerous city of London, in the service of a very wealthy master, who kept twelve servants, besides myself. If country people knew London as well as I do, how cautious they would be of exchanging their safe and peaceful situations in the country for the perils and temptations of a great city. How many young fellows have I known, who lived honestly and happily in their native place, come up to London

don in the hope of higher wages, and there forfeit their integrity, their peace of mind, their health, their character, and ſouls. Workmen, in particular, are very fond of getting into large cities, becauſe they think their labour will turn to better account there than in their own villages. They do not conſider, that in a city they muſt give as much for a filthy room in a filthy houſe, inhabited by half a dozen families, ſituated in a cloſe, ſmoky, dirty ſtreet, as in the country would pay the rent of a cottage and a garden. They do not conſider the dearneſs of proviſions in a city, the temptations they are under from bad women, wicked company, and the great number of alehouſes. In ſhort, I am fully perſuaded that a labourer in the country, on a ſhilling a day, is better off than one in a city on two ſhillings.

When I came to my place, I found every thing, for the firſt three or four days, very ſmooth and very pleaſant, plenty of proviſions, plenty of drink, little work, and a very merry ſervants' hall. But ſoon the face of things, with reſpect to me, changed very much, and I underwent a ſeverer temptation than I ever experienced before or ſince in the whole courſe of my life. I had always hitherto been taught to conſider, that ſobriety, and diligence, and piety, were virtues. I therefore never ſwore, I never got drunk, I never gamed, I went to church as often as I could, I ſaid my prayers

prayers night and morning, and on Sunday, at leaſt, if not on other days, I read a little in my good old maſter's Bible. But here I ſoon found that all this was the worſt vice I could be guilty of. As ſoon as they found me out, it ſeemed to be a trial of ſkill amongſt them who ſhould plague me moſt. One called me the parſon; another, methodiſt; a third, a conceited prig; a fourth, a canting hypocrite. If I went into any other gentleman's hall it was all the ſame: my character always flew before me; and many were the jeſts and laughs raiſed both at home and abroad at my expence. In ſhort, during three months, my life was a conſtant ſtate of anxiety and torment; ſo that at laſt I was almoſt tempted, God forgive me for the thought, to do as they did, and forfeit my everlaſting ſoul in order to avoid the preſent uneaſineſs. But, while things were in this ſtate, I felt myſelf greatly and unexpectedly relieved one Sunday morning, by a ſermon which I happened to hear from our pariſh-miniſter, on the following text: "Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil of you *falſely* for my ſake, for great is your reward in heaven." The excellent diſcourſe which this pious man delivered on theſe words, was ſo exactly ſuited to my circumſtances and feelings, that it ſeemed as if it had been addreſſed ſolely to me; and it pleaſed God ſo to apply what had been ſaid to my

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heart and underſtanding, that I not only determined to bear in future the ſneers and ſcoffs of my fellow-ſervants with patience and fortitude, but even thoſe very ſneers which I formerly conſidered as my heavieſt calamity, were now no longer grievous. From this time, therefore, my uneaſineſs was pretty well at an end. And I earneſtly recommend it to all other ſervants, who have been ſo happy as to acquire ſober and virtuous habits, not to ſuffer themſelves to be laughed out of their ſobriety and virtue by the jeſts and ridicule of their fellow-ſervants. They may depend upon it that their cauſe is a good one; and though they ſuffer for it at firſt, they will finally triumph. In a ſhort time all my perſecution was at an end. 'To be ſure,' ſaid the coachman one day to the cook, 'Charles is a little too religious, but upon my word I don't think he is the worſe for it. Mayhap it might be the better for us if we were more like him. I don't ſee but that he is as humble, friendly, and worthy a fellow as any amongſt us. For my part I ſhall laugh at him no longer.' This ſpeech, which I happened accidentally to overhear, gave me great pleaſure; and I ſoon found, by the agreeable change in my fellow-ſervants' conduct towards me, that the coachman had expreſſed the opinion of the whole hall. It is true I did every thing to obtain their good-will that lay in my power. I was as civil and obliging to every one among them as I poſſibly could. Was any

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thing to be done, if nobody elſe would do it, I never ſtopped to conſider whether it belonged to my place or not, but did it out of hand. If any body took it into his head to fall out with me, I generally diſarmed him of his wrath by ſaying nothing. If any little quarrels, or misfortunes, or miſconduct, happened in the hall, I always endeavoured to huſh it up, and never carried any tales to the maſter, unleſs when I ſaw any body wronging him, and then I thought it my duty, or unleſs the thing was very bad indeed. In ſhort, by purſuing always this line of conduct, I found my ſituation very comfortable and agreeable. My maſter treated me with great confidence and kindneſs; my fellow-ſervants with great friendlineſs and reſpect.

'In about two years time, the footman that uſed to go to market being turned away for drunkenneſs, which vice ſoon proved his ruin, my maſter told me, that as he believed I was an honeſt and careful young man, and perceiving that I could write and keep an account, he ſhould, in future, employ me in marketing. To market, therefore, I went every day; and as I had now a good deal of my maſter's money always in my hands, I prayed heartily to God that he would be pleaſed to preſerve me under the temptation to which this expoſed me. My firſt exploit in this way was the purchaſe of ten ſhillings worth of fruit at a fruiterer's. When I had finiſhed

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my bargain, and was coming out of the ſhop, the fruiterer ſlipped a ſhilling into my hand. As I had never, to the beſt of my recollection, ſeen him before, I was ſomewhat ſurprized at his generoſity; but fortunately had the preſence of mind to aſk him whether he had charged his fruit the higher on account of this preſent to me. 'Why, young man,' ſaid he, 'that is an honeſt queſtion, and I will give you an honeſt anſwer. The fact is, that as we know that gentlemen of your cloth, expect ſome compliment from the tradeſmen they deal with, we are obliged, in our own defence, to charge our articles the higher on that account to their maſters.' 'And, ſo,' ſaid I, 'the money you give us, comes finally from the pockets of our maſters?' 'To be ſure it does.' 'Why, then,' ſaid I, 'I will take your ſhilling, but ſhall charge my maſter only nine ſhillings.' And this method I conſtantly purſued in the like caſe ever after; for I think the abovementioned practice of footmen, which, however, I hope, is not very common with them, is juſt the ſame thing in conſcience as if they ſhould rob their maſter's bureau.

One Monday morning, having ſettled my account for the laſt week with my maſter, I found that he had made a miſtake againſt himſelf of twenty ſhillings. As ſoon as I diſcovered it, I ſaid to myſelf, here now is an opportunity of getting twenty ſhillings without

out any risk or detection; but God forbid that I should do it, as it would ruin my peace of mind, and destroy my soul. I, therefore, pointed out the error to my master the first opportunity.—'Charles,' said he, 'you are right, the mistake is obvious. I acknowledge I made it purposely to try your honesty. You shall find that this affair will turn out, before long, to your advantage.' Now, though I do not think it quite fair for masters to lay this kind of trap for their servants' integrity, yet as I know, by experience, they sometimes do it, we must be doubly on our guard. Indeed, dishonesty is never safe. It always will out somehow or other. I have seen surprizing instances of the discovery of it, when it seemed to have been committed with such cunning as to be impossible to be detected.

One day, as I was going to market, I met Sir Robert S.'s butler, who told me, that having long observed my sobriety and diligence, he was happy to have it now in his power to offer me a place in his master's family, where my wages would be raised two guineas a year. I thanked him, and told him he should have his answer next evening. In the mean time, I called upon a pious and worthy friend, whom I consulted in all difficulties, and asked his opinion. After mature deliberation, he said, 'Charles, don't go. When you are once got into a good place, stick to it like a leech. The rolling stone gets no moss. The more

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years you continue in one ſervice, the more you are reſpected by your maſter and all the world. A good family conſiders an old ſervant as one of themſelves, and can no more ſee him want than a near relation. Whereas ſervants that are continually roving from place to place, have no friend in diſtreſs, and ſeldom get a proviſion for old age.' Happy it was for me that I followed this good advice: If I had not, I ſhould probably have been nothing more than a poor footman all my life.

'But before I bring my own ſtory to an end, I muſt beg my reader's patience, to liſten to the ſad fate of my poor brother Tom. Alas! poor Tom, he was a great favourite in our kitchen, becauſe he ſung the beſt ſong, and told the merrieſt tale, and paid his card-money the moſt freely of any gentleman footman about town. And then he ſwore ſo much like a gentleman, and was ſo complaiſant to the ladies, and puſhed about the ſtrong beer ſo merrily, that he was, ſaid our ſervants, the moſt agreeable company in the world. And yet all theſe entertaining qualities did not preſerve my poor brother from the moſt dreadful ſtate of diſtreſs and ruin. One morning he came to me about ten o'clock with a very woeful face, which was a thing very unuſual for him, and told me, that he had juſt been turned away from his place without a character; that he had no money, many debts,

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and no *real* friends, and what was worſe than all, that he was labouring under diſeaſe.

Tom grew worſe every day, and was at length given over. In the morning of that day, while I was ſitting at his bed-ſide, who ſhould come in but my dear mother! She had walked 130 miles, except now and then a liſt in the waggon, to attend upon and comfort her undeſerving ſon. When ſhe ſaw him, pale and emaciated, and his face half conſumed by diſeaſe, it ſo ſhocked her, that ſhe fainted away. As ſoon as ſhe recovered, and was a little relieved by a plentiful flood of tears, ſhe ſaid, 'My dear Tom, I am come to take care of thee, and make thee better, if I can.' 'Alas! mother,' anſwered he, putting his clay-cold hand into her's, 'it is all too late. I have but a few hours to live. It is by neglecting your advice that I am brought to this. Gaming and drink, and bad company, and bad women have been my ruin. O! what will become of my ſoul? If I could but live my life over again'——Here he was ſeized with a ſudden fit, and though he lived ſome hours, he never ſpoke after, and died that evening in my mother's arms.

After recounting the ſorrowful hiſtory of my unhappy brother, I muſt now haſten to conclude my own. About a twelvemonth after the offer of a place in Sir Robert S—'s family, my maſter, in conſideration, as he ſaid, of my faithful ſervices, made me his butler. He

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was indeed so kind and friendly to me on all occasions, that I found it necessary to be extremely cautious lest I should grow proud, or saucy, or familiar, which some servants, when they have lived long in a place, and find themselves in favour, are apt to do. After enjoying this post about six years, our family being now removed into the country, I made acquaintance with a farmer's daughter living near the great house, whom, on account of her religious and industrious principles, and her amiable and cheerful temper, I wished to make my wife. She was no flaunter in fine clothes, none of your dancing, flirting, forward lasses, that run about to christenings, and revels, and hops, that will ruin a man before he knows where he is; but a pious, sober, stay-at-home, modest young woman; else I am sure any body might have had her for me. As I had never been guilty of any unnecessary expence, (for nobody will call that unnecessary which I sent yearly to my parents), my savings, the interest being added yearly to the principal in the hands of my master, amounted to two hundred pounds. And, as Fanny's father promised to give her another hundred, I thought we might with this take a small farm, and maintain ourselves comfortably and decently. I therefore communicated the affair to my master. 'Charles,' said he, 'though I am loth to part with so good a servant, yet I think it an act of gratitude due to you for your

your long and faithful ſervices, to conſent readily to any thing which may be for your welfare. But I do not think it neceſſary for us to part at all. I am at preſent in want of a bailiff; you may, if you approve it, undertake that office, and ſtill retain your preſent wages. Your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will inſtruct and aſſiſt you in the duties of it. I will, beſides, let you a ſmall farm on an advantageous leaſe, which you may make the moſt of for yourſelf.'

'To this kind and generous offer I joyfully aſſented. And Fanny and myſelf have now lived together ſix years in the farm-houſe near the park-gate, happy and proſperous. My father being dead, and my brother and ſiſter ſettled, my mother, who is now very old, lives with me; and, by her example and exhortation, I find a ſenſe of religion ſink deeper and deeper into my ſoul every day; and, indeed, I am firmly convinced by long experience, that there is nothing in this world can make us truly happy but that.'

I addreſs this little book, which I wrote by little and little in the long evenings of the laſt hard winter, to all footmen. I hope they will not be angry with my well-meant endeavours, but take kindly what is intended only for their good.

THE

THE HISTORY OF MARY WOOD, THE HOUSEMAID;

Or, the Danger of Falſe Excuſes.



MR. HEARTWELL, the worthy clergyman of a country pariſh, was ſitting in the porch of his little parſonage, when he ſaw a figure rather flying than running down a hill near his houſe, the ſwiftneſs of whoſe motion

made

made it hard to diſcern *what* ſhe was, much leſs could he gueſs *who* ſhe was. She fled directly towards him, and flung herſelf at his feet almoſt breathleſs, with difficulty ſhe pronounced the words, 'O, ſir, ſave me! for pity's ſake hide me in your houſe—they will be here in a moment—hide me this inſtant!—indeed I am innocent!' then, without waiting for his anſwer, ſhe jumped up and ruſhed by him into the houſe, the good man ran after her, and catching her hand led her up ſtairs into his bed-room, and putting her into a cloſet within it, told her, no one ſhould come there to hurt her. Then hearing a noiſe he looked out of his window and ſaw ſeveral men and women running almoſt as faſt as the young woman had done before, and his maid Bridget (who had ſeen them ſooner from her own window) running to meet them, and to aſk what was the matter. He had forgotten to bid her be ſilent about the young woman, indeed he did not know that ſhe had ſeen her; but the truth is, ſhe was amuſing herſelf in a very idle manner, with looking at the road out of her garret window, and had ſeen with great ſurpriſe the wild behaviour of the poor girl, which raiſed her curioſity. This ſhe now hoped to ſatisfy by ſtopping the poſſe that was running by; inſtead of anſwering her queſtions, they aſked if ſhe had ſeen a girl about ſeventeen, that was running from juſtice, paſs that way? What in a linen gown and green petticoat,

ſaid ſhe, without a bonnet, and her hair and her cap flying? 'the ſame, the ſame,' they cried; 'which way did ſhe go?'—'Why, what do you want to do with her, ſays Bridget; for I ſhould be loth to betray the poor thing to any harm.'—'Why you would not conceal a thief, would you?' ſaid they. 'She is a thief and has robbed her maſter.'---'Nay if ſhe be a thief, ſhe may rob my maſter too, ſays Bridget, for ſhe is gone up ſtairs with him.' Upon this they all turned towards the houſe, and were coming in when Mr. Heartwell met them. He heard the laſt words, and was not a little diſturbed at the idea of having the girl found in his houſe, for as ſhe knelt at his feet he thought he knew her face, and had by degrees recollected that, tho' much grown ſince he ſaw her, ſhe muſt certainly be the daughter of Matthew Wood, an honeſt labourer, who had lived ſome years in his pariſh, and died there three or four years before. The long illneſs before his death had reduced his wife to ſuch poverty, that ſhe and her child would have periſhed had not the good Vicar's charity helped out the ſcantineſs of the pariſh relief. Mr. Heartwell, after having buried the poor man, tried to find a place for the girl and ſome help for her mother, who being in years, and her health much injured by fatigue and grief, in nurſing and loſing her huſband, was quite unable to work. By applying to Lady Worthy, whoſe ſeat was a few miles diſtant, he had the good fortune to get

get her into one of the alms-houſes which that good lady had built and endowed; here ſhe was comfortably ſupported, and her daughter permitted to be with her 'till ſhe could find a ſervice. As by theſe means Goody Wood and her daughter were placed at a diſtance from him, Mr. Heartwell had not ſince ſeen them; but was ſatisfied that under Lady Worthy's protection they would be taken care of.

The people who were now ruſhing into Mr. Heartwell's houſe, ſtopped on ſeeing him; and on his aſking what they wanted there, one of the moſt decent looking men ſtepped forward, and puſhing the reſt a little back, ſaid, 'I ax pardon, ſir, for our bouldneſs in coming into your Worſhip's houſe, but we have got a warrant here for a young perſon that we be tould ran in here.'—'A warrant,' ſaid Mr. Heartwell, 'why, what is the matter? What has ſhe done?'——'Pleaſe you Worſhip ſhe's a thief and has robbed her maſter's houſe. We have had ſad doings at our village——Squire Banks's houſe has been robbed too by his gardener and dairy maid, and they are both gone off. This poor girl, I ſuppoſe, learnt their wicked ways (for ſhe would keep company with them) and the ſame night that they made off, 'tis thought ſhe had let them into Farmer Boucher's houſe; and in the morning as ſure as can be, he found his bureau broke open and his money gone.'——'But what proof is there that this girl was concerned in the

robbery, or that she let in the robbers?'—'Why, sir, she had been telling a mort of lies about them, and that made them suspect her. So they searched her box, and as sure as can be, there they found sealed up in a paper, six silver tea-spoons of the farmer's, with an E and a B upon them as his are marked with. She protested they were none of his n, but were given by a friend to keep for her, but alack a day! there's no believing a word that comes out of her mouth; so nobody minded her; and when we axed her who this friend was that gave them to her to keep, she was all as red as fire and would not speak. So the farmer left us to take care of her whilst he went to Justice Galloway's for a warrant. We had shut her up safe as we thought in a chamber, whilst we eat a bit of dinner and drank a little of neighbour Boucher's ale; but when he came back and we went thither to take her, lo and behold she was not to be found. The window was open, and as it was not very high from the ground, we guess she let herself down from it. We now set off in pursuit of her, all but the farmer, who being pretty fat and pursy was not for running a race.—So he gave us the warrant, and a boy telling us as how she took this way, we ran till we saw a woman running, about half a mile before us, but afterwards we lost sight of her; and please your Worship, your maid tells us as how she made into this very house.'—'It is true,' said Mr. Heartwell, 'that she is in my house,

and if you will consent to let her remain here a day or two, I will be answerable for her appearance when called upon. In the mean time I will endeavour to find out the truth; for it would be a sad thing to ruin such a young creature, by hurrying her to prison before we were sure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honest humane man, he knows my character, and I dare say will oblige me by stopping all further proceedings against Mary Wood, and leaving her in my care 'till I can talk to her and bring her to declare the truth.'---'That's what she is not much used to, I am afraid, sir,' said the man, 'howsomdever, I will tell neighbour Boucher what your Worship says, and you'll be pleased to take care that she does not get out of the window.'---'Boucher's wife is living, is she not?' (said Mr. Heartwell) what does she say of the girl? She must know more of her character than her master can.'---'Yes, yes! she be living and looking, and a good kind of body she is, but at present she is from home and knows nothing of all this bustle; for she went two days ago to visit her father at Stoke. She is expected home to night, and then your Worship may have the speech of her if you like.' They then pulled off their hats and civilly turned back to their village. Mr. Heartwell immediately went up to his prisoner, whom he found sunk on the ground in his closet and half dead with terror; for she had heard a good deal of what had passed, and

feared every moment that Mr. Heartwell would give her up to be dragged to prison. She knew she had been detected in some falsehoods, that would make against her; and though she was not guilty of the robbery, she had enough to reproach herself with, to take from her all the comfort and confidence of innocence; she had therefore nothing less than the terrors of hanging, or being sent to Botany Bay, before her eyes.

But we must go back, and tell by what deceit poor Mary was first brought into trouble.

When first Lady Worthy took her up, she got her a place at Mrs. Trueby's, a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighbouring town. She had a little boy about six years old, her two maids were growing old in her service; she took this girl to help them. The next day after she came, she bid her own maid shew her how to sweep and dust the best parlour. The maid, after shewing her what she was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier glass which she herself would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her sweeping. The little boy who had not seen any thing so young and lively in the house, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no less fond of him; he staid in the room to see her sweep it, and she to amuse him at the same time, gave him an account of the wonders she had seen performed in the streets the day before, by a balance-master, who

poized

poized a long pole on the palm of his hand, and even upon his noſe, with other performances, which, though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared ſo to her, who had never ſeen any thing like it. To make little Edward comprehend what ſhe meant by this balancing, ſhe attempted to poize the long broom, ſetting the ſmall end on the palm of her hand, but not ſucceeding, it fell on one ſide, and unfortunately ſtruck the pier glaſs and broke it. Poor Mary cried out ſhe was undone, and begged Edward, if he had any pity, not to ſay ſhe did it. 'Who then?' ſaid he, 'you will not ſay it was I?' 'No indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I will not lay it upon any body; only don't you contradict what I ſhall ſay.' By this time, Mrs. Trueby, who heard the ſmaſh of the glaſs, had haſtened down ſtairs and came into the room. 'What glaſs did I hear crack?' ſaid ſhe—'O Mary! my precious pier glaſs, the beſt piece of furniture in my houſe, and a preſent from a dear friend who is now no more, quite ſpoilt! I valued it above ten times its price! Is this your awkwardneſs, Mary?' Poor Mary ſtood pale and trembling; but anſwered, 'No indeed, madam.' 'Who did it then?' ſaid ſhe, raiſing her voice, 'A great bird, madam, (I don't know whether it was a pigeon) flew in at the window. I tried to drive it out, and it daſhed againſt the glaſs with it's bill, and cracked it as you ſee.' Little Edward who

was aſtoniſhed at her invention and aſſurance, looked amazed, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and could ſcarce help laughing; his mother obſerved it, and ſo did Mary, who giving him a wink, ſaid, 'Maſter Edward knows it is true, for he ſaw it as well as I.' 'O ſye, Mary,' ſaid the boy—'that's too much—I would not have told of you, but when you ſay I know it to be true, you make me a liar as well as yourſelf, and my mamma ſays, if I tell lies God Almighty will not love me.' 'Wicked girl,' ſaid the lady, 'would you teach my child to lie? pack up and be gone out of my houſe; and you Edward, I charge you, tell me the truth.' Upon this the child related the fact, and added—pray mamma forgive her, it was in trying to divert *me*, that ſhe came by the accident.' 'No, my dear,' ſaid his mother, 'I cannot forgive her; fooliſh and careleſs as it was, and grieved as I am for my favourite glaſs, I could have forgiven her my loſs; and though I ſpoke haſtily at firſt, I ſhould ſoon have conſidered her awkwardneſs and paſſed it over; but a girl that can ſo readily invent a lie, and try to draw *you* into it, I cannot poſſibly ſuffer to ſtay a day in my houſe; if you learn to tell lies, it would break my heart. The good lady, however, fearing the girl might get into miſchief, after much kind exhortation, determined herſelf to carry her back to Lady Worthy, aſſuring her that ſhe would not have parted with the girl on account of the accident, had it not been for the

the daring falſehood with which ſhe attempted to excuſe it. Lady Worthy equally ſhocked, ſent for Goody Wood, and told her what had been her daughter's behaviour; adding, that ſhe had put it out of *her* power to ſerve her, for ſhe could never again venture to recommend her. The poor woman was quite overcome with grief, and did not dare attempt to excuſe Mary's faults, but took her home in an agony of ſorrow, where the girl had the mortification to ſee that ſhe had not only ruined herſelf, but made her mother completely miſerable. And indeed the poor woman became ſo ill, that ſhe began to fear that ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of her death; this affected her very much, and for a time ſhe was truly penitent, and reſolved never again to ſpeak falſely; but ſo ſtrong is cuſtom, and ſo weak was the principle on which ſhe acted, in her mind, that when ſhe ſaw her mother recover, ſhe ſoon returned to her little tricks and falſe excuſes. It was no wonder ſhe did not reform, for ſhe had no fear of offending God. Nobody took any notice of her, and the burden of maintaining her fell heavy on her mother, and kept them both in extreme poverty. At length, a gentlewoman who knew the ſtory, and was concerned that ſo young a creature ſhould be ruined, was prevailed upon, as ſhe had no children, to ſend for her. She aſked the girl why ſhe was diſmiſſed from Mrs. Trueby's, to which ſhe replied, 'it was for

breaking a pier glass.' 'And was that the only reason of her turning you away so suddenly?' the girl looked sullen, held down her head, and said, 'I believe so.' 'Go,' said the lady, 'you will not do for me. I see you are not cured of your vile fault, and I will not take one whose word I can never depend on.' So home went Mary with a heavy heart, and after trying to evade her mother's questions, was at last obliged to confess what had passed; this renewed all the grief of this poor parent, and Mary was again in disgrace, and again promised to speak truth for the future, but never begged of God for his grace, to enable her so to do. Mary grew tall and strong, and was a well-looking good humoured girl, and lively, though kept down by poverty and disgrace. At last a farmer's wife, who lived about two miles from her mother's, took her as her servant, and was for some time well pleased with her. In the same village lived a gentleman whose name was Banks; he was gone on a tour, and left his gardener and dairy maid to take care of the house; these servants, who made very free with their master's property in every way, used to call in Mary when she went by on an errand. The gardener gave her fruit, and the dairy maid treated her with cream, and sometimes a syllabub. These calls required excuses from her, for staying on her errands. One day that they saw her passing by, they told her they were going in the evening

ing to the fair, and aſked her to go with them. She replied, ſhe was ſure ſhe could not get leave to go that evening, for they were going to finiſh their great waſh—'pooh! pooh!' ſaid they, 'you *muſt* go—'tis the laſt day of the fair, and there is a tall woman and a dwarf, and I know not what to be ſeen.' Mary's curioſity was ſtrongly tempted, and ſhe ſaid ſhe would try what ſhe could do. So ſhe went to her miſtreſs and told her ſhe had a meſſage from her mother, to let her know ſhe was very ill, and begged ſhe would, if poſſible, get leave to come to her. Mrs. Boucher (her miſtreſs) was very good natured, and ſaid ſhe was loth to keep her from her mother on ſuch an occaſion, but did not know how to ſpare her, they were ſo very buſy. Mary ſaid, "if ſhe would be kind enough to let her go at five o'clock ſhe would work very hard 'till then;' and to this her miſtreſs conſented. Before that hour Mary ran up to her garret, dreſt herſelf in a minute, and flew to Mr. Banks's time enough to join her friends, ſetting out for the fair. When they had been gone about an hour, her mother, who unluckily had ſome buſineſs that way, called to aſk her daughter how ſhe did; the miſtreſs, who herſelf let her in, was amazed to ſee her, and the poor woman was thunderſtruck, when ſhe heard that the girl had pretended ſhe was ill and had ſent for her—and greatly alarmed to think where ſhe could be gone. She went about the village inquiring

for her, and at last met a countryman she knew, who told her she need not fear any harm, for he was just come from the fair, where he saw her daughter with a man and woman at a booth choosing ribbons; this did not comfort the mother, who went back to implore the clemency of Mrs. Boucher towards her imprudent child. Moved by her tears, and considering the force of curiosity and vanity in a girl of seventeen, she at last promised not to turn her away if she made proper submissions, but to try her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the evening she met one who told her what a search her mother had been making for her; this threw her into a terror that spoilt all the pleasure she had enjoyed at the fair. She came home half dead with fear and fatigue, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress, confessing her fault, and making solemn promises never to repeat it; after severe reprimands, her mistress at length forgave her, on condition that she should never again hold any acquaintance with that gardener and dairy maid, of whom she told her she had heard a bad character: Mary wept and promised every thing; and though the cream and the fruit were strong allurements, added to the civil things the gardener used to say to her, yet for some time she forbore her visits at Mr. Banks's, but by degrees, the acquaintance was secretly renewed, which cost Mary a falsehood every time she was with

these

theſe people, whoſe company her miſtreſs had ſo poſitively forbidden. One day Mrs. Boucher went to pay a viſit of two or three days at her father's, a few miles off. The farmer could not go with her, for he was buſy ſelling his grain, and getting his rent ready for his landlord; and had got the money in the houſe on the Saturday, which he meant to pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went out; charging Mary to ſtay at home and be careful of the houſe: her two friends from Mr. Banks's took the opportunity of her being alone, to come and drink tea with her; they had got notice of the farmer's having ſold his grain, and as they intended to rob their maſter's houſe and go off with the ſpoil the next night, the gardener thought he might as well take the farmer's money with him; he remembered he had once bought ſome dung for his garden of him, and that he ſaw him put the money in a bureau, in a little parlour.

While Mary was getting tea, the gardener puſhed open the parlour door, and ſaid, O here is a clever little cool room, let us remove the things in here. When they had got into that room, he ſaw the bureau, conſidered the lock, and then looking out at the window, he took occaſion, unobſerved by Mary, to examine the faſtenings, and how he could eaſily get in at night. Whilſt he was thus employed, one of the farmer's ploughboys paſſing by, obſerved

obſerved this man looking out at his maſter's window; he wondered at it, becauſe he knew the farmer was not at home.

Mary took care to diſmiſs her gueſts before her maſter's return; and on his aſking her if any one had been there, ſhe replied *nobody*. The next morning when Boucher came down into the little room, he ſaw his bureau broken open, and the caſh that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his people, and the ploughboy mentioned his having ſeen Mr. Banks's gardener looking out of the window, and ſaid he had heard that the two ſervants were gone off that morning, and had robbed Mr. Banks's houſe of plate, and whatever they could carry off. This, compared with what the ploughboy had obſerved, and with Mary's having denied that any body had been there, fixed their ſuſpicion on her as having been concerned in the robbery. She was forced to confeſs that Mr. Banks's ſervants were with her in the afternoon to tea, but ſtrongly denied knowing any thing of the robbery; however they opened her box, there they found ſix new ſilver tea-ſpoons marked with the firſt letters of Boucher's name, ſealed up in a paper. The farmer knew his wife had ſix new ones from London not long before, and doubted not theſe were the ſame. The girl's guilt now appeared plain.

But to return to Mr. Heartwell, whom we left entering the cloſet in which Mary was, as ſoon as her purſuers were gone. Though he by

no

no means knew all that we have related of this unhappy girl, he ſaw that appearances were ſtrong againſt her. Yet he was very unwilling to believe the worſt, and immediately raiſed her with kindneſs from the ground. 'Mary,' ſaid he, 'if you will now be perfectly ſincere with me, I will befriend you as much as juſtice will permit. I find the chief cauſe of your being ſo ſtrongly ſuſpected is, that you have departed from the truth; this is always attended with great danger as well as guilt; you have been enough inſtructed in religion to know that deceit is hateful to God; that he has denounced dreadful puniſhment for liars—even "the lake that burneth with brimſtone and fire;" that he has commanded "every one to put away lying, and to ſpeak the truth to his neighbour from his heart; that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but truth is his delight." For my part, I pity your youth, and I wiſh to ſave and ſerve you, but unleſs I can hope to cure you of this fault, I muſt with a grieved heart give you up to your wretched fate, for it is impoſſible for me to do you any good.' Whilſt he ſpoke his eyes filled with tears, and poor Mary cried without ceaſing. She now tried to ſpeak, but her ſobs prevented her; at laſt, ſhe ſaid, 'I ſee, I ſee that I have undone myſelf, that even you, who are ſo good, will never more believe me, but give me up to miſery and deſpair; I would now moſt truly confeſs to you every thing, but you will not, you cannot believe me! and I ſhall juſtly ſuffer for what

what I have not done, becauſe I have made myſelf unworthy of belief. O ſir, what can I do? Is there no place for repentance? no good Chriſtian who will try me once again? Will you not at leaſt hear me if you cannot believe me, whilſt I tell you of all my ſins, and the ſad diſgraces they have brought upon me?' 'I will hear you,' ſaid the good old man, 'but if you now deceive me, or hide any thing from me, I will never more concern myſelf about you, but muſt leave you to reap the bitter fruits of your baſeneſs of heart.' Mary now threw herſelf at his feet—kiſſed his hands—and bathed them with her tears. 'O ſir,' ſhe ſaid, 'God knows I have no wiſh to deceive or to hide any thing from you, if I do, I conſent that you ſhall give me up for ever.' She then told what we have before related. When ſhe came to the article of the teaſpoons, he deſired her to explain whoſe they were, and how ſhe came by them. She told him that on the Sunday evening when Mr. Banks's maid and gardener drank tea with her, the former on going away took her aſide, and giving her a little parcel ſealed up, begged of her to put that in her box and keep it for her till ſhe ſent for it; the reaſon of this ſhe would tell her when they met again. She went away without giving Mary time to aſk another queſtion. She was confuſed when aſked about the ſpoons, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſhould betray her friend, and becauſe ſhe was aſhamed to confeſs the intimacy ſhe had kept up with her, againſt her miſtreſs's orders and her own promiſes.

miſes. How the ſpoons came to be marked with Boucher's letters, E. B. ſhe could not imagine; for the woman's name who gave them to her was Sarah Fiſher.

Mr. Heartwell kept May that night, and took pains to impreſs on her a deep ſenſe of her ſin. Next day they had a viſit from farmer Boucher, who told them that his wife on her return, examined her drawer, and found the ſpoons ſafe as ſhe had left them. They were marked with the ſame letters as thoſe found in Mary's box; and as the farmer had ſcarce looked at them ſince they came home, he did not obſerve that the others were not exactly like them. As this was the only poſitive proof alleged againſt Mary, the farmer now promiſed to give her no farther trouble; though he ſtill knew ſhe had entertained the robbers the day before; on this account he would by no means take her again into his houſe, but paid her the little wages due to her, and diſmiſſed her from his ſervice. Mr. Heartwell, who was pleaſed to find her account ſo far true, tried to perſuade the Bouchers to let her ſtay with them a little while at leaſt, as a juſtification of her character; but they were ſo diſguſted with her having kept up the acquaintance with theſe bad people, in defiance of their orders and her own promiſes, that they could not think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a ſervant in the houſe. And Mr. Heartwell, with all the compaſſion he felt for her, could not venture to preſs them, nor to anſwer for her future conduct.

How-

However, he promiſed that if ſhe kept her preſent reſolutions, he would befriend her as much as he could. He put ſome proper books into her hands and took her to her mother, whom they found almoſt diſtracted by the news which had reached her, of her daughter having been taken up for a robbery; the poor woman every day grew worſe after this ſhock, and ſome weeks after, her wretched daughter received her dying forgiveneſs, but could never forgive herſelf for the anguiſh ſhe had cauſed her mother, which ſhe was perſuaded had haſtened her end.

Poor Mary had another ſorrow. In the village where ſhe had lived with farmer Boucher, was a creditable baker, his ſon Thomas was bred up to the buſineſs, and was a very honeſt, ſober, agreeable young man. He had often beſtowed kind looks and kind words on Mary, but had not ventured to make her an offer, as he thought his father would never conſent to his marrying ſo poor a girl. She, on her ſide, liked him well enough to wiſh he would ſpeak out. A little before the unfortunate affair at Boucher's, the old baker died, his ſon ſucceeded to his ſhop and all his property, and was well eſteemed. Whilſt poor Mary was nurſing her dying mother, this young man had occaſion to call at Mr. Heartwell's, who overheard him in talk with his maid Bridget about Mary, and lament the ſad diſgrace that had befallen her, he added, 'I am ſure it has been a great corncen to me, for I own I liked the young woman; and now

that I am my own master should have tried to obtain her for my wife, had she preserved a better character.' Bridget put in a good word for her, and assured him that her master believed her entirely innocent of the robbery; to this he replied, 'whether she had any knowledge of the wicked intentions of those vile servants nobody can know, but thus much has been clearly proved, that she denied the truth of their having been with her, and had broke her solemn promises to her mistress, by keeping them company for some time, therefore she is no wife for me. I could not be happy unless I could make a friend of my wife, and depend on her truth and faithfulness. Her pretty face and good humour would be nothing to me, without truth and honesty. Next to a good conscience, the best thing is a good character. I bless God I have never forfeited my own; nor will I ever marry a woman that has lost her's.' Mr. Heartwell was much pleased with the young baker's way of thinking, and very sorry that Mary had lost such a husband. As his chief concern was to complete the poor young creature's reformation, he thought nothing would make so deep an impression on her mind as this mortifying consequence of her ill behaviour: he resolved on telling her all that the young man had said. He did so; and she took it so much to heart that she never after held up her head. Her mother's death, which happened soon after, left her without any earthly comfort. What before was

liking,

liking, was now changed into a ſtrong affection; ſhe ſaw what a happy lot would have been her's had ſhe been as true and honeſt as the man ſhe liked. She loſt all her ſpirits, and her mind was always full of bitter remorſe and ſhame. She thought ſhe deſerved all the miſery ſhe felt, and only prayed that God would accept her ſorrow for her ſin. She made no complaints; but her looks ſhewed that health, as well as peace of mind, had forſaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her to quit the almſhouſe, and ſhe then told Mr. Heartwell that ſhe was unable to bear the diſgrace ſhe had brought upon herſelf in that neighbourhood, and was reſolved to go and get bread in ſome diſtant country, where ſhe was not known. The good man, who felt like a father for every one of his flock when in diſtreſs, tried to ſooth her and to perſuade her to ſtay where ſhe was, and to look to her heavenly friend, but he could not prevail. She could not bear the thoughts of living near Thomas, whom ſhe had loſt for ever. So the vicar gave her what he could ſpare to pay her journey, and maintain her 'till ſhe could get an employment; he then gave her a letter to a clergyman who lived about fifty miles off, begging him to get her into ſome honeſt ſervice. She took leave of him with an almoſt broken heart, and grew ſo ill and weak on her journey, that when ſhe carried her letter to the clergyman, he told her ſhe appeared too ill for ſervice. In a few days ſhe grew a little better, told

him

him ſhe thought ſhe could now get her bread if he would have the goodneſs to recommend her; that ſhe cared not how low the place or the wages were if ſhe could but be maintained, and would do all in her power to give ſatisfaction. He ſoon got her into a ſervice, hard labour ſoon haſtened on a decline which her ſorrows had begun, and ſhe ſoon became ſo ill that nothing better could be done for her than to place her in an hoſpital.

Whilſt ſhe was there, a letter from Mr. Heartwell informed her that her vile ſeducers were taken, tried, and executed. The ſpoons were claimed by Elizabeth Bearcroft, Mr. Banks's houſekeeper. Sarah Fiſher had found them locked up in a cupboard after the reſt of the ſtolen plate was packed up. She put them into her pocket as ſhe was going to farmer Boucher's on the Sunday, but recollecting that perhaps the marks upon them might lead to her detection, in caſe of misfortune, ſhe ſuddenly took it into her head, as ſhe was going away, to leave them with Mary, as before related. Mr. Heartwell had taken the pains to viſit theſe people in priſon after their condemnation, and had got from the woman a confirmation of the poor girl's account. Mary languiſhed ſeveral weeks in the hoſpital, and meekly applied her whole mind to obtain the forgiveneſs of God, through the merits of a Saviour.

The good clergyman aſſiſted her in the great work of repentance; and pointed out to her the

only

only true grounds on which she could hope to obtain it.

Thus death, brought on by grief and shame at eighteen years of age, was the consequence of bad company, false promises, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May all who read this story, learn to walk in the strait paths of truth. The way of duty is the way of safety. But "the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion."

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

TWO Soldiers, Robert Wells and Iſaac Clark, had obtained a three month's furlow from their colonel, to viſit their relations and friends in a very diſtant part of England. On their return to join their regiment, which was quartered at Glouceſter, having travelled till they were weary, they propoſed lying by for the night, at a little alehouſe, called the Green Dragon, near the road-ſide.

Wells obſerving the houſe was pretty much thronged with company, propoſed to his companion to journey on to the next, where they might ſpend the night in more quiet, than the preſent proſpect of things offered at the Green Dragon.

'I'll not ſtir a ſtep further to-night,' ſaid Clark, 'for where there is good company and good liquor, there I'll make my head-quarters;' ſo throwing his knapſack on the horſe-block, down he ſat himſelf.

The Green Dragon was famous for brewing the beſt ale in thoſe parts, and, of courſe, became the general rendezvous of all the fives-players

players and ſkittle-players in the country; ſo very famous, indeed, was the liquor, that it introduced beggary, and famine, amongſt the wives and children in all the neighbouring cottages.

A ſilver-laced hat had been bowled for that evening, and the prize was won by a young farmer, who ſpying our travellers, ſwore a tremendous oath they ſhould drink a bumper to the king's health.

After they had drunk plentifully, Wells twitch'd his comrade by the ſhoulder, and propoſed that they ſhould proceed on their march, now they had been refreſhed with a friendly mug; Clark, with an oath, refuſed to comply; again repeating, 'the ſoldier's beſt head-quarters was at the head of the beer-barrel; it ſhall never be ſaid, Wells, that Iſaac Clark was a ſtarter, where the liquor was ſound, and the company good.'

'The liquor is very good, ſure enough,' ſaid Wells, who was naturally a very ſober fellow, 'but enough is as good as a feaſt; and as to the company, I never beheld a worſe ſet of drunken, ſwearing reprobates in my life, for which reaſon let us on, for if we cannot make them better, they may make us worſe.

'Thou art always for preaching, Bob,' ſaid Clark, 'as if a body were going to die; why I was never in better health in my life; and 'tis time enough to be ſorry for one's ſins, when the

the laſt glaſs is out, ſo halloo, tap, bring us another pot.'

Thus in ſpite of the perſuaſions of poor Wells, he went on calling for another mug, and another, till he was as drunk as a beaſt; and his brains whirl'd round like the vanes of a windmill. Unhappily, in ſome degree, Wells fell into the ſame error; but unaccuſtomed to take more than his pint, and being quite overcome with fatigue, he felt himſelf extremely diſordered, and ſtaggering into the freſh air, he fell flat on the graſs-plat, where he lay in a dead ſleep all night; nor did he awake till the day was pretty far advanced; when his teeth chattered in his head, and his limbs ſhivered with cold, for the night was damp and miſty. As ſoon as he was able to ſtand, he ſtaggered in ſearch of Clark, whom he found in a ſtill more deplorable ſtate, for he had continued drinking till he was as mad as the reſt of his companions: they grew quarrelſome at length, and each took offence at the other, till words proceeded to blows, and blows ended in blood; for a very profligate young butcher ſtruck his neighbour, the ſhoemaker, ſuch a violent blow acroſs the head with a quart pot, that his ſkull was fractured. This unlucky circumſtance brought the landlord to interfere, who was alarmed for the honour of his houſe, or, to ſpeak truly, the fear of loſing his licence at next ſeſſions; ſo he very prudently ſent for a ſurgeon, whilſt the reſt of the joyous

crew made their eſcape for fear of falling into the hands of juſtice.

Our travellers left the Green Dragon. Clark's head was ſtill too confuſed with liquor to permit him to think; but Wells, who was now quite come to himſelf, was overcome with ſhame, and inwardly avowed, 'that if the entertainment he met with at the Dragon was called a merry-making, he would never deſire to be merry again for the reſt of his days; for what good have we obtained by it,' ſaid he, 'but empty pockets, bloody noſes, aching bones, and the rod of juſtice hanging over our heads? Beſides, what is ſtill worſe,' muttered he to himſelf, 'by being overtaken in liquor, we have loſt our reaſon, which was the gift of God, and was given man as a precious token of his favour to diſtinguiſh him from the brute-beaſt that periſheth.'

Clark, as they journeyed on, was ſpightful, ſullen, and ſulky; now and then muttering, 'that ſpite of the paſt he would get good ale wherever it was to be had.'

'And I,' ſaid Wells, 'would make a vow to drink water for the reſt of my days, rather than ever make myſelf a beaſt again; for I have a character to maintain, and a ſoul to be ſaved.' 'And I'll tell thee, Bob, what is my deſign,' rejoined Clark, 'to ſwim in ſtrong beer whenever I can find it, though poverty and death both ſtared me in the face.'

'Thou

'Thou talkeſt like a bold fellow,' ſaid Wells, 'and yet thou mayeſt tremble when death comes in ſight: prithee where do'ſt think to go when thou dieſt?' 'I have never once thought about dying, Bob, I aſſure thee.' 'Then it is beſt thou ſhould'ſt begin, Iſaac, for, "in the midſt of life we are in death," as I heard the parſon ſay at my grandfather's funeral; time, too, is ſhort when meaſured againſt eternity; and if we make in the ſpring great preparations for a ſummer's campaign in the army, what conſtant preparations ought we not to be making for death?

'We ſoldiers, Iſaac, ſhould be particularly careful to keep our accounts between God and our ſouls very ſhort, ſince, at the beat of the drum on the day of battle, ten thouſand may ruſh in a moment into eternity; and the beſt Chriſtian then may be reckoned the boldeſt man. Why, I would rather ſpend the next night in battle, for there I ſhould be performing my duty to my king and country, than in another ſuch a riot at the Green Dragon.'

'Thou art a wiſhy waſhy fellow,' replied Clark; 'thou wilt never die game, if for every little offence thou art ſo plagued with qualms of conſcience: I am determined to live my own way, Bob, come on't what will.' 'Then take my word for it,' ſaid Wells, 'thy ruin is not far off; for though in a fit of bravery thou mayeſt appear to ſhake off the fear of God, the devil may give up thy indentures at the

laſt, and the law may take hold of thee in the mean time.'

Then coming to a fine ſtream of water, Wells ſtooped down, and taking up ſome in his hat, drank plentifully of it, ſaying, it cooled the fever in his ſtomach. Clark ſaid he was feveriſh alſo, but he ſhould cool his thirſt with a glaſs of beſt Hollands at the next ale-houſe, which they ſaw at ſome diſtance on the ſide of the hill.

There, however, they agreed to ſtop: after having made a plentiful breakfaſt, they called for their bill, when, to their great diſmay, they found their pockets entirely emptied of caſh, except two ſhillings and a few half-pence; each having loſt between two and three guineas, which had been given them by their friends to defray the expences of their journey.

By what means they had been ſtripped of their caſh, they could not imagine; whether the landlord had made free with their pockets to pay himſelf, or that it had ſlipped out in the general ſcuffle; they were greatly diſmayed, however, by their misfortune, for they had more than fifty miles to travel, and not more than ten-pence left after the preſent expences were diſcharged, and when the night came on, they were compelled to ſeek the moſt comfortable lodging they could find, under a hay-ſtack.

'We ought not to complain of our hard fate,' ſaid Wells, 'ſince what we are about to ſuffer, is but part of the puniſhment due to our folly.

folly. With ſobriety, and good management, our money would have enabled us to travel comfortably, and at the end of our journey we ſhould have had plenty to ſpare to have given a treat to our comrades, who have been often kind to us, on a like occaſion.'

'I'll never return to the regiment to be laughed at,' ſaid Clark, mutteringly; 'I am almoſt famiſhed to death. I'll deſert.' 'Prithee, Iſaac,' ſaid Wells, 'look well to thy words, and before thou art tempted to commit a great ſin, aſk thyſelf, how thou ſhalt like to bear the puniſhment when thou art found out: and if thou ſhouldſt eſcape being brought to juſtice while on earth, it will find thee out in the day of judgment. Take my word for it, he is the only free, and I may add, happy man, who is always doing the work of him who made him. Talk no more of deſertion then, dear Iſaac, let us bear our misfortune like men, and as our catechiſm ſays, patiently reſolve to do "our duty in that ſtate of life unto which it hath pleaſed God to call us."

'When I was a child, Bob,' ſaid Clark, 'I never learnt my catechiſm, though I have heard thee ſay that learning it has kept thee out of ſo many ſcrapes; but I hated learning, for I was a boy of ſpirit; I loved boxing, fives-playing, and robbing of orchards, a deal better than my book.'

'So much the worſe for thee, Iſaac; a ſober education to a poor man will help him on in

the world much more creditably than a little eſtate without it; for lazineſs and drunkenneſs will ſoon bring a pretty property to nothing; and thou may'ſt have heard, that

" When land is gone, and money ſpent,
" Then learning is moſt excellent."

'Honeſty is the beſt policy, Iſaac, and a good name is better than great riches. Think no more of deſerting then; thou haſt taken the king's money, and a ſtrong oath to ſerve him faithfully; take care then that thy red coat be not ſtained with black ſpots. Conſider, we are all gentlemen ſoldiers, then let us not diſgrace ourſelves by carrying the bloody marks of the rod of correction on our backs; if thou art reſolved to behave ſo as to deſerve puniſhment, don't murmur againſt the laws which muſt inflict it. The laws, Iſaac, are only made to protect honeſt men from the ſnares of villains. Courage, man, don't deſpair of finding a breakfaſt in the morning; mayhap we may meet with ſome good, charitable, well-diſpoſed people, to whom we will relate our misfortune, and our diſgrace; for I ſhan't be aſhamed to beg for bread, now my folly has reduced me to aſk for it.'

'This is fine talking,' replied Clark; 'do as thou wilt, Bob, but my pride is above it; in this beggarly, ſtarv'd condition, I'll never join the regiment, to be ſneered and jeered at by every one; ſo I am reſolved to have my own way for once.'

'Then

'Then remember, Iſaac, 'tis a dangerous thing for a man to give himſelf up to the evil of his ways: I am only talking to thee for thy good, and ſince thou art determined to have thy own way in every thing, I will only further adviſe thee to think how thou canſt bear puniſhment, before thou committeſt a ſin, which will ſooner or later bring down the vengeance of the law againſt thee. Have a good heart, man; pluck up, that we may be able to begin our march by break of day, and, as I ſaid before, we may meet with ſome kind aſſiſtance on the road: this is a charitable land, Iſaac, and there are few people in it who are not ready to relieve diſtreſs, when it is known to be real; and if we *ſhould* be repulſed at a ſurly door, we muſt not be angry, and unforgiving, ſince the kind hearts of the wealthy are ſo often impoſed upon, by falſe ſtories of misfortunes, that it often ſhuts up their bowels of compaſſion, when real miſery ſtands before them. Good men, Clark, become ſuſpicious when they have often been impoſed upon.

'My wiſh now is to meet our regiment, before the time of our furlow is expired; it will give us great credit with our colonel, who is the very beſt of men, and who, ſeeing that we have made a generous uſe of the power intruſted to us, will not be afraid to indulge us again, at a fit time. For ſeven years that I have been in the regiment, I have never received an ill word,

or an unkind look, from my officers, becauſe I always made it my pleaſure to do my duty.'

'My pleaſure then,' replied Clark, 'is to have my own way; I don't care a ruſh for any man; I don't care for the general; I don't care for the colonel; nor I don't care for the captain; ſo I have made up my mind as to that matter. I'll have food whilſt I can eat it, drink when I can get it, and money and pleaſure wherever I can find them.'

'Clark, thou doſt make me tremble ſadly,' ſaid Wells, 'to hear thee talk ſo deſperately: do turn thy thoughts towards God, for there ſeems to be a ſtrong temptation upon thee: humble thyſelf before him, tell him thou art a miſerable ſinner, and beg his mercy to aſſiſt thee in thy diſtreſs; don't go on adding ſin to ſin; we have been both guilty of an heinous fault; let us take this leſſon of inſtruction out of it, and reſolve to do ſo no more. My father was an honeſt labourer, and he uſed to tell all his children, that drunkenneſs was ſure to bring three evils to every labouring man, namely, ſickneſs, hunger, and rags; beſides, no ſin makes the heart ſo hard as drunkenneſs: a drunkard is without pity, ſince he can behold his wife and children dying of famine, becauſe his own beaſtly appetite muſt have its fill of liquor at the village ale-houſe.'

'Thou art preaching to a deaf man,' interrupted Clark, 'I'll have my own way, I tell thee

thee again and again: it is time enough to rail againſt pleaſure, when one has no power left to enjoy it.'

'Thou wilt live to repent thy ſayings, take my word for it,' ſaid Wells;' for my part, I would rather eat a hard cruſt for my dinner, than dine with the officers on roaſt beef and plumb-pudding, if I muſt do dirty work to obtain it.' 'And I would dine with any man,' ſaid Clark, 'who would give me a dinner, and drink with any man that would offer me his cup, though perhaps he *did* expect a little underhand buſineſs of me in return. I am reſolved to ſerve myſelf, Bob, and there's an end of my chapter.'

'And a ſorrowful ending it is,' anſwered Wells, 'and ſo good night,' drawing ſome of the looſe hay about him, and placing his knapſack under his head for a pillow: 'I ſhall ſay my prayers, Iſaac, for if I am taken off in my ſleep, it is a good thing for a man to have had his laſt waking thoughts employed on the goodneſs of God.'

Wells ſlept ſweetly, till the riſing ſun ſhining on his face awakened him; he called aloud to his companion, telling him it was time to prepare for their journey; he called again and again, but ſtill no anſwer was made him; he then roſe to go in ſearch of him, but he was no where to be found.

After waiting his return for near an hour, and finding he did not appear, he ſet forward on his

journey; after travelling ſome miles, he began to find his hunger very keen, and ſeeing a low farm houſe at a diſtance, he ſtruck acroſs a field, and made up to it; Wells rapped at the door, which being opened by the miſtreſs of the houſe, he very modeſtly aſked her to give him a cup of whey, or a draught of ſmall beer, for he was a good deal diſtreſſed. 'Diſtreſſed—aye to be ſure,' ſaid ſhe, 'the times are ſo hard, the world is full of diſtreſs.' 'The hardneſs of the times, Ma'am,' ſaid Wells, 'has nothing to do with my diſtreſs, ſince it is all the conſequence of my own folly.'

'You muſt be an extraordinary man, maſter Soldier,' ſaid Mrs. Jenkins, 'to confeſs that your own crimes have brought you to hunger.' 'I tell you nothing but the truth,' ſaid Wells; 'and hungry as I am, I would not impoſe a lie upon you to obtain the beſt mouthful in your houſe: people in general rail at the badneſs of the times, when nine times out of ten, they owe their miſery to their own extravagance. Two nights ago my fellow traveller and myſelf accidentally fell into bad company; we got drunk and we loſt our money; I have a journey of more than forty miles to make, and I have not a ſixpence left to furniſh me with proviſions.'

'Follow me to the kitchen,' ſaid the good woman, 'and I'll give you the beſt my houſe affords; I love a ſoldier to my heart, becauſe he fights for my country; but when I find a ſoldier to be a chriſtian, I love him to my ſoul, becauſe our country may ſtand a better chance

to

to be preſerved from the enemy in time of war, if our ſoldiers are chriſtians; and ſince, my honeſt friend, you ha'nt the courage to tell a lie to God, I'm certain ſure, you'll never fail in doing your duty towards your country.'

Wells now fed heartily on ſome cold pork and cabbage, and drank prudently of an excellent mug of cyder that ſtood before him. After ſilently thanking the giver of all good for a bleſſing he ſo little expected, and ſo little deſerved, he was about to take his leave of his kind hoſteſs, when a huſtling was heard in the paſſage, and ſoon after, the room was filled by a croud of people, in the midſt of whom, Wells ſaw his unfortunate comrade Clark, with his hands ty'd behind him. His heart now miſgave him; and it was as clear to him as the light, before it was explained to him, that Clark had been as good as his word, and *would have his own way let come o'nt what would:* he was as pale as death, his jaws trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

The farmer now explained to his wife, that they had taken the villain who laſt night would have robbed the poſt-chaiſe, but was prevented by a gentleman within it, who let fly a brace of piſtols at him, which made him keep his diſtance; that early this morning, as he was riding to market, he himſelf had been attacked by him before it was light; but ſome of the neighbours coming to his aſſiſtance, they deter-

mined to purſue the rogue, and came up with him about two miles off, as he was entering an ale-houſe; I have ſent to the 'ſquire's, added the farmer, to advertiſe the gentleman who is at his houſe, that the robber is taken, and I hope he will ſoon be here.

Here poor Clark wept bitterly; 'Ah, Bob, Bob,' ſaid he, ſpying Wells, 'had I taken thy kind advice, I ſhould never have been brought to this; I ſhould have lived like a man, and died like a Chriſtian; but Lord have mercy upon me, what I have brought myſelf to! I have brought my life into danger, and it may be have ruined my own ſoul.'

Honeſt Wells was grieved at heart: 'O, Iſaac,' cried he, 'could I have preſerved thee from ſuch a grievous misfortune, I would have ſhared my laſt morſel with thee; my prayers are now all I can offer thee, and by prayer only thou canſt ſerve thyſelf; for the prayer of a penitent, even when offered up in a priſon, may be accepted. If, by timely repentance, Iſaac, thou canſt win the favour of Heaven, thou wilt find comfort under every affliction.'

Here the gentleman arrived whoſe carriage had been ſtopped the preceding evening: Clark no ſooner caught a glimpſe of him, than he knew him to be his own colonel, a man whom every perſon in the regiment loved and honoured as a parent. 'O my gracious father!' exclaimed Clark, ſeeing this honourable gentleman enter, 'my

'my puniſhment is already greater than I can bear if I have offended the man I would die to ſerve.' He then fainted away, but a little warm ale being given him, he ſoon recovered; when the noble colonel ſpoke ſo mildly, and kindly to him, that Mrs. Jenkins put her apron to her eyes.

Here Wells related to the colonel what had paſſed: he ſhook like an aſpen leaf when he came to relate the ſorrowful adventures which befel them at the Green Dragon, and all the grief and affliction which had befallen him in conſequence of it.

When Wells had finiſhed his ſtory, 'Your father, Clark,' ſaid the colonel, 'could not feel more concern at your preſent ſituation than I do; I have always regarded every man in my regiment as my ſon; for I have always tried to win their affection by kindneſs, rather than enforce their obedience by ſeverity. A man of true courage, Clark, abhors the thought of a baſe action, but if he lives without principle in his heart, he muſt not be ſurpriſed, if ſooner or later he is betrayed by his paſſions into the blackeſt ſins; and if he is taken in the commiſſion of a crime, he muſt expect to pay the penalty of the law.'

Poor Clark groaned and wept bitterly, while the colonel thus continued; 'I am thankful that I wounded no man when I fired my piſtols on being ſtopped laſt night in my carriage. As the night was much too dark for me to be able

to

to give evidence as to the identity of the perſon who ſtopped me, you may expect, Clark, that no bill of indictment will be preferred againſt you by me; it is a moſt dreadful thing for any man to take an oath, when he is not poſitive as to the fact he is going to ſwear to: the farmer, I fear, from having ſecured your perſon, has certain evidence to bring againſt you; but that is a buſineſs in which I have no right to interfere, as your examination muſt take place before a neighbouring juſtice of the peace. Whether the fact be, or be not proved againſt you, here is a trifle to ſupport you, in caſe you ſhould get your diſcharge, that you may not plead your wants, as an excuſe for committing ſuch a dreadful outrage againſt ſociety; after what is paſt, it will be highly improper to admit you again into the regiment; in future, learn to labour with diligence, live ſoberly, then you will live honeſtly; be ſteady and conſtant in attending on all the duties which your church enjoins you; learn to fear God, honour the king, and be juſt to your neighbour.'

Tears now filled the eyes of all preſent; Mrs. Jenkins ſobbed aloud, and every one declared, they had never heard ſo moving a ſermon in their born days: they all ſaid what a fine thing ſcholarſhip was when applied to chriſtian uſes, and what a pity it was the noble colonel could not be made a biſhop.

The colonel condeſcended to ſpeak to Wells, as kindly as if he had been his equal: 'As for you,

you, honeſt Robert,' ſaid he, 'your ſteady conduct has long been the ſubject of my obſervation, and my praiſe, amongſt all my brother officers; the ſobriety of your life, and your regularity at church, makes you always ready in the performance of your duty: I have long had it in my thoughts to procure you ſome promotion, without being able to obtain the means; an occaſion has preſented itſelf in your abſence; Serjeant Jefferſon is dead, and I have reſerved his place for you; I know you can both write and caſt accounts well; in this poſt I doubt not but you will exerciſe power with humility, as you have hitherto practiſed obedience with cheerfulneſs; and ſince this little affray has cauſed you much diſappointment, and much delay on your journey, I will pay your fare, and your expences in the ſtage coach, which I find will paſs this afternoon, that agreeably to your intentions, you may join the regiment before the time of your furlow is expired, in order that your conduct may ſtand as an example to your comrades, that having been intruſted with power, you had too high a ſenſe of duty to abuſe it.

What makes the end of this little ſtory very moving and very inſtructive is, that while Wells for his honeſty and good conduct was enabled by his colonel to finiſh his journey by the coach, at the very moment in which he mounted the box, he ſaw his unfortunate comrade Clark, with his hands tied behind him, carried off to the

the county jail, to take his trial at the next aſſizes, ſorely lamenting his unhappy fate, and the wilful obſtinacy that made him deaf to the excellent advice of ſo good a friend.

S.

SORROW-

SORROWFUL SAM;

OR, THE

TWO BLACKSMITHS.

MR. Stephens, a very worthy gentleman, having bought a conſiderable eſtate in Devonſhire, had no ſooner taken poſſeſſion of the manor-houſe, than he began to turn in his mind, how he might prove uſeful to his induſtrious neighbours. He thought the ſureſt means to find out the moſt deſerving, was to obſerve what families were moſt regular at church on Sundays. The wife and children of one John Parker, a blackſmith, drew his notice above all the reſt: he reſolved to go and ſee them, which he did the firſt opportunity; he found Mary Parker in the beſt ſituation in which a good mother can be found, that is to ſay, taking care of her family; an infant lay aſleep acroſs her lap, while, at the ſame time, ſhe was putting a patch on her huſband's waiſtcoat; her eldeſt girl was ſpinning; the ſecond was learning to knit; a third was getting by heart her catechiſm; whilſt a fine boy was unbinding a faggot to heat the oven: a lord's houſe could not be neater; the tables were rubbed as bright as a looking-glaſs;

and

and the pewter diſhes on the ſhelf ſhone like ſilver.

Mr. Stephens ſat down, and kindly taking the children by the hand, gave each of them a ſhilling, telling them it was a little reward for their good behaviour at church; and he was ſo obliging as to add, he never heard little folks ſay their catechiſm better.

'Bleſſed be God, Sir,' ſaid Mary, 'we have both an excellent Sunday and weekly ſchool in the pariſh, where every poor family may have their children inſtructed for nothing, would they but be at the trouble to ſend them in a clean decent manner; yet there is many a mother, I am ſorry to ſay, ſo little thankful for it, they won't even be at the pains to do that. A ſmall matter of education, Sir, as I take it, is quite a little portion to a poor child, if their parents knew how to value it. My Betty, there, can make a ſhirt as well as her miſtreſs; and Sally, who is but ſeven years old, has ſaved enough by ſpinning, at odd hours after ſchool, to buy her a frock: bringing up children in lazineſs is the root of all evil; beſides, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'every year there are great rewards given at the ſchool to all children who are regular in their hours and behave well; my girls have an handkerchief or white apron given them; and my boy gets a hat or a pair of ſhoes, beſides Bibles, and many other good books proper to be had in all Chriſtian families, which they read to me

every

every night, and which are a great comfort to my poor heart, under very trying afflictions.' Mr. Stephens ſaid he was ſorry to find ſhe was not happy, and aſked her what was the matter?

'My lot, Sir,' replied Mary, 'is not harder than that of many others; there is an alehouſe on the common, called the Tennis-Court, which cauſes more poverty in the pariſh, than either dearneſs of proviſions, or want of labour. But, children, you may go to play on the green.' They were no ſooner gone than ſhe went on: 'I don't like, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that my innocent babes ſhould ever hear me talk of the vices of their father, as it may harden their little hearts and make them undutiful to him; but, as I ſaid before, my lot, after all, is not harder than that of many of my neighbours. There is Suſan Waters, the other blackſmith's wife, whoſe huſband is more drunken than mine, if poſſible. Sam could earn his two guineas a week as well as my huſband, if he would but work; but no ſooner does either of them earn a few ſhillings, than off they are gone tippling, nor do they think of returning to their families till every farthing is ſpent. As to that, Suſan Waters loves work as little as Sam, ſhe is a lazy, dirty, goſſipping body, and won't even take the trouble to clean and ſend her children to ſchool, only becauſe they were properly corrected by the maſter for curſing and ſwearing, and for ſeldom getting

to

to ſchool of a morning till other children were going home to dinner; ſo ſhe lets them go ſtrolling like vagabonds all about the pariſh, ſtealing apples, breaking hedges, and committing a multitude of other little treſpaſſes on the neighbours.

'I humbly thank God, Sir, no one can ſay my ſcolding temper drives my huſband to the alehouſe becauſe he can have no peace at home, which I am ſorry to ſay is too often the caſe; a man that works hard all day, Sir, ought to be kindly received by his wife when his labour is done: my John is a very good-natured fellow in the main, and he might have been much worſe than he is, if I had provoked his temper inſtead of trying to mend it by gentle means. I am not without hope he will live to ſee the error of his ways; but all will be right in God's good time who knows what is beſt for us: a life of patient ſuffering, I think, Sir, is a daily preparation for death to poor people.' 'Aye, and for rich people alſo, my good woman,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'or elſe the Almighty ſends his warnings to us in vain; believe me there is no rank of people in life free from calamity—man is born to ſuffer.' 'O dear Sir,' ſaid Mary, wiping her eyes, 'why we poor folks never think rich folks can be unhappy.' 'I can prove to you the contrary,' ſaid Mr. Stephens; 'and I can prove alſo, that he is the happieſt of men who has the ſtrongeſt faith in God, and the feweſt ſins to repent of, let

let his condition in life be what it will; yet the beſt people, we often ſee, are moſt grievouſly afflicted; the Almighty only knows what is beſt for us; beſides, Mary, you may be ſure great riches were never intended by Providence to make men wiſe, or good, or happy; that man is always poor who is always coveting; the only rich man is he who is content with what he hath; 'for riches,' ſays the wiſe Solomon, 'make to themſelves wings, and fly away,' that is to ſay, when they are not applied to the charitable purpoſes for which they were given. Riches, indeed, may ſupply a man with food, but they cannot give him an appetite to eat it: riches can't heal a broken conſtitution, or quiet the inward gnawings of a guilty conſcience. An abundance of wealth oftener proves a ſnare to a man's ſoul, than the means of making him happy: believe me, my good woman, it is not either in the nature of wealth, titles, or power, to prevent a man from partaking of all the evils of life, which the ſins of his nature have brought upon him. I have a very handſome fortune, Mary, but I much queſtion if any labouring man in the pariſh would accept it, if he muſt take all my afflictions into the bargain.' 'Why, Sir,' ſaid Mary, 'there is not a family in this place that does not envy your good fortune.'

'I will now ſhew you, Mary, whether it has made me a happy man; I will give you a ſhort hiſtory of myſelf, and then leave you to judge what

what ſhare of happineſs has fallen to my lot. As I have ſaid before, I have a very handſome fortune, I have a fine houſe in London, from which my bad ſpirits oblige me to fly, as my dear wife died ſuddenly in it; my eldeſt ſon is turned out, in ſpite of all my care and pains, one of the moſt profligate young men of his time. I had three fine daughters, who all died in the ſpace of three years; I ſhould have ſunk under this ſevere ſtroke, had not God's goodneſs ſupported me: the ſhock of it deſtroyed my health, though it did not ſhake my belief, that this great affliction was meant in mercy to my ſoul.

'I have beds of down, Mary, but my phyſicians order me to lie on a ſtraw mattraſs; and though my bed-chamber is crowded with the moſt coſtly furniture, I ſeldom get two hours ſleep in a night. My table every day is covered with the moſt dainty diſhes, yet I can only eat a turnip, or a potatoe: my cellars are filled with the beſt wines, yet I can drink only water. I have a coach, a poſt-chaiſe, and a variety of ſaddle-horſes; yet I have an inward complaint, which prevents my making uſe of either, without ſuffering great pain: thus you ſee, Mary, how wrong it is to envy people for their great wealth; do you ſhew me a miſerable poor man, and I'll ſhew you ten miſerable rich ones.'

'What you have been ſaying to me, will do me more good than a ſermon; and I hope it will

will teach me for the time to come to be quite ſatisfied with any ſtation,' anſwered Mary.

At this moment John Parker came in; 'you have ſome of the loveliеſt children, John, I ever ſaw in my life, ſaid Mr. Stephens. What a pleaſure it muſt be to you of an evening when your work is done, to ſit here in your great chair, with your little prattlers on your knees, to hear them read their pretty books, and ſay their prayers before they go to bed.' Here John's conſcience flaſhed in his face which became as red as fire, ſo ſorely did it ſmite him.

'True enough, ſir,' however ſtammered he, 'but I ſuppoſe your worſhip muſt have heard, I am not quite as kind a huſband and father as I ought to be, though I have the beſt wife and children in the world; I know my fault, ſir, and hope in time I ſhall mend it.'

'I hope you will John,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'as your own eyes muſt convince you, what poverty and diſtreſs a drunken tradeſman brings on his family: that man has a hard heart, John, who lives upon ale, whilſt his poor wife, who ſuckles his children, drinks nothing but water; a pint of good beer, John, makes an Engliſhman ſtrong and hearty, but drunkenneſs makes him both a beggar and a beaſt.'---'May God's bleſſing for ever attend you, ſir, cried Mary, for giving my dear huſband ſuch good advice; I ſhould be the happieſt woman in

in the world, were he to turn from his preſent evil courſes.'

Soon after this Mr. Stephens went away, and on his road home, called on Sam Waters, and though it was the middle of the day, he found him ſtretched at his length and faſt aſleep in his ſhop, though his yard was full of waggons, ploughs, &c. waiting to be repaired; but not a ſpark of fire was there in the forge, nor a bit of iron to work upon if there had. Several of his children all rags and tatters, lay baſking in the ſun, and kicking up their heels on a bank of cinders. When Mr. Stephens peeped into the houſe, it ſtunk with filth; it ſhocked him to think, how people could conſent to live like pigs, rather than take the ſmalleſt pains to keep themſelves freſh and clean, for though folks may be ever ſo poor, 'tis nothing but their own lazineſs need keep them dirty. The furniture of the kitchen, he obſerved, had all been very good, but for want of the ſmith's driving an occaſional nail, every thing was gone to rack and ruin; a large oak table was without a flap, the clock had no pendulum; the bellows was without a noſe; the ſkimmer without a handle; the braſs pot without a hanger; the gridiron had hardly any ribs; the frying pan was burnt through; the ſtairs-door hung without a hindge; the window-bench was full of the parings of potatoes, and, on a round table in the middle of the houſe, ſtood a parcel of broken tea-diſhes, and

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Mr. Stephens here ſeeing Suſan Waters, who was ſitting over the fire, with her hands idling before her, told her he wiſhed her huſband would call, and look at one of his coach-horſes that was ſick.

'Ah, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you may as well preach to a man without ears, as talk to our Sam about work, a lazy drunken dog!'

'Tis a ſad thing to be ſure,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'for a poor woman to have a drunken huſband, but that need not hinder you from diſcharging your duties as a wife; what a pity it is you keep your houſe ſo filthy, and your children ſo ragged; clean water coſts nothing, and needles and thread are very cheap; don't you think your children would be much better at ſchool, than beating about the pariſh all day?'

'My children, ſir,' ſaid Suſan, 'don't love confinement at ſchool, and they ſhan't go any where to be put upon, nobody ſhall hector over them but myſelf.'

'Then take my word for it,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'you will live to ſee yourſelf the cauſe of their ruin; many a poor fellow, Suſan, has been brought to the gallows by his mother's folly: we are all corrupt by nature, and, therefore, if our faults are not corrected in our infancy, how can we expect to obtain favour of the Almighty, when we come to riper years?'

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'O, ſir,' replied Suſan, with a toſs of her head, 'tis mighty fine talking, you don't know how hard the times are.'—'Yes,' ſays Sam Waters, who at that moment came forward ſtaggering, and ſtretching himſelf, 'times and pleaſe your Worſhip are very hard, taxes are high, and work is ſcarce.'

'From what I have heard, and from what I ſee Sam,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'your idleneſs and your drink are the heavieſt taxes that are laid on your family—you have a deal of work about you, and here I find you faſt aſleep in the middle of the day. Lazy folks, Sam, are always complaining of the hardneſs of the times, whilſt induſtrious ones are ſtriving to amend them. As I ſhall now reſide great part of the year at the manor-houſe, I intend to keep a good look out amongſt my tenants, and the poor, that I may have an opportunity to aſſiſt the moſt deſerving, but remember, Sam, there is no helping thoſe who won't help themſelves; however, as I find you are neither a diſhoneſt, nor an ill-natured fellow, I flatter myſelf you will not be deaf to good advice, and as ſoon as I ſee you prefer your workſhop to the ale-houſe, I will advance a ſum of money, that you may lay in a ſtock of goods, and I will cloath your children if you will inſiſt on your wife's ſending them to ſchool.'

Here Sam humbly thanked Mr. Stephens for his promiſed favours, ſaying, he hoped he ſhould live to deſerve them.

'I have

'I have told his worſhip already,' ſaid Suſan, 'our children don't love ſchool, and they ſhan't go to be put upon, poor things! ſo they ſhan't; they ſhall have their own way, for they are likely to have nothing elſe.'

'Unhappy miſtaken woman,' replied Mr. Stephens, 'I now ſee nothing but God's grace can turn the crooked heart to ways of righteouſneſs; don't be ſurpriſed, Suſan, if your own wilful obſtinacy ſhould bring your children to ruin, and you ſhould die of a broken heart in conſequence of your folly.'

One ſummer's evening, as Mr. Stephens happened to paſs by the Tennis-court, he ſaw a number of jolly fellows ſitting under a large tree before the door, ſinging and roaring as if there were neither poverty or ſorrow in the world; among this merry crew he perceived Parker and Waters, the former bluſhed up to the ears on ſeeing Mr. Stephens, for Parker was not at all diſguiſed in liquor, but Waters was too drunk to ſee any thing beyond the quart-pot, which he held to his lips. The moment he had drank it off, he began to roar aloud, the old ſong of "Let us drink and drive care away:" at that inſtant his wife appeared with her rags flying behind her, and her face as black as a chimney-ſweeper, her eyes ſtaring with rage, and her lips white with paſſion, carrying one child under her arm, and leading another by the hand; after having ſet them both on the ground, ſhe flew like a Tyger on

her huſband, and ſo belaboured him with her clenched fiſt, that the blood began at length to ſtream from his mouth and noſe, for he was ſo top-heavy he had not power to defend himſelf; ſhe called him at the ſame time by names too ſhocking to repeat; ſo true it is, that bad words always follow bad actions; at length ſhe twiſted one hand in the hair of his head, ſnatched up her infant with the other, and in this manner ſhe lugged him off in triumph.

The violence of her behaviour ſtruck every one preſent with diſmay; Parker turned as white as a ſheet.—The men were all going to ſlink away, but Mr. Stephens deſired them to ſtop. Neighbours, I hope you will not take unkindly the advice of a friend, who has both the power and will to ſerve you.'

The men all bowed very civilly, ſaying, they were very much obliged to him, for as he was to get nothing by it, they were ſure he would ſay nothing but what was for their good. Mr. Stephens then went on. It is a ſtrange thing, my friends, ſaid he, that chriſtian men, who have ſouls to be ſaved, ſhould call any thing a pleaſure which muſt certainly bring on their ruin. How frequently has it happened that men have died drunk! Conſider, I beſeech you, what an awful thing it is, for a being to be launched into eternity in a fit of intoxication, in which the ſoul cannot offer up one prayer for mercy to that great God, before whom it is about to appear.—Let me kindly adviſe you

then

then to think ſeriouſly of what I have been ſaying; live ſoberly if you would live happily; drink leſs abroad at the ale-houſe, that you may eat more with your families at home.'

'O, ſir,' cried Parker, looking ghaſtly pale with ſhame, 'may the bleſſing of heaven forſake me, if ever I am ſeen drunk in this houſe again! My poor dear wife and children, how often have I ſtarved your bodies, to pamper my own! Merciful Father, forgive the hardneſs of my heart! I have not the excuſe ſome men will make for running to ale-houſes, who have ſcolding, ill-tempered wives at home; my Mary is the beſt tempered, meek creature in the world, and though I have drank gallons of liquor in a week, whilſt ſhe has been lying-in and ſuckling my children upon a drop of cold water, ſhe never once ſaid, John Parker, why do'ſt do ſo? Nothing but her truſt in God, I am certain, could make her bear unkindneſs with ſo much patience: O ſir, ſir, I am afraid I am too wicked for heaven's pardon to reach me.'

'Never deſpair, John,' ſaid Mr. Stephens; 'the only thing we are ſure of, is pardon for ſin, upon our ſincere repentance; practice muſt keep pace with prayer: yet it is only daily prayer that can keep us from the commiſſion of bad actions.'

Here the whole company humbly thanked Mr. Stephens, for having condeſcended to talk ſo kindly to them, obſerving at the ſame time,

what a fine thing it was for ſo great and wiſe a gentleman to have ſo little pride; it was turning his learning to a fine account; and they all knew he ſaid nothing to them, which he did not practice himſelf every day.—Mr. Stephens now wiſhed them a good night, hoping they would all return home to their families, and then walked away with Parker to his houſe. Parker's conſcience ſorely ſmote him, when he ſaw his ſupper neatly covered up before the fire, whilſt his children were kneeling round their mother praying for a bleſſing, before they went to bed.—'We ſaw no ſuch ſight as this at the Tennis-court, John,' ſaid Mr. Stephens. 'No indeed, ſir,' ſobbed John, 'this is a bleſſed ſight, which I am not worthy to behold.'—'Have you not read in the ſacred ſcriptures, John,' ſaid Mr. Stephens, 'that the unbelieving huſband, ſhall be ſaved by the believing wife?' He then told Mary what had happened, and hoped he had brought her home a penitent huſband.—'Merciful God, I thank thee,' cried this worthy woman, claſping her hands, 'for all thy many favours towards me, and mine; may I hope, that the father of my precious babes, has reſolved to leave off his evil courſes, and that, with God's aſſiſtance, he will endeavour to lead a ſober religious life; we ſhall then not only abound in the good things of this life, but ſhall have the promiſe alſo of enjoying far better things in the life to come.'

Sam

Sam Waters for ſome weeks kept clear of temptation, and ſeemed to be going on tolerably well; he looked very down and ſheepiſh, whenever Mr. Stephens called upon him: this gentleman encouraged him, and bid him have a good heart, telling him at the ſame time, the ſureſt way to avoid ſhame, was to flee from ſin. —All the fault, I aſſure your worſhip again and again, cried Sam, is not on my ſide; my wife is of ſuch a terrible temper, that the houſe is often too hot to hold us both. I can ſcarcely ever get to church of a Sunday, for want of a clean ſhirt, and my coat and waiſtcoat are gone all to rags for want of a ſtitch in time: whilſt Mary Parker, who is a clean, neat, tidy woman, keeps her huſband as well dreſſed as any farmer in the pariſh: alas! ſir, the clothes you were ſo kind as to give my children, are all gone to tatters already, and they have never appeared at ſchool ſince the firſt Sunday they put them on; 'tis enough to weary the great folks to ſee what a ſlight many poor folks often put upon their favours; however, ſir, I hope my limbs will periſh on my body if ever I am caught drunk at the Tennis-court again.'

'Take care of what you ſay, Sam,' ſaid Mr. Stephens; 'you have now called on your Maker to witneſs the oath you have made, and very dreadful to you may be the conſequence ſhould you break it. The ſafeſt way, Sam, for the rich as well as poor, is to keep their accounts with heaven ſhort, which ſhould be

ſettled daily, as merchants and tradeſmen ſettle their books, as we may have but a ſhort notice, to pay off a long reckoning. We can do nothing of ourſelves, Sam, but God's grace accompanying us, we have every thing to hope; it is a tower of ſtrength in the hour of danger.'

How long Waters kept his vow unbroken, will ſhortly be ſeen. In one of Mr. Stephens's evening rides, juſt below the Tennis-court, he ſpied Sam lying dead drunk acroſs the road, when at the ſame inſtant almoſt, a waggon whoſe horſes had taken fright, ran over him, the waggoner ſtaying behind to drink. By the time Mr. Stephens reached the ſpot where Sam lay, they found Waters not dead indeed, yet there was little appearance of life in him, the waggon had gone over his two legs. When the waggoner came to ſee the woeful miſery his neglect had cauſed, he was ready to tear his hair for vexation, for he knew he had broken the laws of God by getting drunk, and the laws of the land for leaving his plough, and he expected every moment when Mr. Stephens would commit him to jail for his offence.

Mr. Stephens kindly gave up his carriage to carry Waters home, ordering his ſervant, at the ſame time, to gallop off for a ſurgeon, who, on his arrival, found it neceſſary to take off both Waters's legs, one above, the other a little below the knee. During his long ill-

neſs,

neſs, Mr. Stephens ordered every thing to be ſent him, that was neceſſary for a man in his condition: it was obſerved by all about him, that the firſt words Sam uttered on coming to himſelf were, 'O my good God, my puniſhment is but my juſt reward for my ſin; did I not call on thy holy name, to witneſs I would not get drunk, and make a beaſt of myſelf any more?' After ſome time, Sam and his whole family were carried to the poor-houſe; people flocked from all parts to hear him tell how the ſtrength of his own wicked prayers had brought down heaven's vengeance upon him.

Mr. Stephens called in upon him one day, juſt as he had been telling ſome of his neighbours the hiſtory of his misfortunes: 'Ah Sir,' cried Sam to Mr. Stephens, 'divine vengeance has overtaken me at laſt; had I taken your kind advice, this misfortune would never have befallen me; my own bitter oaths and curſes, have brought on my own deſtruction; what a poor miſerable wretch have they made me? My dear friends, (ſaid he to the by-ſtanders,) learn wiſdom from the woeful example of SORROWFUL SAM, and remember the rod of the Almighty, is always hanging over your heads, however his tender mercy may withhold his hand from ſtriking; but juſtice often provoked, ſooner or later, will overtake us. O neighbours, neighbours! let me beſeech you not to put off the day of your repentance, till

you are brought to a ſick bed; keep holy the ſabbath, and never fail of attending to your church, for if you do not hear God's word, how can you keep his commandments? If you really pity my ſufferings take warning by them, to avoid falling into my crimes; and if you wiſh to live and proſper in the land, O my friends, take warning by SORROWFUL SAM.'

The moſt hardened fellow preſent, did not fail to ſhed tears at ſuch a moving diſcourſe. Mr. Stephens was alſo much affected, kindly ſhook him by the hand, and ſaid, he was delighted to hear him talk ſo like a chriſtian, and hoped, if his life were ſpared, he ſhould ſee him live like a chriſtian alſo, ſince that alone could prove the ſincerity of his repentance. He then ſpoke to Suſan Waters, telling her he believed no misfortunes could touch her heart, or keep her from goſſiping, and idling about, and making her children more wicked by her own example. Now mark the end of this indulgent mother, who lived to experience the miſery her own bad conduct had brought upon her children; before her eldeſt ſon, who was her favourite, was eighteen years of age, he was tranſported to Botany Bay, and the laſt words he ſaid to his mother, when loaded with chains, and put on board the ſhip, were, 'Mother, the ſight of you is hateful to my eyes, for had you kept me to my ſchool, when I was a child, I ſhould not have ſpent my days in idleneſs, learning all manner

of

of wickedneſs, which has brought me, ſo early in life, to this miſerable paſs.' Though Suſan tore her hair and wrung her hands at loſing her darling ſon, yet no one pitied her; 'your trouble is of your own ſeeking Suſan,' the neighbours would ſay, 'for as you brew, ſo you muſt bake.' The reſt of her children likewiſe turned out very badly.

Poor Sam Waters languiſhed in great pain and miſery about two years, but the patience with which he ſuffered his affliction, proved the beſt teſtimony of his repentance, and made every one kind to him, for a hardened ſinner under affliction is a ſhocking ſight indeed. He ſpent the greater part of the day reading the Bible and other good books, which Mr. Stephens ſent him. Some of the old men and women in the poor-houſe, would croud into Sam's room, to hear him read chapters and prayers, for in his youth he had received a pretty education, though in his riper years he had not turned it to account. 'How thankful I ought to be,' Sam would ſay, 'that heaven in taking away the uſe of my limbs, was graciouſly pleaſed to open my mind, to receive the truths of the Goſpel, for now truly I can cry out, "It is good for me I have been afflicted;" and though I cannot run a race, I can ſing a pſalm; and ſince I have left off the wicked cuſtom of drinking and ſwearing, I have taken up a much better one for my ſoul's ſafety, of reading and praying.' Thus he went

on, reſigned to his dying hour, and his laſt words were, 'O neighbours, neighbours! remember to avoid the fate of SORROWFUL SAM.'

It is pleaſant to obſerve, that John Parker, after the fray of the Tennis-court, was never ſeen diſguiſed in liquor; and what a ſhining example was his wife to thoſe violent women, whoſe quarrelſome tempers drive their huſbands to public-houſes, whereby their families are often brought to poverty and ſhame, whereas the mild manner and patient temper of Mary Parker, cauſed ſuch an entire reformation in her huſband, that in a ſhort time they began to thrive prodigiouſly, buſineſs was more briſk than ever, becauſe it was well followed up. His wife did her part to make the moſt of his earnings, for after all, a man's labours can do but little, if the kind diligent hand of his wife, does not help him to bear the heat and burthen of the day.

Mr. Stephens no ſooner ſaw how diligently Parker applied himſelf to his buſineſs, than he lent him a ſum of money, that he might lay in a ſtock of goods at the beſt hand, which would greatly increaſe the profits of his labour; at length money came in as faſt as he could wiſh, and Mr. Stephens was ſo much pleaſed with his eldeſt boy, who was an honeſt, ſenſible lad, that at his own expence, he put him two years to a creditable boarding-ſchool, that he might be well inſtructed in writing and arithmetic,

arithmetic, and afterwards had him bound out apprentice to the firſt tanner in the country.

It is here proper to notice a little kindneſs of Parker; as long as Waters lived, he ſent one of his children with a plate of roaſt meat and pudding to him, every Sunday, for he would ſay, Sam Waters was the beſt friend he ever had in his life, ſince in the looking-glaſs of Sam's vices, he had been able to ſee the uglineſs of his own.

When the fat landlord of the Tennis-court died of a dropſy, brought on him by hard drinking, the juſtices would never grant the houſe another licence, as it ſtood in the village far from the road ſide, and could be of no ſervice to travellers. 'Tis ſurpriſing to tell, how much, in the courſe of a few years, this leſſened the poor rates, there being no temptation at hand, to draw labouring men from their families, inſomuch that by not drinking the earnings of a week in an evening at the public houſe, they were ſoon enabled to brew a caſk of good beer at home.

In the courſe of a few years, the whole pariſh had reaſon to bleſs God, for ſending ſo good a gentleman as Mr. Stephens amongſt them, whoſe hand and heart were ever open to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, and to help forward the induſtrious; but he would never waſte his ſubſtance to pamper lazineſs, or to ſuccour vice; he looked upon the induſtrious poor, as his children and friends, but from the drunkard,

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the liar, the ſwearer, and the thief, his bounty was withheld. And what is very extraordinary, there never was a reprobate in the pariſh, but all the little children would run after him, and tell him to take warning by SORROWFUL SAM.

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HAPPY WATERMAN.

A GENTLEMAN and lady walking on the banks of the river Thames, ſpied a ſmall ferry-boat with a neatly dreſſed waterman rowing towards them; on his nearer approach, they read on the ſtern of his boat, theſe words, THE HAPPY WATERMAN. Without taking any notice of it, they determined to enter into converſation with him, and inquiring into his ſituation in life, they found that he had a wife and five children, and ſupported alſo an old father and mother-in-law by his own labour. The gentleman and lady were upon this ſtill more ſurpriſed, at the title he had given himſelf, and ſaid, 'my friend, if this is your ſituation, how is it that you call yourſelf the happy waterman?' 'I can eaſily explain this to your ſatisfaction,' anſwered the young man, 'if you will give me leave;' and they deſiring him to proceed, he ſpoke as follows: 'I have obſerved that our greateſt bleſſings in life, are often looked upon as the greateſt diſtreſſes, and are, in fact, made ſuch by means of imprudent conduct. My father and mother died

died a few years ago, and left a large family; my father was a waterman, and I was his aſſiſtant in the management of a ferry-boat, by which he ſupported his family; on his death, it was neceſſary (in order to pay his juſt debts) to ſell our boat! I parted from it—even with tears—but the diſtreſs that I felt, ſpurred me on to induſtry, for I ſaid, I will uſe every kind of diligence to purchaſe my boat back again. I went to the perſon who had bought it, and told him my deſign; he had given five *guineas* for it, but told me, as I was once the owner, that I ſhould have it whenever I could raiſe five *pounds*. 'Shall the boat be mine again!' ſaid I; my heart bounded at the thought!

'I was at this time married to a good young woman, and we lived in a neighbouring cottage; ſhe was young, healthy, and induſtrious, and ſo was I, and we loved one another.—What might we not undertake? My father uſed to ſay to me, 'Always do what is right; labour diligently, and ſpend your money carefully; and God will bleſs your ſtore.' We treaſured up theſe rules, and determined to try the truth of them. My wife had long chiefly ſupported two aged parents: I loved them as my own—and the deſire of contributing to their ſupport, was an additional ſpur to my endeavours to re-purchaſe the boat. I entered myſelf as a day labourer, in the garden of our ſquire: and my wife was called occaſionally to perform ſome ſervices at the houſe, and employed

employed herſelf in needle work, ſpinning or knitting at home; not a moment in the day was ſuffered to paſs unemployed—we ſpared for ourſelves, and furniſhed all the comforts we could, to the poor about us—and every week we dropped a little overplus into a fairing-box —to buy the BOAT. If any accident or charity brought us an additional ſhilling, we did not enlarge our expence, but kept it for the BOAT! The more care we took, the more comfortable we felt, for we were the nearer the poſſeſſion of our little BOAT. Our labour was lightened, by our looking forward to the attainment of our wiſhes. Our family indeed increaſed, but with it our friends increaſed alſo, for the cleanlineſs and frugality which furniſhed our cottage, and the content and cheerfulneſs that appeared in it, drew the notice of our rich neighbours; of my maſter and miſtreſs particularly, whoſe rule was to aſſiſt the induſtrious, but not to encourage the idle. They did not approve of giving money to the poor; but in cold winters, or dear times, allowed us to buy things at a cheaper rate: this was *money to us*, for when we counted our little caſh for the week's marketing, all that was ſaved to us by our tickets to purchaſe things at reduced prices, went into our 'little box.' If my children got a penny at ſchool for a reward, to buy gingerbread, they brought it home, they ſaid, to help to buy the BOAT—for they would have no gingerbread till daddy has got his

his boat again! Thus from time to time our little ſtore inſenſibly increaſed, till one pound only was wanting of the five, when the following accident happened.

Coming home one evening from my work, I ſaw in my road a ſmall pocket-book: on opening it, I found a bank note of 10l. which plainly enough belonged to my maſter, for his name was upon it, and I had alſo ſeen him paſſing that way in the evening: it being too late, however, to return to the houſe, I went on my way. When I told my family of the accident, the little ones were thrown into a tranſport of joy. 'My dears, ſaid I, what is the matter?' 'Oh daddy, the BOAT! the BOAT! we may now have two or three boats!' I checked them by my looks and aſked them if they recollected whoſe money that was? they ſaid, 'yours, as you found it.' I reminded them that I was not the real owner, and bid them think how they would all feel, ſuppoſing a ſtranger was to take our box of money, if I ſhould happen to drop it on the day I went to buy back the boat. This thought had the effect on their young minds that I deſired: they were ſilent and pale with the repreſentation of ſuch a diſaſter, and I begged it might be a leſſon to them never to forget the golden rule of "doing, as they would wiſh others to do by them;" for by attention to this certain guide, no one would ever do wrong to another. I alſo took this opportunity to explain to them, that the poſſeſſion of the BOAT

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by diſhoneſt means would never anſwer, ſince we could not expect the bleſſing of God upon *bad deeds*.

To goon with my ſtory:—the next morning I put the pocket-book into my boſom, and went to my work, intending as ſoon as the family roſe to give it to my maſter, but what were my feelings, when, on ſearching in my boſom, it was no where to be found! I haſted back along the road I came, looking diligently all the way, but in vain! there were no traces of any ſuch thing.—I would not return into my cottage becauſe I wiſhed to ſave my family the pain I felt, and in the hope of ſtill recovering the book, I went to my work, following another path which I recollected I had alſo gone by; on my return to the garden gate, I was accoſted by the gardener, who, in a threatening tone, told me I was ſuſpected; that our maſter had loſt a pocket-book, deſcribing what I had found, and that I being the only man abſent from the garden at the hour of work, the reſt of the men alſo denying that they had ſeen any ſuch thing, there was every reaſon to conclude that I muſt have got it. Before I could anſwer, my diſtreſſed countenance confirmed the ſuſpicion; and another ſervant coming up, ſaid I was detected, for that a perſon had been ſent to my houſe, and that my wife and family had owned it all, and had deſcribed the pocket-book. I told them the real fact, but it ſeemed to every one unlikely to be true; every circumſtance was againſt

againſt me, and (my heart trembles to look back upon it) I was arreſted, and hurried away to priſon! I proteſted my innocence, but I did not wonder that I gained no credit. Great grief now oppreſſed my heart; my poor wife, my dear children, and my grey-headed parents, were all at once plunged into want and miſery, inſtead of the eaſe and happineſs which we were expecting; for we were juſt arriving at the height of our earthly wiſhes. I had, however, one conſolation left—that I knew *I was innocent*; and I truſted that by "perſevering in honeſty," all might come right at laſt. My reſolution was, as I had certainly been the cauſe, though without any deſign, of the ſecond loſs of the property, that I would offer (alas!) the whole of our little ſtore, to make it good as far as in my power; and I ſent for my wife to give her this ſad commiſſion, but ſhe informed me that even this ſacrifice could be of no avail, 'for,' ſaid ſhe, 'my maſter has been at the cottage, when I told him freely how you had found the note, but unfortunately had loſt it again; and I added, that I was ſure both I and my huſband would make the beſt return in our power; after which I produced our little fairing-box, and begged him to accept the contents, which had been ſo long raiſing, as all we had to offer;' but, Sir, ſaid the waterman, conceive my agony, when ſhe added, that my maſter angrily refuſed, ſaying, that our being in poſſeſſion of all that money, was of itſelf the cleareſt proof of my guilt;

guilt; for it was impoſſible, with my large family, and no greater opportunities than my neighbours, that I could come honeſtly by ſuch a ſum; therefore he was determined to keep me in gaol till I ſhould pay the whole. My unhappineſs was very great; however, my mind by degrees began to be more eaſy, for I grew confident that I ſhould not truſt in *God* and my own innocence in vain:—and ſo it happened; one of my fellow-labourers proved to be the perſon who had picked up the note after I had dropt it, having come a few minutes after me along the ſame road to his work, and hearing that the ſuſpicion had fallen altogether upon me, he was tempted to turn the accident to his own advantage, and conceal the property; which having kept in his own box for a few weeks, till he thought no ſuſpicion would reſt upon him, he went and offered the note for change, and being then ſuſpected, my maſter had him taken up, and I was releaſed.

The ſecond change from ſo much miſery to happineſs was almoſt too much for us. My maſter ſent for me, and with many expreſſions of concern for what had paſſed, made me give him an account of the means by which I had collected the little fund, that fixed his ſuſpicions ſo ſtrongly upon me. I accordingly related the hiſtory of it as I have now done; and when I came to that part, where I checked my children for their inconſiderate joy, on their finding the note, he roſe, with much kindneſs in his looks, and putting the bank bill into my hand, he ſaid,

'Take

'Take it!—the bank note ſhall be theirs. It is the beſt and only return I can make you, as well as a juſt reward of your honeſty: and it will be a ſubſtantial proof to your children of the goodneſs of your inſtructions, for they will thus early ſee, and feel the benefit of honeſty and virtue!'

This kind and worthy gentleman intereſted himſelf much in the purchaſe of my boat, which, in leſs than a week, I was in full poſſeſſion of. The remainder of my maſter's bounty, and the additional advantage of the ferry, has placed me in comfortable circumſtances, which I humbly truſt God will continue to us, as long as we continue our labour and honeſt diligence; and I can ſay from my long experience, that the fruit of our own induſtry is always ſweeteſt. I have now alſo the pleaſure of being able to help others, for when a rich paſſenger takes my ferry, as my ſtory is well known in the neighbourhood, he often gives me more than my fare, which enables me to let the next poor perſon go over for half price.

The lady and gentleman were extremely pleaſed with the waterman's ſtory, and willingly joined in calling him the HAPPY WATERMAN. They paſſed over in his ferry-boat for the ſake of making him an handſome preſent. And from this time, becoming acquainted with his family, they did them every ſervice in their power, giving books and ſchooling to the little ones, and every comfort to the old father and mother-in-law as long as they ſurvived. They were very

deſirous of knowing what became of the unfortunate fellow-labourer, who had ſo dreadfully gone aſide from the principles of honeſty, and they learnt that he was, after a ſhort impriſonment, ſet at liberty by his maſter, at the earneſt entreaty of the honeſt waterman, as he ſaid it was partly through his careleſſneſs in loſing the note that the temptation had fallen in his fellow labourer's way; he had moreover a very large family, his maſter alſo was ſo good as to conſider that he was a man who had not been bleſſed with a good education in his youth, ſo that having little fear of God before his eyes, and having a great temptation in his way, he had been the more eaſily led to commit this very wicked action, by which he would have enriched himſelf at the expence of an innocent man. I have a great pleaſure in adding, that the thought of what he had done, together with the generoſity of the waterman, had ſo ſtrong an effect upon this poor fellow, that he afterwards had it written upon his cottage door,—DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO. And he hath reſolved to follow this rule himſelf in future, and alſo taught it to all his children: indeed it became a rule well known over the whole pariſh, for every little child having been informed of this ſtory, was told that he ought to conſider before he did any action, whether he would like his brother, or ſiſter, or ſchoolfellow, to do the ſame by him; and if not, that the action was wrong, and not to be done let the profit be ever

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ſo great. Surely then, thoſe who have lived long, and ſeen much of life, and have had much religious inſtruction alſo, ſhould never depart from this ſimple and certain rule. And it is the ſame to all ranks—it requires neither learning nor abilities to "do as you would be done unto," nor can any ſtation however great, no nor any circumſtances, however trying, excuſe men from giving their conſtant attention to this GOLDEN RULE.

THE STORY OF POOR TRICKET, THE GAMESTER.

Shewing how he firſt loſt his place by gaming, and then had well nigh been the death of his wife through the ſame cauſe, and how laſtly, his gaming was the occaſion of his being tranſported as a convict to BOTANY BAY.

'I CAN'T, for my life, imagine,' ſaid Mr. Smith to his oppoſite neighbour Mr. Tomſon, 'what thoſe fellows can be about on the top of my houſe. They have been theſe two days employed there in repairing the damage done by the high wind t'other night; a job which I think might have been done in a very few hours.' 'Step over the way to my door,' ſaid Tomſon, 'and I will preſently explain to you why the job is ſo long in hand.' Smith did ſo—'Turn about and look up,' ſaid Tomſon, 'and you will ſee the two men ſitting over againſt each other on the ridge of your houſe.' 'Why, they are playing at cards!' ſaid Smith, 'no wonder my buſineſs is ſo long in doing.' Away went Smith to the maſter bricklayer to complain of his men. The maſter was very angry, as he well might be, and diſmiſſed the idle fellows from his ſervice; and as he made known the ſtory, the men found no one willing to employ them, ſo they had full leiſure for

their gaming, and Betſworth loſt all his money to Tricket—Betſworth's wife in vain aſked him for caſh, proviſions were ſcarce, and they had lived on ſhort commons ſeveral days. On Saturday Betſworth had no wages to receive, nevertheleſs he deſired his wife would get a bit of meat for a hot Sunday's dinner; 'for,' ſaid he, 'we have lived hardly enough this week, and I ſhall aſk my friend Tricket to eat a bit with us.' The wife ſaid nothing, but when her huſband and Tricket came in to dinner on Sunday, ſhe laid the cloth, and ſet upon the table a diſh with a cover. 'What haſt thou got under thy cover, wife?' ſaid Betſworth, 'ſomething nice I hope.'—'As good as I could get,' ſaid the wife; 'had you brought me money you ſhould have had ſomething better.' Upon this he lifted up the cover, and behold! the diſh contained nothing but ſome dirty old cards ſcattered about it! 'Is this,' ſaid Betſworth, 'what you provide for me and my friend?'—'It is all that you and your friend have left us,' ſaid ſhe; 'I have nothing to eat myſelf, and theſe are the only tools you work with to provide for my maintenance and your own. 'Burn the cards' ſaid Betſworth, 'they have been the ruin of me; forgive me, wife, I deſerve a more bitter reproof.' Tricket,' added he, 'my poor Molly has ſerved us rightly enough; for my part I am reſolved to go to my maſter to-morrow, confeſs my fault, and try to get his work again; and I hope God will pardon me for the diſtreſs I have

brought upon my family by my love of gaming; and that he will mercifully ſtrengthen me to reſiſt every temptation to return to ſuch a horrid practice.' Tricket did not reliſh the jeſt, but went ſurlily out of the houſe. Betſworth, however, is ſaid to have taken a hint from this little trick of his wife, and, as far as I have heard, he has never ſince been found amongſt the Gameſters.

I muſt now proceed to tell you ſomething more of Tricket, who continued his evil practices, and who is the only one of theſe two Gameſters whoſe hiſtory I mean to ſpeak of any farther.

Having loſt his former gull whom he tried once or twice to draw to another game, by ſaying that the man wanted ſpirit. Tricket happened to light upon a ſecond brother Gameſter, whom he hoped to drain as he had done Betſworth; but either through a ſad run of ill luck, or, as I rather think, by his being not a little cheated, he ſoon loſt every farthing of his former booty; and he had nothing now left for him to ſtake at the next gaming party, except what little he could get by ſtripping his poor wife of the earnings of her hard labour. She had two children of four and five years of age, for whom, as well as herſelf, ſhe contrived to get bread by taking in waſhing.

She bore with patience her huſband's ſpending all he got upon his own pleaſures, and leaving her to ſhift for herſelf; but when he came home, and tore from her what ſhe had

worked ſo hard for, ſhe could not help weeping and complaining, though her complaints were mild and far from the language of ſcolding: but her brutal huſband, inſtead of being moved by her tears, only made them a pretence for running from her to the alehouſe; 'ſince,' as he ſaid, 'he could not have comfort at home.'

One of the families for which ſhe waſhed, would often careleſsly make her wait a month or two for the payment of her bills; inſtead of diſcharging them weekly, when ſhe brought home the linen. This is a cruel inconſiderateneſs, and very contrary to the merciful ſpirit of the law of God, which forbids to keep back the hire of the labourer. The truth is, perſons whoſe only ſupport is hard labour, can ſeldom do more than live from hand to mouth, and whilſt their pay is kept back by a thoughtleſs cuſtomer, they are likely enough to be ſtarving for want of it.

It happened that ſhe had juſt received a waſhing bill of ſix weeks ſtanding, which ſhe had long been ſighing for, and was counting her money, when her huſband came home in a terrible humour, declared he had not a farthing in the world, and laid his violent hands on this money, every ſhilling of which he carried off. She ſcreamed after him, begging that he would leave her ſome of it at leaſt, or how could ſhe get bread for her children? But he was quickly out of hearing, and haſtily returned to his play-mate, who waited for him at the alehouſe. Tricket's cruelty ſtruck his wife to the heart; ſhe

ſhe ſat down in dumb deſpair, and could not eaſe her full heart by weeping: the children looked up in her face with terror, and ſoon began to cry, and to tell her they were hungry; this gave a free paſſage to her tears; ſhe hugged them both to her breaſt, and told them that they ſhould have all the food their cruel father had left them; ſhe brought out the remainder of her loaf, and divided it between them; for her part ſhe could ſwallow none.

By being obliged to truſt her cuſtomers, ſhe had been reduced to borrow a little from her landlady, and ſhe owed ſome rent beſides, ſo that ſhe was aſhamed to apply to her again, and ſhe had not ſix-pence in the world to ſupply food or to buy ſoap for her waſhing. He who *ſhould* aſſiſt her was her worſt enemy, and, careleſs of her wants, took from her the fruits of her induſtry to throw it away in gaming and drinking.

This barbarous treatment hurt her the more, becauſe, with all his faults, ſhe retained more affection for him than he deſerved; and had often chearfully ſupplied his extravagance with a ſhare of what ſhe got, when ſhe could do it without ſtarving herſelf and her children. But now all proviſions were ſo dear that ſhe found it not eaſy to get neceſſaries even by working early and late at her laborious buſineſs. No money could ſhe get from her huſband, and this day his antagoniſt had refuſed to play with him any longer upon tick; and the alehouſe-keeper, at whoſe houſe this gaming commonly went on,

would draw no more beer without preſent pay. His character was become ſo bad, that he could not get employed when neceſſity would have urged him to work. In this ſituation he had come home deſperate and provoked at his ill-fortune, when he found his wife with two guineas and a good deal of ſilver before her. The ſight of this money renewed his hopes, and his eagerneſs for trying once more to recover his loſings. With this only object in view, he flew like a vulture on his prey, and, without a thought of the diſtreſsful ſtate of thoſe who *ſhould* have been dear to him as his life, ſnatched from them all the means of ſubſiſtence. Thus does gaming harden the heart and ſwallow up every good affection! whilſt the hateful paſſions of avarice and envy are continually fed and ſtrengthened by it!

Poor Mrs. Tricket, cold and faſting, put her children to bed, and ſat weeping over them, whilſt her huſband ſpent his hours in greedy wiſhes, hopes, and fears; in rage, in oaths, and curſes, over his cards, with the tankard at his ſide, often drained by the thirſty paſſion burning in his ſtomach, and raging in his mind. At paſt midnight he came ſtaggering home, and found his wife ſitting up for him, pale and ſhivering, and her face ſwelled with weeping.—'I thought you had left us for good and all,' ſaid ſhe, 'left us to periſh: how *could* you be ſo barbarous as to rob me of all, and leave me without a penny in the houſe? I beſeech you to

to give me back ſome of that money, which was all I had in the world, unleſs you do indeed deſire to ſee me and your children die with want.'—'*If* that was your *all*' he replied, '*die you muſt*; for it is every penny gone, and more after it than I ſhall ever be able to pay.' So ſaying, he turned his pockets inſide out, to ſhew her they were perfectly empty. At this ſight the poor woman, whoſe ſpirits were before nearly exhauſted with grief and faſting, fell in a fainting fit at his feet: as he had never ſeen her ſo before he thought ſhe was dead, and alarmed the houſe with his cries; though he was much in liquor, and his mind almoſt diſtracted, yet the idea of having been the cauſe of her death ſtruck him with horror. The children, awakened by his out-cry, ſtarted up, and ſeeing her on the floor, cried, 'Mammy! Mammy!' with all their might.

This dreadful noiſe awakened both the landlady, who ſlept above ſtairs, and alſo a widow lady who lodged on the firſt floor, but before either of theſe could run down ſtairs, Tricket was at their doors, crying in a horrible tone, 'My wife! My wife! come to her if you have any pity! I have killed her! help! help!' He then ran back, and found her lying where he had left her, and the two children on the ground with her, kiſſing her cold hands and face, ſobbing and drowning her with their tears. The lady and landlady reached Tricket's room at the ſame inſtant, and looked with amazement

on this wretched groupe; whilſt the man cried out, 'See! ſee! what I have done! I have murdered my wife!' 'Sure, you could not be ſuch a monſter,' ſaid the lady; 'how have you murdered her? Where is her wound? Help to raiſe her up, and let us ſee the hurt.' They then lifted her up, and perceived returning life in her. 'Where is your hurt, my poor dear creature?' ſaid the landlady; 'where did that inhuman villain ſtrike you?' The poor woman looked wildly: 'What do you mean?' ſaid ſhe, 'he did not ſtrike me, though I almoſt wiſh he had to the heart.' Her huſband now, with the moſt lively joy and gratitude, thanked God that ſhe was alive, and on his knees begged her forgiveneſs. She aſſured him, as well as her weakneſs would allow, that ſhe forgave him all.

The good women now haſtened to make a fire, and to warm her bed, for they found ſhe ſhivered violently; when they had put her into it, the lady brought her a glaſs of warm wine and water, ſome of which ſhe prevailed on her to ſwallow. Tricket, whoſe anguiſh had taken off his intoxication, put his children again into their little bed; he gazed upon them and their mother by turns; whilſt his heart was wrung with the ſenſe of their wants and his own wickedneſs. His wife fell aſleep ſoon after the refreſhment ſhe had taken; but in a few hours awoke in a burning fever. Tricket watched by her ſide; when he felt her hand and head as hot as fire, his fears returned, and he ran out of the houſe

to fetch an apothecary; though he recollected he had nothing to pay for help, or even neceſſary food for her; however, he went into the ſtreet, taking a club ſtick in his hand, and had not gone half way to the apothecary's, when, on turning a corner, he ſaw a gentleman walking alone before him. Tricket at that moment looking round the ſtreet ſaw no creature near. Suddenly it darted into his mind, that he might now get bread for his wife and children, and that he could eſcape home again before any one could detect him; he ſtopt not for recollection, but ſtriking the gentleman with all his force on the back of his head, felled him to the ground, and was rifling his pockets, when a watchman, turning the ſame corner Tricket had done, ran up, winding his rattle as he ran.

Tricket tried to eſcape, but the rattle brought watchmen from ſo many quarters, that he was ſoon ſecured; whilſt ſome of them conveyed him to the round-houſe, others aſſiſted the gentleman to riſe; having been only ſtunned, he ſoon recovered his ſpeech, and directed the men to lead him to his houſe, which was not far off. There they aſked him whether he was robbed? and, on examining his pockets, he found that he had loſt his watch, and his purſe, both of which he particularly deſcribed. The watch he could ſwear to, if he ſaw it; and he told the colour of the purſe, and what money it contained, of which he gave the watchman a memorandum. They then returned to the round-

houſe, where, on ſearching the priſoner, the watch and purſe were found upon him. He would not anſwer any of their queſtions, but remained in gloomy ſilence.

When the day was more advanced, they carried him before a juſtice of the peace, and gave in their information. Tricket was now obliged to ſpeak; and ſeeing clearly that he muſt be convicted, he burſt into an agony of grief, and confeſſed the whole; but he pleaded the diſtreſs to which his wife and family were reduced; which alone, he ſaid, had led him to this raſh action; and he repeatedly obſerved, that ſince he was driven to it by *neceſſity*, he hoped that both his worſhip and the gentleman would let him go: and he proteſted, that, till the fatal moment when he ſaw the gentleman, and thought he might refcue his wife from death, and his children from ſtarving, he had never entertained a thought of committing ſuch a crime.

In anſwer to this ſpeech of Tricket, the juſtice, (who was well acquainted with Tricket's whole character and hiſtory), remarked, that although the crime in queſtion was committed on the ſudden, and though it aroſe out of the man's diſtreſs, yet that diſtreſs had been brought upon him evidently by gaming. 'My friend,' ſaid he, 'you have gone from one ſtep to another, as almoſt every other perſon has done that has been brought before me. Firſt, when you were in a good place, you were negligent of your work, through *the love of gaming*; and when

for

for this cauſe you loſt your employment, you then took to gambling more deſperately than ever, through a *neceſſity* which you brought upon yourſelf. Your *neceſſities* next led you to take from your wife her little earnings; and when you had thus nearly driven her to diſtraction, then it was that you began to feel for the wants of your wife and children; and thus you were driven, by another *neceſſity* of your own making, to rob on the highway for her relief.

'I cannot help therefore tracing your crime entirely to your gaming, for it is this which has brought you into temptation; and no man can tell when he has once treſpaſſed, as you have done, to what lengths the Devil at one time or other may ſuddenly drive him. Inſtead, therefore, of excuſing yourſelf, let me adviſe you to conſider how happy for you it is, that the gentleman whom you ſtruck is not killed; for in that caſe you would have been brought before me, not for the robbery and aſſault only, but for *murder*.'

Poor Tricket was much affected by theſe remarks, and did not utter a word more in the way of excuſe for his crime; but he begged and prayed the gentleman, for his dear wife's ſake, not to hang him. Upon which the juſtice interfered, and told Tricket, that, 'as to the nature of his puniſhment, that muſt depend upon circumſtances that would appear on the trial;' and he immediately bound the gentleman over to proſecute.

While this ſcene was paſſing at the juſtice's, poor Mrs. Tricket was left in a doleful caſe. She was told by her huſband, when he went away, that he was only going to run to the apothecary's, in order to bring ſome help to her, and that he would be back inſtantly: two hours paſſed and ſhe heard nothing of him: ſhe began to ſuſpect ſomething dreadful, and her mind grew ſo agitated, that her brain ſeemed on fire, and her ſenſes forſook her. It happened that a gentleman, who had been preſent at the juſtice's, (having been drawn thither by the croud) called, from motives of humanity, in the courſe of the day, to inquire into the ſtate of Tricket's family; and he was the firſt perſon who brought intelligence of the horrible event that had taken place. As Mrs. Tricket was ſo ill, the only ſtep that could be taken at preſent, was to bring the apothecary to her; who, by laying on a bliſter, and giving her proper medicines, abated the fever, and took off the delirium: but as her reaſon returned, her anxiety about her huſband returned alſo, and ſhe inceſſantly begged to know what was become of him. Still it was thought that the dreadful truth muſt not be told her, leſt it ſhould bring back her diſtraction; and it was not till three days after, when the apothecary declared her to be much better, that the ſad condition of her huſband was revealed to her.

No ſooner was this affecting diſcovery made to Mrs. Tricket, than ſhe grew eager to get out

of

of bed to go to her huſband in the priſon; but her weakneſs made it impoſſible. It was with great difficulty that ſhe was kept in the houſe after ſhe was able to riſe; and the firſt moment that ſhe could extort from the apothecary permiſſion to ſtir out, ſhe put herſelf into a coach, (for ſhe had not ſtrength to walk) and leaving her children in the care of her humane landlady, arrived at the priſon. The ſight of her threw Tricket into an agony, yet he was glad to ſee her alive, and by degrees was ſoothed and comforted by her kindneſs and affection. She entreated him with many tears to make his peace with God, by ſincere repentance, and to truſt in his mercy for forgiveneſs. She then, through her natural fondneſs and partiality for her huſband, endeavoured to find out ſome circumſtances of mitigation; and particularly remarked, 'that ſince it was his affection for her, and for his ſtarving family, that had put him on this raſh action, ſhe hoped that when the trial came on, the judge would ſhew mercy to him.' 'Oh! if that could be,' ſaid Tricket, 'I think I ſhould never again fall into my former vices; but I dare not hope it; the robbery is fully proved, and it is no thanks to me, as his worſhip very juſtly obſerved, that murder was not alſo the conſequence of my villainous action; my trial ſoon comes on; prepare your mind for the ſad ſentence, and pray for me that I alſo may be prepared for a more awful trial after death.' She now fell on her knees, and he knelt by her,

and

and both implored forgiveneſs at the throne of grace, with ſuch feelings of contrition, that they roſe up, hoping that their prayers had been heard through the great Saviour of mankind; and their minds now became more calm and more reſigned to the event, whatever it might be.

Tricket was convicted at the next aſſizes on the cleareſt evidence, and ſentenced to death; but ſome favourable circumſtances in his caſe were reported to his majeſty, by the judge, and the ſentence was, in conſequence, changed from death to tranſportation.

The fear of death at firſt made even Botany Bay appear a deliverance, but when he was to depart thither, bitter indeed was the affliction of his faithful wife; for ſince he had appeared a penitent he had become ſo much endeared to her, that all his paſt injuries being quite forgotten, his leaving her was worſe than death.

She was earneſtly deſirous to go with him, but finding that ſhe could not be allowed to take her children, ſhe thought it her duty not to forſake them; at leaſt, under the preſent circumſtances; nor, indeed, would he conſent to her departure. The excellency of Mrs. Tricket's character was the occaſion of raiſing her up many friends, who furniſhed her with work, and who aſſiſted both in educating and apprenticing her children.

Her mind was reſtored, in ſome meaſure, to peace and tranquility; and ſhe found that they who faithfully do their own duty, and put their truſt

truſt in God, are not forſaken by him, however unhappy they may be in their outward circumſtances.

Such is the ſad ſtory of poor Tricket the gameſter! Let each reader lay to heart the dreadful conſequences of gambling; for, by firſt bringing a man to want, it will harden his heart even againſt his moſt beloved wife and children; and who knows whether it may not alſo drive him to thoſe criminal acts, for which his very life may be juſtly forfeited to the laws of his country.

THE

THE WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES OF ADVENTURING IN THE LOTTERY!!!

JOHN BROWN was ſervant in the family of a reſpectable merchant in this city. He had lived there for ſeveral years; and from his regular honeſty, ſobriety, and diligence, poſſeſſed the confidence and affection of his maſter. While in that family, he married a fellow-ſervant, a young woman, whoſe name was Mary Coates, and they lived for more than ſeven years very happily together. They had one child living, a fine little boy about ſix years old, whom they maintained at a ſchool, kept ſome miles from town by Mary's father. This was thought better than putting him to ſchool in London, as he was under an affectionate relation, and leſs expoſed to the company of wicked children. John and his wife got leave from time to time to viſit their child, and were always able to take him one little article or other

other of clothes, as well as a ſmall preſent to the grandfather.

Thus comfortable were John and Mary, and had John been religious like his wife, they would have had a fair proſpect of continuing ſo. He, like many others, thought religion rather an unneceſſary thing for a man who made it a rule to be ſober, and honeſt, and diligent, and kind. Beſides the other very important conſiderations againſt which he ſhut his heart, he did not reflect that without religion his good conduct to his family and his maſter ſtood on no ſolid foundation.

One unfortunate day as he was going on a meſſage, he received a hand-bill from a man ſtanding at the door of a Lottery Office. This hand-bill ſet forth many wonders, and invited all who had a mind to be rich in a hurry, to ſeize the lucky hour of adventuring in the wheel of fortune, ſhewing them how many thouſand pounds they would be ſure to get for one guinea! Caſting his eye over the advertiſement, the thought ſtruck him that he would *try his fortune*. 'Why may not I get a prize as well as another?' ſaid he to himſelf; 'and if I get the twenty thouſand pound prize, or even one of the ten thouſands, I ſhall be as great a man as my maſter.' It was a woful moment for poor John, when this imagination faſtened on his mind. Full of the notion of getting rich, John returned home, and appeared all that day unuſually thoughtful. At night,

as

as he was not uſed to conceal any thing from his wife, he told her his intention. 'Molly,' ſaid he, 'we have juſt got our wages, and the drawing begins to-morrow; ſuppoſe *we try our fortune* in the Lottery?' 'Not with my conſent, ſhe replied; I think we are rich enough as we are, and ought to be thankful to God that we want for nothing.' John was obliged to acknowledge this; but obſerved that it would do them no *harm* to have ſomething more. 'Indeed, but it might, (ſaid Molly;) for you know, John, God is the beſt judge of what is good for us, and it is his Providence that has placed us in our preſent ſituation. If he ſaw that more riches would do us good, I believe he would ſend them to us in an honeſt way: but I am ſure you and I know ſome people, that are not at all the better for their riches, no nor the happier either.'—'But what harm (ſaid he) can there be in *trying our fortune?*'—'I know there is harm, (replied his wife, who was well read in the Bible,) I know there is harm in covetouſneſs; for the word of God ſays, "Be content with ſuch things as you have; and he that maketh haſte to be rich ſhall not be innocent; and the love of money is the root of all evil." For my part I am well ſatisfied as I am, and when I think of the poverty and diſtreſs our bleſſed Saviour ſubmitted to, I find great reaſon to praiſe him for the abundance we enjoy. Beſides, trying our fortune, as you call it, is no better than tempting God, who is the

the real giver of what men ſay fortune gives them. Our bleſſed Saviour refuſed, you know, when he faſted in the wilderneſs, to act in an extraordinary manner, in order that God might give him riches and other things, for he ſaid that would be tempting God: and what would going into the Lottery be but tempting God; for would it not be taking an extraordinary courſe in order to try whether God would make us rich? But, my dear, what has put this matter into your head?' John pulled the hand-bill out of his pocket, and explained to her, as well as he could, all the wonderful advantages which it promiſed. This did not ſatisfy his wife; and ſhe wiſely obſerved, that if there were ſo much to be got by theſe ſame tickets, it was ſtrange that the people who ſold them would not rather keep them for themſelves. 'But do you not ſee there before your eyes (ſaid John) the number of prizes that were ſold laſt year at the *Lion's Office?*'—'Well (replied his wife) I wiſh they had publiſhed the number of *blanks* that were ſold too.'

'But, ah! John, there are a great many lies in print: and to tell you the truth, I fancy it is all a gambling trick, and that the people who ſell theſe tickets are little better than *knaves*, and the folks who buy them no better than *fools*. And you know, my dear, our little boy wants clothes, and this is the time that you generally take ſomething to his old grandfather. Sure, (ſaid ſhe, while a tear ſtole down her

her cheek) you will not forget our dear Johnny.' But all her arguments were in vain; and he concluded the converſation rather peeviſhly, with declaring, 'It is a folly to talk; I am reſolved to try.' His wife wiped her eyes, and only ſaid with a ſigh, 'I am ſorry for it.' He had never grieved her ſo much before.

That night John ſlept little; he was anxiouſly debating which of the various modes of adventuring was to be preferred, and laying a thouſand plans as to what he would do upon getting his expected riches. Early next day he got from his wife ſome money which he had given her to keep; and making a falſe excuſe of buſineſs for leaving home, he hurried to the Lottery Office. There, looking at various tickets and ſhares, and policies that were ſhewn, out of ſeveral numbers that he was informed were peculiarly *lucky*, he ſelected one ticket. But as he was returning with it home, beginning to think that it was fooliſh to ſpend *all his luck* (as he called it) upon *one* number, he went back and changed the ticket for ſix policies, which he got at a guinea a piece. 'Well (ſaid he) as he put them in his pocket, they can never be all drawn blanks.' Upon hearing that the ticket he had taken firſt was drawn the next day a prize of ten pounds, he thanked his *ſtars* that he had parted with it, as he ſhould by no means be ſatisfied with gaining ſo little as two or three pounds by his venture.

John

John now became hourly anxious to know whether his numbers were drawn or not, and often neglected his buſineſs to enquire after them. He appeared thoughtful and gloomy in the houſe, and ſometimes gave his maſter a very ſhort anſwer if he found fault with him. All in the family wondered at the entire change in his conduct:—his poor wife alone gueſſed at the cauſe. To her he now obſerved an entire ſilence upon the ſubject, as he had found her ſo decided againſt his venturing in the Lottery. But one day, when he had come home after hearing that two of his numbers were drawn blanks, and a third drawn a 10l. prize, (from which he of courſe got nothing,) ſhe affectionately ſeized his hand, and with a flood of tears aſked him why he had been for ſome days ſo peeviſh to her? 'My deareſt huſband, (ſaid ſhe) it was never ſo with you before ſince our marriage. If I have done any thing lately to offend you, I am ready to go on my knees to aſk your pardon. Only do not break my heart by behaving as if you did not love me.'—'Pugh! Woman! (replied he ſullenly)—don't make a fool of yourſelf.'—'Alas! (ſaid ſhe) is it folly to be grieved at ſeeing you unhappy, or at the fear of having diſpleaſed you? But, ah! I fear the Lottery is the cauſe. I thought no good would come of it.' Molly perceived that his mind was in a ſtate of vexation, and therefore did not preſs the ſubject then. But in the evening ſhe took an opportunity of tenderly entreating

entreating him to reſt ſatisfied under any loſs he had already ſuffered, without venturing farther; obſerving that he might thus learn a leſſon which might be uſeful to him all his life; but that in the courſe in which he was going on, he could not expect the bleſſing of God.—'And ſurely (added ſhe) we ſhall be richer with that bleſſing, and a few worldly comforts, than if we had all the world without it. Ah! John! there is indeed, as our Saviour ſays, but "one thing needful." What matter whether we be rich or poor in this life, if we get to heaven at laſt? And truly God is ſo gracious a maſter, that his ſervice brings peace and comfort with it even here: while, on the contrary, thoſe who ſet their hearts upon the world, do not even find in it *now* the enjoyment which they ſeek; not to ſay, "that if they gained the whole world, and loſt their own ſouls," they would make a fool's bargain.'

Though John ſeldom read his Bible, yet he knew enough of it to be ſatisfied, that what ſhe ſaid was all very true; and ſhe ſpoke with ſo much gentleneſs and affection, that he could not take it amiſs. He then promiſed her, that he would not throw away any more money in the Lottery. She thanked God for her huſband's reſolution, and prayed that he might have grace to keep it. But wiſhing to withdraw him from the ſcene of temptation, ſhe propoſed that he ſhould aſk leave of his maſter to viſit their little child in the country. To this

this John conſented, and eaſily obtained permiſſion. It was with joy that Molly ſaw him ſet off next morning; but ſhe little thought how ſoon her joy was to be ſucceeded by the bittereſt ſorrow. Her huſband's heart was ſtill hankering after his three numbers that remained in the wheel; and as the drawing was pretty far advanced, he became every day more anxious and impatient. He therefore reſolved, inſtead of leaving town that day, to ſpend it in the place where the drawing was going on. 'Who knows (ſaid he to himſelf) but I may return to my wife this evening, with news that will make her own, that I did right in *trying my fortune?*' As he was on his way, he came to a famous office for inſuring numbers. John had often heard of *inſuring*, but did not well know what it meant. Having however become a gambler, he had an itch after *trying his fortune* in this way alſo. He therefore ſtepped into the office. 'I want (ſaid he) to *inſure*; but I don't know how to do it, nor indeed what it is.'—'Sir, (replied a well-dreſt man behind the counter) you are perfectly right. Inſuring, ſir, is the only way to make money; and I will explain it all to you in a moment with the greateſt pleaſure.' John thanked his honour. 'Only give me (continued the other) the trifling premium of 6s. 10d. on any number you chooſe, and if it it be drawn either blank or prize in the courſe of the day, you may call on me for Five Guineas, and they will be

be paid you down upon the nail: hard guineas, Sir, hard and heavy. There is no office in the city that pays *bits* with so much honour as this. I had demands on me yesterday to the *tune* of 300l. and all were answered as soon as called for.'—'Well, (said John, who had not the wit to ask himself how the gentleman came to be so finely dress't while he was losing so much money,) 'Well, and if the number be not drawn to-day at all, will you give me *any thing?*'—'O! sir (replied the office-keeper) as to that it is very unlikely. And really, it is not any interest I have in this, that makes me carry on the business; but a pleasure I have in offering better terms to my customers than any other office in London can boast of. And I would recommend it to you, as a friend, to insure at least ten or twelve numbers; that you may be *certain* of winning. Take my word for it that is playing a sure game. Five Guineas, Sir, for 6s. 10d.! think of that.' The cunning office-keeper was so friendly and so obliging, that he easily prevailed on John to insure his three remaining numbers, besides several others, for that day. The poor man now thought it was hardly possible but that he must put something in his pocket. 'Whether the numbers (thought he) be drawn blanks or prizes I get money: and if any of my three remaining policies turn up the 10,000l. prize, my fortune is made. It is yet in the wheel; and why may not I get it as well as another?'

Full of this thought he haſtened to watch the drawing; while the office-keeper, as he went out, put the money in his pocket and his tongue in his cheek, ſneering at John's ſimplicity. John found at the place of drawing a number of drunken, ragged, blaſpheming wretches. Their appearance and language at firſt ſhocked him; eſpecially when he heard one and another curſing themſelves for their folly in *trying their fortune*. But he now became all attention to the numbers that were declared as ſoon as drawn; and his heart beat, whenever any one near his own was mentioned. In a little time, wearied with expectation, he began to imitate the example of others around him in laying wagers whether the number next drawn would be a blank or prize: and a decent looking man, who ſat near, ſoon engaged with him in the buſineſs. The ſtranger, who knew better than John how to reckon chances, let him win a few ſhillings at firſt; but ſoon ſtript him of every farthing in his pocket. He was aſhamed to confeſs that he had no more money, and the ſpirit of gaming having now completely ſeized him, he hurried back to his maſter's houſe; and when his wife with ſurprize aſked the cauſe of his ſudden appearance, he pretended that he recollected, on his way to their little boy ſome article which he had forgotten to take with him, and returned for it. He had not been uſed to lying; but having now commenced gameſter, he was go-

ing on ſtep by ſtep in wickedneſs. His poor wife perceived confuſion and diſtreſs in his countenance, but believing what he ſaid, ſhe made no farther enquiries, and only urged him to haſten his departure. She knew not that he took away with him a ſilver goblet and ſome ſpoons, which belonged to his maſter, and were under his care. Theſe he immediately pawned, expecting that he ſhould be able to releaſe them before they would be miſſed. But ſooner or later the devil always leaves his ſervants in the lurch: and ſo he now ſerved John.

With the money thus wickedly obtained he returned to the place of drawing, and arrived juſt time enough to loſe it all, except a few ſhillings, before that day's drawing ended. Stung with vexation he came out into the ſtreet curſing himſelf, and curſing others; and hurried along with ſome of his new companions to a public houſe. Public houſes, in his better days, he had not been accuſtomed to frequent. The liquor which he drank to drown care ſoon inflamed him to madneſs, and prepared him for every thing that was bad. At one moment he thought of putting an end to his own life, which had now become a burden. Alas! had he followed the advice of his wife, or taken the word of God for his direction, how different would his ſituation have have been! He knew not now what to do. Return home he durſt not, for he dreaded the thought of its being diſcovered that he had embezzled his maſter's property.

property. And to continue adventuring in the Lottery he had not the means. His mind was torn by various paſſions; it was a kind of hell. But he was not truly penitent for his offence; and did not pray to God for HIS gracious aſſiſtance: he therefore went on from bad to worſe. His companions, more hardened in wickedneſs, laughed at his diſtreſs. He heard them with ſurpriſe boaſt of the various cheats by which they ſupported themſelves in their villany. But one of them took him aſide into an inner room, and after they had called for more drink, told him plainly that he was a blockhead for being ſo much caſt down by his loſſes; and that if he had only ſpirit enough, he might ſoon have as full a purſe as ever. Firſt ſwearing John to ſecrecy, he propoſed that they ſhould join together in a ſcheme which he had formed of committing a highway robbery that night. He mentioned a gentleman who was to return to town with a ſum of money late in the evening by the Edgeware road; and aſſured John of getting a rich and eaſy booty. 'I lived in this gentleman's family (ſaid he) till a year ago; and a good ſervice it was, for I had high wages and little work. But, truly, becauſe I got drunk now and then he parted with me, and would not give me a character for ſobriety, and I have been out of place ever ſince. But I am now my own maſter; get money in an eaſier way, and drink as much as I pleaſe. A ſhort life and a merry one, ſay I.' John was at

firſt ſtartled by the propoſal; but after a moment's pauſe, obſerved with an oath, that *he was in for it*, and would not *flinch*. He was ſoon furniſhed with piſtols by his companion, whoſe name was Smith; but when John took them, he expreſſed a hope that there might be no blood ſhed.

They ſallied forth together, and lay concealed in a field near the road. A few days before, John would have ſtartled with horror at the thought of being engaged in ſuch a buſineſs; but when a man once gives way to what is evil, it is impoſſible to ſay where he will ſtop. The expected gentleman ſoon arrived; when, ruſhing out, one of them ſeized the reins of his horſe, while the other held a piſtol to his breaſt, and with horrid oaths demanded his money. The gentleman, a Mr. Stewart, immediately ſnapped a piſtol, which miſſed fire; and both the robbers diſcharging theirs, ſhot him dead on the ſpot. They had hardly time to rifle his pockets, when the neighbourhood was alarmed by the report of all the piſtols, and they were obliged to fly with ſpeed; but, being favoured by the darkneſs of the night, they got clear off from their purſuers. After haſtily ſharing the ſpoils, and again ſwearing each other to ſecrecy (as if oaths could bind villains) they ſeparated for greater ſafety, and ſpent the remainder of the night at different houſes of ill-fame. But John's mind was now racked with remorſe, and guilt

was

was viſible in his countenance. When day-light came, he endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but in vain; the image of the perſon whom he had murdered haunted his imagination; and the torment of his conſcience was almoſt more grievous than the puniſhment of the law which he dreaded. He had intended to employ his ill-gotten gain in trying his fortune farther in the lottery, that curſed lottery which had brought on all his miſery; and had he done ſo, it is moſt probable that he would have been ſtripped as he was the day before. But all courage now failed him; and being afraid to appear in public, he ſlunk to his maſter's houſe at an early hour, and indulged the hope, that as there was no witneſs of the horrid deed but himſelf and his companion, it would remain undiſcovered for ever. He little remembered that God's eye ſaw it; and that his providence ſeldom (if ever) ſuffers ſuch wickedneſs to paſs unpuniſhed, even in this world.

His wife, though ſurpriſed at her huſband's ſpeedy arrival, welcomed him with affection; and tenderly enquired after the welfare of their little boy. 'Aſk no queſtions, woman!' was his only reply. She was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment: but when ſhe perceived a piſtol under his coat, ſhe claſped her hands in an agony of horror; and not daring to aſk a queſtion, ſhe ſunk on the chair, and trembled like an aſpen leaf.

The robbery and murder now became the talk of the town; and John's maſter aſked him whether he had heard any thing of the circumſtances. He had only power to anſwer, 'No, Sir,' with a faultering voice. But how did his heart ſink within him, when he heard ſoon after that his companion (who had been a notorious offender) was taken up on ſuſpicion of having committed the fact! yet he ſtill thought there was no evidence that could prove the charge. Every rap at the door ſtartled him. Every perſon that looked at him ſeemed to know his guilt. He ſometimes thought of flying; but again determined to ſtand his ground, leſt his abſconding ſhould occaſion an immediate purſuit. Some days paſſed thus, and he began to flatter himſelf that all was ſafe. But as he lay one night ſleepleſs and toſſing, his afflicted wife weeping by his ſide and afraid to enquire into the cauſe of his ſituation, a noiſe was heard at the door; and on its opening, the officers of juſtice entered to apprehend him. Smith *had turned king's evidence* to ſecure his own life: ſo little confidence can villains place in each other. John was now dragged, pale and trembling, to Newgate, while poor Molly clung to him ſhrieking, and fainted away as ſoon as they entered the priſon. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe felt that her heart was broken. She never raiſed her head again. Yet ſhe attended him cloſely for a while; but pined, and ſoon ſunk beneath the weight

weight of her affliction. With her dying breath ſhe prayed that her huſband might be brought to repentance, and might yet obtain mercy at the hands of God. When brought to the bar, he caſt a look of indignation and reproach at his accomplice, who now appeared as evidence againſt him; which the other returned with a malicious ſneer. His guilt was clearly proved; all circumſtances confirmed it. When the Judge was going to paſs ſentence, he cried out for a *long day*. Oh that a *long day* were granted to every man ſentenced to ſuffer death; even to a murderer! But in the caſe of murderers the law determines otherwiſe, and it was not the buſineſs of the Judge to give his opinion of the law, but to paſs its ſentence. He addreſſed John as follows: 'Unhappy man! you ſeem to have forgotten that in the murder of Mr. Stewart you allowed him no time. In a moment, and without provocation, you ſent a worthy perſon, who had never harmed you, into Eternity. The laws of God and man demand your forfeited life. You muſt prepare for almoſt immediate execution. Your fate will, I truſt, be an awful warning to many. You might have lived long, uſeful, and reſpected, had you been content with what you acquired by honeſt induſtry; had not the deſire of haſty and unrighteous gain taken poſſeſſion of your heart. I mourn over the exiſtence of ſuch a public nuiſance as appears to have been the firſt occaſion of your fall: and I cannot

help declaring, that I have never ſat upon this bench after the drawing of the Lottery, but I had reaſon to think it had proved the ruin of many of the unhappy culprits who appeared before me. I would earneſtly exhort the crowds that hear me to abhor the thoughts of adventuring in it, and to fly from it as from a plague, which will deſtroy domeſtic happineſs and inward peace, and bring upon them every kind of diſtreſs. Priſoner! I mourn that others ſhould be involved in your calamity, who have not been partners in your guilt; that an amiable and virtuous woman (as I am informed) ſhould have died broken-hearted on your account; [here the priſoner groaned]--- and that your infant child muſt be left an orphan in the world, which will be too forward to reproach him with his father's crime. But your doom in *this* world is ſealed. Your ſtate in the *next* now calls loudly for all your attention, and I moſt earneſtly exhort you to call upon Him for repentance and pardon, who came into the world to ſave even the chief of ſinners. May you have grace therefore to employ the little time remaining for you in this world, in imploring His mercy! As to the wretch before me, who has been an accomplice with you in your crime, and upon whoſe evidence you have been convicted, he will not eſcape juſtice. I muſt remand him back to Newgate, that he may ſtand his trial upon the charge of two other robberies. It is a painful

but neceſſary part of my office to which I now proceed. It is with a bleeding heart I pronounce your ſentence, which is, that you be *hanged, drawn, and quartered*, on Saturday next, the 15th inſtant, and may the Lord have mercy on your ſoul!'

He was executed according to his ſentence; and would to God that this hiſtory might prove a warning to all, againſt *trying their fortune* in the LOTTERY!

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BAKER:

A TRUE HISTORY.

WILLIAM BAKER was born in the year 1710, in the pariſh of Boldre, near Lymington, in Hampſhire. His father dying when he was two years old, left him and a ſiſter to the care of his widow; who by taking in waſhing, maintained her two children without any relief from the pariſh. In theſe days ſuch induſtry would exceed belief.

At ſeven years of age, young Baker began that life of labour which he continued through the ſpace of ſeventy years afterwards. He worked firſt for a penny a day in the vicarage-garden; but ſoon thought himſelf equal to more profitable labour. He uſed to ſay, he always conſidered himſelf as a poor friendleſs lad; and from the beginning depended only on himſelf.

In the mean time his mother grew old, and infirm. Her legs ſwelled, and ſhe could no longer ſtand at her waſh-tub. But nothing hurt her like the thoughts of going to the poor-houſe, or living on alms.

Her ſon was now about eighteen. He was healthy and ſtrong; and aſſured his mother, that while

while he was able to work for her, ſhe ſhould be obliged to nobody. He took a little cottage, therefore, on the edge of the foreſt; carried her to it; and got into the ſervice of a farmer in the neighbourhood, as a day-labourer. His mother lived nine years after this; during which time he maintained her with great cheerfulneſs and kindneſs; nor had ſhe ever aſſiſtance from any other perſon. He denied himſelf every little indulgence, which young fellows of that age often take, that he might maintain his mother. We do not often ſee ſuch an inſtance of goodneſs in a poor lad. It marked his character as ſomething uncommon. He might, if he had pleaſed, have had her maintained by the pariſh.

About the time of his mother's death he thought of marrying. At a little diſtance from him, under the hill, lived a labourer of the name of Brooks. His daughter Joanna was the perſon whom Baker fixed on for a wife; and no objection being made, he married her, and brought her to his cottage. Joanna had lived under a careful mother, juſt in the way in which he himſelf had always lived; and with the ſame notions of induſtry and frugality. She entered, therefore, into all her huſband's intentions. What he gained, ſhe put to the beſt uſe. 'We both pulled the rope,' he uſed to ſay, 'by the ſame end; and ſo we compaſſed many things, which they cannot do, who pull it at different ends.'

In the mean time, his family increaſed: and his induſtry increaſed with it. He now never worked by the day, if he could help it; but took the hardeſt taſk-work he could get, by which the moſt money was to be earned. And that he might never be idle, he took, at a ſmall rent, of Mrs. John Burrard, of Lymington, a piece of rough ground, about nine or ten acres, on which he might employ his leiſure. Many a time he was ſeen working in it before ſun-riſe; and if his day's work had not been hard, in an evening by moon-light. In a few years he made it worth much more than when he took it; and he found it of great uſe to his family in furniſhing him ſometimes with a crop of potatoes—or a little corn—or a few loads of hay; which enabled him to keep two or three cows, and as many foreſt-colts. Some years after, his good land-lady died; and this piece of land fell into the hands of Mr. Brailsfield, of Kentiſh Town; who finding it was tenanted by a man who had taken ſo much pains to improve it, promiſed neither to raiſe his rent, nor to take it from him; which I mention to his honour.—Thus a kind Providence bleſſed all Baker's deſigns; and he was richer than many a man who is born to thouſands. There are few men, who may not live comfortably, if they live according to their ſtation: and if they do not, the higheſt ſtations will not ſecure them from difficulties. I have often heard Baker ſay, he never knew what want was: but then he never relaxed his uſual frugality.

lity. When wheat was dear, to make all ends meet, he lived on barley; and when he could not with convenience compaſs a buſhel of malt, he contented himſelf with milk or water.

He had now five children, who were a conſtant claim upon all his induſtry and frugality. But he had other claims. He had been kind to his ſiſter, though her behaviour did not entirely pleaſe him; and he was now called on from a quarter he did not expect. His wife's father, grown old, applied to him for aſſiſtance. Of this man he never had a high opinion; but for his mother-in-law he had always the greateſt eſteem. 'She was as good a woman,' he uſed to ſay, 'as his wife; and he could not ſay more for any woman on earth.' However, though he could not pretend, with the incumbrance of ſo large a family, to maintain them entirely, he agreed with the overſeers of the pariſh, that if they would pay them a ſhilling a week, he would do the reſt. Accordingly, he built them a little cottage; and was as kind to them as he could. Soon after, on the old man's death, he took his mother-in-law into his houſe, and kept her till ſhe died; though ſhe lived till ſhe was upwards of ninety; and was blind many years.

About the time that his children were pretty well grown up, a fortunate circumſtance happened. He received a legacy of ſeventy pounds, and a clock. This money came very happily to ſettle ſome of his children.—'They had it all,' he ſaid, 'among them; he never had a belly-full

full of meat out of it himſelf. The clock alone he kept. A clock was the only piece of furniture he ever coveted; and he always intended, if it ſhould be in his power, to have purchaſed one: though it is probable, if a clock had not been thus thrown in his way, he would always have found ſomething more uſeful for the employment of his money.

Nor was he kind only to his relations; as he got forward in the world, he was very friendly among his neighbours, and lent many a little ſum to aſſiſt them in their diſtreſſes. But as he was a very ſhrewd, intelligent man, he lent only where he ſaw his money could be of uſe: to the ſpendthrift he would lend nothing; nor to any man, who frequented an ale-houſe. So judicious was he in theſe loans, that although he helped many a man out of a difficulty, I have heard him ſay, he never loſt a farthing by lending money in his life. Often, indeed, he received the worth of what he had lent in a little corn, a pig, a calf, or ſomething that was more convenient for the borrower to pay with, than money.

He was now advancing into years, and his good Joanna began to feel the effects of age more than he did. Her ailment was a mere decay of nature; but ſhe was ſo entirely weakened, that ſhe could do nothing for herſelf. Her huſband hired a woman into the houſe to attend her near ſeven years, in which ſhe continued in this helpleſs ſtate. Every thing he could do, he did for a woman, 'who,' he ſaid, 'had been

kinder

kinder to every body than herſelf. In the year 1776, ſhe died; and left him greatly afflicted for the loſs of a faithful friend, who had followed cloſe by his ſide, through all his laborious life, for the ſpace of forty years. I have ſeen him ſpeak of her with tears in his eyes, and agitation in all he ſaid, at the age of eighty.

He had now the world, in a manner, to begin again. His children were all married, or diſperſed: and he had nobody with him, on whoſe arm he could lean in deſcending the hill. He thought the wiſeſt thing he could do, was to draw his little matters into as ſmall a compaſs as he could; and rid himſelf, as much as poſſible, of the cares of the world. Accordingly, he ſold his cows, and horſes, and a little tenement or two which he had purchaſed, and brought one hundred and ten pounds to a friend to put to ſome uſe: 'For as I cannot now,' ſaid he, 'work myſelf, I muſt make my money,' as he phraſed it, 'work for me.' His friend made him underſtand, as well as he could, what was meant by the funds; and adviſed him to put his money into conſolidated annuities for twenty-eight years from January 1780. As this tranſaction was in the year 1782, when the funds were low, he was made to underſtand, that the intereſt would be conſiderable (about eight pounds a year) but that the whole would be loſt, if he ſhould live twenty-ſix years. However, as he did not look forward to that time, he took his friend's advice. Beſides this property, he had two or three other little

little ſums put out to intereſt in private hands; and a little tenement, which he reſerved for himſelf to live in; with two or three patches of ground, which lay near him, and ſerved to employ him.

He had a good opinion of the charitable ſocieties, or clubs, as they are called, in the ſeveral pariſhes around him; but he thought them uſeful chiefly to thoſe, who could not depend upon themſelves. If young fellows could depend upon themſelves, and lay the ſame money by, without breaking into it, he thought it might generally be more uſeful to them. Four-pence a week would amount to near a pound in the year. At harveſt ſome little matter might be added to it. And if this practice were begun early in life, in a few years it might amount to a comfortable ſupport in ſickneſs or old age. 'But few young fellows,' he ſaid, 'looked forward to thoſe times: they never thought of more than of living from hand to mouth.'

His manner now of ſpending his time, was ſomewhat different from what it uſed to be. He worked only a little, every morning, in his grounds, or in his garden, or in procuring fuel. The reſt of his time he ſpent in reading and in devotion. He had always been a ſerious man; but a buſy life had never allowed him much time for any thing but buſineſs. He had now gotten above the world—had his time much to himſelf—and ſpent a great part of it in reading the Bible, which was the only book he did read. He had the uſe of his eyes to the laſt; and gene-

rally,

rally, though by himſelf, read out; which he thought made the more impreſſion on his memory. Oftener than once, as I have approached his lonely cottage, I have thought I heard voices; but when I entered, the old man was ſitting alone, with his Bible before him. He had as ſtrong natural parts, as I almoſt ever met with; and eaſily underſtood, not only the general meaning, and intention of the Goſpel; but many of the moſt difficult paſſages in it. What our Saviour ſaid, he thought, was very eaſy; and much of what St. Paul ſaid. And he told me, he had a very good book of prayers, (in his phraſe) 'for all intents and purpoſes.'

As he grew more and more infirm, his friends thought it comfortleſs for him to live entirely by himſelf; and endeavoured to perſuade him to get ſome good old woman to live with him; who might take care of his houſe, and likewiſe of him, if any thing ſhould ail him. 'Aye,' ſaid he, 'if I could get ſome good old woman: but where is ſhe to be found?' He had tried the experiment, he ſaid, but had no encouragement to try it again. People would not, he added, live now as he lived. Perhaps he had bad luck in his choice; but he found that a woman now would ſpend as much in junketting in one day, as would ſerve him for two. Then, he ſaid, there was ſuch conſtant goſſipping, and noiſe in his houſe, that he could never have his time at his own diſpoſal. In ſhort, he was obliged to live as they choſe, not as he choſe himſelf.

ſelf. Then, fetching a deep ſigh, he would ſay, 'his good Joanna had ſpoiled him for living with any other woman.'

It was then propoſed to him to live with one of his daughters, who was married in the neighbourhood. He had thought of that, he ſaid; but an old man was always giving offence to one or another; and one or another was always giving offence to him. Beſides, he ſaid, his daughter had ſeveral children; and ſo much noiſe did not ſuit his quiet way of living, he could now, at his own eaſe, follow his own inclination. In ſhort, it appeared, that while he lived, he wiſhed to live entirely to himſelf; and that it was very indifferent to him when, and where, and how he died.

The deſtitute condition, however, in which he lived, laid him open to the depredations of a diſhoneſt neighbourhood. Many little thefts, when he was watched out of his houſe, were committed. Among other things, his pewter-flaggon was ſtolen. It hung over his dreſſer, and contained all his little ſecurities and promiſſory notes. He had, however, with his uſual ſagacity, placed his money in ſuch ſafe hands, that he had on this occaſion no loſs.

But among the petty thefts which were committed in his houſe, was a robbery of a very ſerious nature. On the day before Lymington fair, the old man had received ſome intereſt money (about five guineas) to purchaſe a few neceſſaries. This being, probably, known, two men,

men, at midnight, broke into his houſe. His faſtening, indeed, was only ſuch as a good ſhake might eaſily diſlodge. They ſoon entered; and one of them preſſing a bolſter over his face, pinned him down with his knee; while the other ſought for the money, which was preſently found. I heard him ſpeak of the tranſaction the next day; and his behaviour raiſed him in my opinion. He ſpoke with the caution of an honeſt man: 'The thieves had a dark lantern,' he ſaid, 'with them; and he thought he could ſwear to one of them; but he durſt not venture it, where a man's life and character were concerned.'

From ſeveral circumſtances, however, it became more probable that the man whom Baker ſuſpected was guilty. And, indeed, he himſelf ſoon after confirmed the ſuſpicion; for as the neighbours began more to talk of the thing, and to lay facts together, he thought it prudent to leave the country.—Indeed, if wicked men would only conſider before hand the many circumſtances that lead to diſcovery; and the almoſt impoſſibility of providing againſt them all, they would be more cautious, on the mere principles of prudence, in committing any deſperate wickedneſs. One circumſtance which tended to fix the ſuſpicion of the fact was, that a child accidentally mentioned having ſeen a cut-cheeſe in his houſe the day after the robbery. Baker had loſt a cut-cheeſe; and it was well-known the man had no cheeſe in his houſe before. The other

other perſon too was ſuſpected: but if either of them had been taken up, it would moſt probably have diſcovered both: for a knave cannot be depended on. And, indeed, it is probable, that both would have been diſcovered, had it not been for the old man's ſcruples. I mention all theſe circumſtances to ſhew, that, in fact, it requires more care and caution to commit a wicked action than moſt men poſſeſs. It is, indeed, leſs difficult to be induſtrious, and by that means to make a wicked action unneceſſary.

Notwithſtanding, however, the old man was thus ſo frequently preyed on by wicked people, he ſtill continued to live alone. As to any farther loſſes, he had one way, he ſaid, of preventing them; and that was, to keep nothing about him that was worth ſtealing. He faſtened, therefore, the old bolt upon his door; and went to ſleep in his lonely cottage as quietly, as if he had been in a caſtle.

Though he had now enough before him, he continued ſtill to live with his uſual frugality. Many of his neighbours thought he might have indulged his age a little more, as he had the means to do it, and as they themſelves probably would have done in the ſame circumſtances; by which they might have ſpent all they had laid up for their old age, not knowing how long God might have lengthened out their lives. He lived, however, as he had been accuſtomed to live, in the beſt of his days; for in many parts of his life he had put to ſhifts. He had always good cheeſe

cheeſe in his houſe, and good bread, which was his common food. He uſed to brew alſo now and then a buſhel of malt; ſo that he was ſeldom without a little caſk of beer. His garden produced him plenty of cabbages, which was the only plant he reared: and every year he bought at Lymington fair, a ſide of bacon; a bit of which he would, now and then, put into his pot with a cabbage. Freſh meat he never taſted; nor were butter and tea among his neceſſaries. On this proviſion he never had a day's ſickneſs; and even at thoſe times, when his food was leſs nouriſhing, he was able to do every thing to which the ſtrength of man is equal.—What can the art of cookery do more?

He was now near eighty; his limbs began to fail; and he was ſubject to rheumatic pains, which ſeized his right leg; and made exerciſe very troubleſome to him. Notwithſtanding, however, this infirmity, and his living a mile from the church, he rarely miſſed taking a painful walk to it every Sunday. The weather muſt have been very bad to prevent him. And though he was now become very deaf, he did not think even that a reaſon for keeping from church.—What an example did he ſet to thoſe, who, though, in perfect health, inſtead of making the Sabbath a day for obtaining inſtruction, and begging God's bleſſing on the week, profane it by making it a day of paſtime, and often a day of drinking and other wickedneſs. He

was

was conſtant alſo at the ſacrament; which he always eſteemed a part of his duty.

He was confined to his houſe about ſix weeks before he died. His illneſs was a mere decay of nature. His legs ſwelled; and his conſtitution was broken up. He now ſubmitted to have ſomebody live in his cottage with him. He was preſſed to ſend for a phyſician, as he had the means to pay him: but he was reſolute againſt it. 'If you could find me a doctor,' ſaid he, 'who would tell me at once, I can do you good—or I cannot do you good—I would ſend for him: but elſe, why ſhould I ſend for a man to be paid for giving me phyſic, when I cannot take victuals?' In ſhort, he knew he was dying, and wiſhed to die with as little moleſtation as he could.

He kept his bed about three days; and was ſenſible to the laſt. He was in conſiderable pain; but he bore it with that firmneſs and manlineſs with which he had ſupported all the hard duties of a conſtant life of induſtry. He died on the 15th day of May, 1791; and deſired that the fifty-firſt pſalm might be ſung before his corpſe, as he was carried through the church-yard to his grave. The thought was new: and the decency, and propriety of it, had a good effect.

At his death, he was found worth an hundred pounds. That a man in the loweſt ſtation, with a conſtant attention to money, ſhould in the courſe

courſe of a long life, raiſe that ſum, or a greater, is not wonderful: but that a man in the loweſt ſtation ſhould leave ſuch a ſum behind him, after diſcharging all the offices of life with uprightneſs and propriety, is ſuch an example of an independent ſpirit, and of the force of induſtry and frugality, as deſerves to be recorded for the benefit of others.

The following inſcription ſtands over his grave in Boldre church yard:—

Here
Reſts from his labour
William Baker;
Whoſe induſtry and frugality,
Whoſe honeſty and piety,
Were long an example
To this pariſh.
He was born in 1710;
And died in 1791. G.

THE

THE HISTORY OF DILIGENT DICK;

OR,

Truth will out though it be hid in a Well.

A falſe witneſs ſhall not go unpuniſhed, and he who ſpeaketh lies ſhall periſh.

DON'T be frightened, Reader! Although I ſet out with a text, I am not going to preach a ſermon, but to tell a ſtory. On the right ſide of Marſh-moor common, and not more than five hundred yards out of the turnpike road, ſtood a lone cottage, inhabited by one Richard Rogers, a day-labourer, commonly called DILIGENT DICK. Though poor, he was as much noted for his honeſty as for the care and induſtry with which he had brought up a large family in a very decent manner. About fifteen years ago, in the month of January, there ſuddenly fell a deep ſnow, attended

by ſuch a high wind, that many travellers loſt their lives in it. When all on a ſudden, as Rogers and his family were crouding round a handful of fire, to catch a laſt heat before they went to-bed, they heard a doleful cry of 'Help! help! for God's ſake help!'—Up ſtarted Rogers in an inſtant, when clapping the end of a farthing candle into a broken horn lanthorn, and catching up his ſtaff, out he ſallied, directing his ſteps towards the ſpot from whence the cries came. In one of the ſand-pits he found a gentleman who had fallen from his horſe, and was nearly buried in the ſnow. Rogers, though with much difficulty, at length dragged him out, and after ſecuring the horſe, conveyed them both home.

The gentleman appeared elderly, and ſeemed almoſt periſhed with cold; for a long time he was quite ſpeechleſs, his jaws appeared locked, and it was only by inward groans they could perceive he had any remains of life in him, ſo benumbed and ſtiffened was he with cold. After they had rubbed his limbs for ſome time before the fire, the gentleman by degrees recovered himſelf, and began to thank Rogers and his wife, whom he ſaw buſied about him, as well as his children. 'Sir,' ſaid Betty Rogers, 'although we be poor in pocket, we may nevertheleſs be kind in heart.' Here the ſtranger, after fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid, 'if his life were granted him, he hoped it would be in his power to reward them for their kind-

neſs.' Rogers replied, 'that what he had done for him, he would have done for his worſt enemy.' Here the gentleman groaned heavily, ſaying, he had been long ſick himſelf, and that he could not enough admire the healthy looks of Rogers's children.

'Bleſſed be God, ſir,' ſaid Rogers, 'although my family is numerous, I never paid a ſhilling for doctor's ſtuff in my life, nor do I even know the price of a coffin; if my wealth is ſmall, my wants are few, and though I know I am a ſinner, and need daily repentance, yet my conſcience is quiet, for I have knowingly done wrong to no man, nor would I forfeit my peace of mind, ſir, to become the richeſt man in Old England. I am not covetous of wealth, ſir, ſince I have ſeen how little comfort they often enjoy who poſſeſs it; the honeſt man, ſir, ſleeps ſoundly on the hardeſt bed, whilſt he who has "made too much haſte to be rich," may lie down on the ſofteſt bed with an aching heart, but ſhall not be able to find reſt.' All this while Betty Rogers ſat puffing and blowing the fire with a pair of broken-noſed bellows in order to boil her kettle, to make the gentleman a diſh of her coarſe bohea tea, as ſhe had no ſpirits or liquor of any kind, except ſpring water, to offer him: ſhe alſo toaſted a bit of bread, though ſhe had no butter to rub over it; this ſhe hoped the gentleman would excuſe, ſince many of the farmers were ſo extortionate in their price of butter and cheeſe,

cheeſe, that ſome of their labourers live, for the greater part of their time, on bread only, or a few potatoes.

Here the gentleman attempted to partake of Betty's tea and toaſt, when all at once he began to tremble all over ſo exceedingly, that he begged ſhe would ſet it down for the preſent, for if he was to attempt to ſwallow it, he was certain it would choke him. 'It is but cold comfort to be ſure, ſir,' ſaid Rogers, 'we have to offer you; but nevertheleſs we muſt hope you will take the will for the deed. I ſuppoſe, ſir, you are very rich, and yet you now ſee, that all the wealth in the world cannot help a man in certain ſituations. I had a pretty education, ſir, and I remember when I was a boy at ſchool to have read the hiſtory of a great king, who, when harraſſed by the enemy, and being overcome with thirſt, was thankful to a poor ſoldier who brought him a draught of cold water in his helmet, which he drank off greedily, ſaying, that amidſt all his pomp he had never taſted ſuch luxury as that cup of water yielded him. So you ſee, ſir, what ſtrange ups-and-downs there are in life; therefore people of all degrees ſhould be careful to keep pride out of their hearts, ſince the moſt proſperous man to-day, may be thankful for the poor man's aſſiſtance to-morrow.' 'And after all,' cried Betty Rogers, 'high and low, rich and poor, ſhould pray daily for God's grace, ſince that alone can give peace

to their poor ſouls when the hour of affliction cometh. But, bleſs me,' cried ſhe, claſping her hands, 'what ſhall we do, our laſt inch of candle is burnt out.' 'Then,' ſaid Rogers, 'we muſt content ourſelves, my Betty, with paſſing the reſt of the night in the dark.' The gentleman ſaid he muſt be content to do as they did. 'Many is the dark night, ſir,' ſaid Richard, 'have I ſat by my dame's bed-ſide when ſhe has been ſick or lying-in, endeavouring to make up to her in kindneſs what I could not provide for her in comforts, when I have not had the leaſt glimmering of light, but what came from the twinkling ſtars through our tattered caſement.

'Amidſt all our poverty, ſir, we have ever been the happieſt pair in each other. It is a brave thing, ſir, to be able, by the grace of God, to drive pride out of the cottage when poverty enters in; for ſin is the father of ſhame. A man, ſir, amidſt the extremeſt poverty, yet may ſtand high in the favour of God, by patience, prayer, and a hearty faith in his Redeemer.'

Here the ſtranger appeared under very great diſtreſs both of body and mind; he ſhivered all over as if he had an ague fit upon him, and by a little blaſt, which was juſt then lighted up, they perceived he looked as pale as death; they begged him to lie down on their bed, ſaying, 'it was very clean, though it was ill provided with ſheets and blankets.' 'O my good

good people,' cried the gentleman, 'your goodneſs will be the death of me; the kindneſs of your hearts proves to me the unkindneſs of my own: No, go you to bed, and let me ſit here till morning. 'That,' Rogers ſaid, 'they could not do.' The gentleman then replied, he ſhould be glad if Rogers would give him a little hiſtory of himſelf and family to beguile the time.

'That I will do moſt readily, ſir,' ſaid he, 'if *ſo be* it will oblige you in the leaſt.—My name is Rogers, although my neighbours are pleaſed to call me DILIGENT DICK. I have a wife and ſeven children; I riſe with the lark, and lie down with the lamb. I never ſpend an idle penny, or an idle moment; though my family is numerous, my children were never a burden to me. That good woman there, ſir,' pointing to his wife, 'puts her hand to the labouring oar: ſhe brings up our children at home in ſuch a ſober induſtrious manner, that our neighbours, as ſoon as they are capable of earning a penny, are glad to take them off our hands. I am proud to ſay, ſir, they have no little pilfering tricks, as many children have. "Train up a child in the way he ſhould go," is our way, ſir, and I am certain both my wife and I have felt the benefit of the text, for our children are kind and affectionate towards each other, dutiful to us their parents, and obliging and civil to their employers. Ah, ſir, the richeſt man in England is not happier than I am, when I return home of an

evening, wearied by the heat and labour of the day, to be received with looks of kindneſs by my wife, as ſhe is preparing our frugal ſupper, whilſt two or three of my little babies climb my knees to fondle me round the neck.' Again the traveller groaned piteouſly; but Rogers went on. 'I was born to a pretty fortune, ſir; but by the villainy of my father's brother I loſt my inheritance. My uncle, Charles Rogers, through the indulgence of his mother, proved to be a very malicious child, and as he grew up to man's eſtate, the faults of the child became hardened vices in the man, inſomuch that his wicked behaviour broke his mother's heart. My own dear mother, ſir, like the parents of Samuel, taught me betimes to fear the Lord; yet my grandfather was ſo much offended at my father's marrying her, that he made his will, and cut him off with a ſhilling. He and my poor mother died within a twelvemonth of each other, and left me pennyleſs by the time all their debts were paid. I was then about twelve years of age, and my Betty's father kindly took me to live with him. He ſoon received a meſſage from my grandfather, with a preſent of twenty guineas to pay for my board, ſaying, he was very ill, and that he would ſend for me when he was better. The next news I heard of him was that he was dead; and though he had promiſed to make a will in my favour, yet none was to be found, although one of his old ſervants declared he had

had signed a great sheet of parchment, which a lawyer had been writing by my grandfather's bed-side. Every body now judged my uncle Charles very hardly, as having made away with this last will, because he brought forward the old one, wherein my grandfather had left his whole property to him. Some kind friends of my father wishing to see justice done by me, commenced an action against both him and the lawyer, who was known to be a rogue, and ready to do any dirty work for money.

'The trial was brought on at the next assizes, when my uncle employed such arts in securing the witnesses, that a verdict was given against me. After some months, however, my uncle sent me twenty guineas, that I might be put apprentice to a carpenter; but desired he might never be troubled about me again. Accordingly I was bound out; but my master proved one of those negligent tradesmen who loved his ease better than his work: by neglecting his business, his business began to neglect him. He broke at length for a considerable sum of money, and was thrown into prison, where he died soon after of the jail distemper; so at the end of the third year of my apprenticeship, I was once more left to seek for bread. I returned again to my Betty's father, who got me employment under his master. I was about one and twenty when I married, and then I and my wife followed my master's son into this country, who had an estate left him, and with

him I have worked ever ſince, and with truth I can ſay, I have never received an unkind word from him, for he never ſaw me drunk, not even at ſheep-ſheering or at harveſt-home. My Betty's pious meekneſs, ſir, has ſweetened all my toil, whilſt the dutiful behaviour of my children has fulfilled every wiſh of my heart. Whether my cruel uncle be dead or living I know not; but be it as it may, I do not envy him his ill-gotten wealth, and I can only pray that he may repent him of his ſins, before ſickneſs brings him to a death-bed; for it is a horrible thing, ſir, to have the conſcience racked with deſpair when the body is afflicted with pain.'

'Look, Richard,' cried Betty Rogers, 'you are talking on, and on, whilſt I am ſure the poor gentleman is going into a fit.' The gentleman at that inſtant gave a deep groan, and would have fallen from his chair if Rogers had not caught him in his arms; his wife ſnatching up the little mug of tea, which ſhe ſtill kept warm in the aſhes, ſhe put it to the ſtranger's lips, begging him to take a ſip, as ſhe was ſure it would do him good; whilſt her huſband, on the other hand, begged him to eat a bit of the toaſt. The gentleman could but juſt make ſhift to ſay, 'My good people you are too kind to me.' 'Not at all, ſir,' ſaid Rogers, 'we do no more for you, than we would for our worſt enemy.' 'O God,' cried the traveller, 'what will become of me? My ſight fails me, my fleſh trembles, and my joints

joints ach; I freeze and burn at the ſame moment.'

'Poor dear gentleman!' ſaid Betty Rogers, wiping her eyes, 'I am afraid he is going light-headed; do pray, ſir, drink a drop more of the tea,' 'and eat a bit of the toaſt alſo,' anſwered Richard.' 'I dare not taſte it, my good friends,' replied the gentleman, 'for I feel as if it would choke me were I to attempt it; but tell me, I pray, is there not ſome where a text of Scripture which ſays, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirſt, give him drink; for, in ſo doing, thou ſhalt heap coals of fire on his head?"—O Rogers, Rogers, thou wilt ſay indeed thou art heaping coals of fire on my head, when thou art told I am thy wicked uncle Charles!'

Here Rogers and his wife had nearly ſwooned away with aſtoniſhment. 'Then I am heartily glad to ſee you, uncle,' cried Rogers, 'and if you have really done me wrong I forgive you with all my ſoul, as I hope to be forgiven myſelf.' Here Mr. Rogers's grief appeared ſo great, he ſeemed almoſt beſide himſelf. 'But do not be ſurpriſed,' cried he, as ſoon as he could ſpeak, 'to ſee me here; it is not by accident; this is the ſecond attempt I have made, Rogers, to viſit thy humble dwelling; but more of that hereafter.' In about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Rogers, after ſhedding bitter tears, ſpoke as follows:

'My neighbours, Richard, has long believed me to be a very happy man, seeing that I possessed an abundance of the good things of this world, but what man ever yet was happy, who carried secret guilt in his bosom? Thy grandfather, on his death-bed, became duly sensible of his unforgiving spirit towards thy poor father, for no other crime had he committed than having married a woman who brought him no money; he therefore resolved, that the last business of his life should be doing an act of justice towards thee, his only son; accordingly he sent for his attorney, made a new will, bequeathing thee that property which he would have given thy father had he been living; he also desired much to see thee, which I took especial care to prevent, fearing thy youth and innocence would win upon his love. After his decease, by the advice, and with the assistance of his rogue of an attorney, we burnt my father's last will, and produced that which he had made many years before, wherein he had cut thy father off with a shilling. The deed was no sooner done, than I felt, as it were, all the torments of hell raging in my soul, it was done at the very moment his people were laying my aged father's body in the coffin.' Here Mr. Rogers grew so faint he could not go on.

'Merciful Heaven,' cried Richard, with hands and eyes uplifted, 'how covetousness hardens the heart of man! what a safe-guard has my poverty been to me! riches might have ensnared

ſnared my ſoul too.' As ſoon as Mr. Rogers could ſpeak he went on. 'Thou haſt juſt mentioned, Richard, the trial that was brought forward after my father's deceaſe, reſpecting his will, when the attorney to whom I was to pay five hundred pounds for the villainous part he had acted, ſwore he never had made a ſecond will for my father, and I ſwore to the ſame effect; yes, Richard, I ſwore upon the Holy Bible—that Bible which pronounces a deadly curſe on him who ſwears falſly; yea, I called on that eternal God to witneſs a lie, before whom I muſt ſhortly be judged for it, and now my grey hairs are brought to the brink of the grave, I begin to feel, that the ſting of death is ſin; very miſerable has been my life, and very terrible no doubt will be my death. Being now in poſſeſſion of a clear 400l. a year, I began to fancy all things would go proſperouſly and ſwimmingly on; I bought, and I ſold, and no man's traffick ſeemed to turn to better account; but no ſucceſs in life, Richard, could blunt the ſting of guilt within me; when I laid me down to reſt at night, I feared to truſt myſelf to ſleep, leſt I ſhould betray my ſecret; and my very dreams became ſo diſturbed, that the ſervants would often hear my ſcreams at the other end of the houſe. One night I dreamt I was going to be executed for deſtroying a will; and the next I fancied I was going to be tranſported for perjury. All my neighbours believed me to be a happy man, only becauſe they ſaw me a proſpe-

rous one. My covetous deſires were never ſatisfied, and whilſt I went on heaping up guinea upon guinea, my mind was hourly afflicted with the dread of poverty. My wife all of a ſudden grew melancholy, and by an accident ſhe fell into the pond and was drowned; when my ſon came of age I ſettled him on the eſtate, which my father in his will had left to thee; he was a diſſolute young man, and coming home one night very much intoxicated with liquor, he fell acroſs the bed with a lighted candle in his hand, which inſtantly ſet fire to the curtains, and he periſhed in the flames; one of my daughters turned out very vicious, and the other died of a broken heart from the cruel uſage of her huſband. Beſides all theſe trials, I had another very ſevere one from the attorney, who was always racking me for money, and telling me he would turn King's evidence, and impeach me, if ever I refuſed him. At length, without a moment given him for repentance, he was ſuddenly carried off by a paralytic ſtroke. My ſpirits began to revive after his death, as my crime now was known only to myſelf; but peace can never dwell in the guilty boſom. I left off going to church, for there my condemnation ſtared me full in the face. The Ten Commandments were written in golden letters on each ſide of the Altar; then my own wicked conſcience would whiſper me, how many of thoſe ſacred commands I had broken, I had taken the holy name of God in vain, I had profaned

phaned the Sabbath, I had been undutiful to my parents, I HAD BORNE FALSE WITNESS AGAINST MY NEIGHBOUR." At length, however, ſo grievouſly burdened was my conſcience, that I reſolved occaſionally to attend church, hoping it would be a kind of ſpunge to rub out ſome of my ſins. One Sunday I remember our parſon told us in his ſermon there can be no real repentance for ſin, without forſaking it; adding moreover, that if any of his congregation had defrauded his neighbour of aught, he entreated them, if ever they hoped their ſouls would find mercy in the day of grace, that they ſhould make reſtitution, before death ſhould cut them off from the land of the living, ſince there was no repentance in the grave.

Theſe words ſo worked upon my mind, that I fell ſick, and during my illneſs, I called on Heaven to witneſs, that if life were granted me, I would reſtore to thee what I had ſo unjuſtly kept from thee; but as my health returned, ſo did my good reſolutions vaniſh away again; I cheated myſelf with the thought that I might yet enjoy life many years; thus I went on till the reſtleſs working of my conſcience almoſt overpowered me, and having enquired out the place of thy abode, mounted my horſe and ſet out, with the reſolution to diſcover the whole hiſtory of my villainy to thee; but when I came within ſight of thy cottage, I found my principles were not ſtrong enough to bring me to confeſs myſelf a rogue before thee; I turned my

horſe

horſe about, and went home again. I next took to hard drinking to ſtifle reflection, but all would not do, for ſtill the gnawings of a guilty conſcience devoured me; as my health declined, the ſtronger the fear of death came upon me. Again I reſolved once more to go in ſearch of thee, and earneſtly did I pray to God to aſſiſt my endeavours, and the nearer I approached to thy little dwelling, the more was my courage ſtrengthened to proceed. The ſudden fall of ſnow coming on was the cauſe of my being benighted, and miſſing my way I fell into the pit; but ah, Richard, it ſeems as if Heaven had appointed thee to preſerve my life in this world, and my ſoul from deſtruction in the next, by pointing out to me the only path in which a penitent ſinner can tread with ſafety. It is not for mortal man, Richard, to tell what agony of mind I have endured this night: thy kindneſs and that of thy wife nearly overcame me, and I the leſs feared to make a diſcovery of myſelf to thee, when I found every action of thy daily life was governed by the principles of religion: I know Chriſtianity alone can teach men heartily to forgive their enemies.

'O Rogers! Rogers! how bleſt is thy condition, when compared with mine: if thou art poor, thou art honeſt; in addition to a quiet conſcience, thou haſt a healthful and happy family ſmiling around thee. I abound in wealth it is true; but my health is gone, I have loſt my reſt, and I carry in my boſom the ſharp goadings

goadings of a wounded ſpirit which I am unable to bear.'

Here Mr. Rogers finiſhed his truly melancholy hiſtory, at which both Rogers and his wife ſhed abundance of tears, and at the ſame time they did all in their power to comfort him. The next day Rogers attended his uncle home, when he ſent for the clergyman of his pariſh, who was a very experienced Chriſtian; Rogers made a full confeſſion of his guilt to him, hoping he would give him his beſt advice how to fit and prepare himſelf for another world. Mr. Rogers lived but a few weeks after this, and died full of horror at the ſins of his paſt life, and earneſtly imploring mercy from the Saviour of ſinners.

How myſterious are the ways of Providence, who in an inſtant can bring the moſt ſecret plots to light! and how does the eye of God purſue us; "if we ſay peradventure the darkneſs ſhall cover us, then ſhall our night be turned into day; the darkneſs and light to him are both alike."

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER's BURTHENS;

OR, THE

VALLEY OF TEARS.

A VISION.



ONCE upon a time methought I ſet out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name not only on account of the many ſorrowful adventures which poor paſ-

ſengers

ſengers commonly meet with in their journey through it; but alſo becauſe moſt of theſe Travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguiſh. This vaſt valley was full of people of all colours, ages, ſizes, and deſcriptions: but whether white or black, or tawney, all were travelling the ſame road; or rather they were taking different little paths which all led to the ſame common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithſtanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vaſt variety of people, yet all reſembled each other in this one reſpect, that each had a burthen on his back, which he was deſtined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he ſhould arrive, by a longer or ſhorter courſe, at his journey's end. Theſe burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compaſſion for theſe poor Pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the Valley, there were written in great letters the following words,

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

Now I ſaw in my viſion that many of the Travellers hurried on without ſtopping to read this inſcription; and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third ſort thought it very good advice for other people,

people, but very ſeldom applied it to themſelves. In ſhort, I ſaw that too many of theſe people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occaſion to take upon them thoſe of others; ſo each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleaſant as he could, without ſo much as once caſting a thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather ſingular remark, by which I ſhall plainly ſhew the folly of theſe ſelfiſh people. It was ſo ordered and contrived by the Lord of this Valley, that if any one ſtretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment alſo lightened his own. Beſides, the obligation to help each other, and the benefit of doing ſo, were mutual. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that ſome other neighbour came by-and-by and helped him in his turn; for there was no ſuch thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all theſe Travellers, however ſtout and ſtrong, could move on comfortably without aſſiſtance, for ſo the Lord of the Valley, whoſe laws were all of them kind and good, had expreſsly ordained.

I ſtood ſtill to watch the progreſs of theſe poor way-faring people, who moved ſlowly on, like ſo many Ticket-porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which ſome were heavier, and ſome were lighter, but from a bur-

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then of one kind or other, not one Traveller was entirely free.

The Widow.

A ſorrowful Widow, oppreſſed with the burthen of grief for the loſs of an affectionate huſband, would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the ſurviving children with great alacrity ſtepped forward and ſupported her. Their kindneſs, after a while, ſo much lightened the load, which threatened at firſt to be intolerable, that ſhe even went on her way with cheerfulneſs.

The Huſband.

I next ſaw a poor old man tottering under a burthen ſo heavy, that I expected him every moment to ſink under it. I peeped into his pack, and ſaw it was made up of many ſad articles; there was poverty, oppreſſion, ſickneſs, debt, and what made by far the heavieſt part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even ſo well as he did, till I ſpied his wife, a kind, meek, chriſtian woman, who was doing her utmoſt to aſſiſt him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her ſhoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a diſtance. She not only ſuſtained him by her ſtrength, but cheered him by her counſels. She told him that "through much tribulation we muſt enter into reſt;" that "he that overcometh ſhall inherit all

all things." In ſhort, ſhe ſo ſupported his fainting ſpirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was ſet before him."

The kind Neighbour.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen, in which were packed ſickneſs and want, with numberleſs other of thoſe raw materials, out of which human miſery is worked up. She was ſo weak that ſhe could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind aſſiſtance of another woman almoſt as poor as herſelf; who, though ſhe had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow-traveller; who was ſtill more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindneſs is ſoothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other caſes, that it was not ſo much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarſe, rough, clumſy way of aſſiſting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real uſe, yet ſeemed, by galling the travellers, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I obſerved in others that ſo cheap a kindneſs as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that ſome human being cared for him, ſeemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbour. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were

worn out by much uſe. When ſhe ſaw the blind woman ready to faint, ſhe would read her a few words out of this book, ſuch as the following—"Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven." "Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted." "I will never leave thee nor forſake thee." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and one of theſe little promiſes operated like a cordial on the ſufferer.

The Clergyman.

A pious Miniſter, ſinking under the weight of a diſtreſſed pariſh, whoſe worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was ſuddenly relieved by a good widow, who came up and took all the ſick and hungry on her own ſhoulders. The burthen of the pariſh thus divided became tolerable. The Miniſter, being no longer bowed down by the temporal diſtreſſes of his people, applied himſelf cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleaſant to ſee how thoſe two perſons, neither of them very ſtrong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole pariſh; though ſingly, either of them muſt have ſunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not ſee more of this union and concurring kindneſs, by which all the burthens might have been ſo eaſily divided. It troubled

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me to obſerve, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than the law of kindneſs.

The Negroes.

I now ſpied a ſwarm of poor black men, women, and children, a multitude which no man could number; theſe groaned, and toiled, and ſweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet ſeen. But for a while no man helped them; at length a few white travellers were touched with the ſorrowful ſighing of thoſe millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens; but their number was not quite equal to the work they had undertaken. I perceived, however, that they never loſt ſight of thoſe poor heavy-laden wretches, and as the number of theſe generous helpers increaſed, and is continually increaſing, I felt a comfortable hope, that before all the blacks got out of the Valley, the whites would ſo apply themſelves to the burthen, that the loads would be effectually lightened.

Among the travellers, I had occaſion to remark, that thoſe who moſt kicked and ſtruggled under their burthens, only made them ſo much the heavier; for their ſhoulders became extremely galled by thoſe vain ſtruggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers (for ſo the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed) but as to theſe grumblers they had all

the ſmart and none of the benefit. But the thing which made all theſe burthens ſeem ſo very heavy was, that in every one, without exception, there was a certain inner pacquet, which moſt of the travellers took pains to conceal, and carefully wrap up; and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few ſaid a word about this; though in truth it was the preſſing weight of this ſecret pacquet which ſerved to render the general burthen ſo intolerable. In ſpite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it; I found in each that this pacquet had the ſame label; the word *ſin* was written on all as a general title, and in ink ſo black that they could not waſh it out. I obſerved that moſt of them took no ſmall pains to hide the writing; but I was ſurpriſed to ſee that they did not try to get rid of the load, but the label. If any kind friend who aſſiſted theſe people in bearing their burthens, did but ſo much as hint at the ſecret pacquet, or adviſe them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any ſuch article in their portmanteau; and it was thoſe whoſe ſecret pacquet ſwelled to the moſt enormous ſize, who moſt ſtoutly denied they had any ſuch pacquet at all.

I ſaw with pleaſure, however, that ſome who had long laboured heartily to get rid of this inward pacquet, at length by prayers, and tears, and efforts not made in their own ſtrength,

ſtrength, found it much diminiſhed, and the more this pacquet ſhrunk in ſize, the lighter was the other part of their burthens alſo.

Then, methought, all at once, I heard a voice as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out and ſaying, 'Ye unhappy pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which ye are doomed to bear through this Valley of Tears? Know ye not that as ſoon as ye ſhall have eſcaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen ſhall drop off, provided ye neglect not to remove that inward weight of *ſin* which principally oppreſſes you? Study then the whole will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from him how the heavy part of your burthens may now be leſſened, and how at laſt it ſhall be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and Hope may cheer you even in this Valley. The paſſage, though it ſeems long to weary travellers, is comparatively ſhort; for beyond it there is a land of everlaſting reſt, "where ye ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more, where ye ſhall be led by living fountains of waters, and all tears ſhall be wiped away from your eyes." Z.

THE

THE

Strait Gate and the Broad Way,

Being the SECOND PART of the

VALLEY OF TEARS.

NOW I had a ſecond viſion of what was paſſing in the Valley of Tears. Methought I ſaw again the ſame kind of travellers whom I had ſeen in the former part, and they were wandering at large through the ſame vaſt wilderneſs. At firſt ſetting out on his journey, each traveller had a ſmall lamp ſo fixed in his boſom that it ſeemed to make a part of himſelf, but as this *natural light* did not prove to be ſufficient to direct them in the right way, the King of the country, in pity to their wanderings and their blindneſs, out of his gracious condeſcenſion, promiſed to give theſe poor way-faring people an additional ſupply of light from his own royal treaſury. But as he did not chuſe to laviſh his favours where there ſeemed no diſpoſition to receive them, he would not beſtow any of his oil on ſuch as did not think it worth aſking for. "Aſk and ye ſhall have," was the univerſal rule he

laid down for them. Many were prevented from aſking through pride and vanity, for they thought they had light enough already, preferring the feeble glimmerings of their own lamp, to all the offered light from the King's treaſury. Yet it was obſerved of thoſe who rejected it, as thinking they had enough, that hardly any acted up to what even their own natural light ſhewed them. Others were deterred from aſking, becauſe they were told that this light not only pointed out the dangers and difficulties of the road, but by a certain reflecting power, it turned inward on themſelves, and revealed to them ugly ſights in their own hearts, to which they rather choſe to be blind; for thoſe travellers "choſe darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds were evil." Now it was remarkable that theſe two properties were inſeparable, and that the lamp would be of little outward uſe, except to thoſe who uſed it as an internal reflector. A threat and a promiſe alſo never failed to accompany the offer of this light from the King; a promiſe, that to thoſe who improved what they had, more ſhould be given; and a threat, that from thoſe who did not uſe it wiſely, ſhould be taken away even what they had.

I obſerved that when the road was very dangerous; when terrors and difficulties and death beſet the faithful traveller; then, on their fervent importunity, the king voluntarily gave large

large and bountiful ſupplies of light, ſuch as in common ſeaſons never could have been expected; always proportioning the quantity given to the neceſſity of the caſe, "as their day was, ſuch was their light and ſtrength."

Though many choſe to depend entirely on their own lamp, yet it was obſerved that this light was apt to go out if left to itſelf. It was eaſily blown out by thoſe violent guſts which were perpetually howling through the wilderneſs, and indeed it was the natural tendency of that unwholeſome atmoſphere to extinguiſh it, juſt as you have ſeen a candle go out when expoſed to the vapours and foul air of a damp room. It was a melancholy ſight to ſee multitudes of travellers heedleſsly pacing on, boaſting they had light enough, and deſpiſing the offer of more. But what aſtoniſhed me moſt of all was, to ſee many, and ſome of them too accounted men of firſt rate wit, actually buſy in blowing out their own light, becauſe while any ſpark of it remained, it only ſerved to torment them, and point out things which they did not wiſh to ſee. And having once blown out their own light, they were not eaſy till they had blown out that of their neighbours alſo; ſo that a good part of the wilderneſs ſeemed to exhibit a ſort of univerſal *blind-man's buff*, each endeavouring to catch his neighbour, while his own voluntary blindneſs expoſed him to be caught himſelf, ſo that each was actually falling into the ſnare

he was laying for another, till at length, as ſelfiſhneſs is the natural conſequence of blindneſs, 'catch he that catch can,' became the general cry, throughout the wilderneſs.

Now I ſaw in my viſion, that there were ſome others who were buſy in ſtrewing the moſt gaudy flowers over the numerous bogs, precipices, and pit-falls, with which the wilderneſs abounded, and thus making danger and death look ſo gay, that poor thoughtleſs creatures ſeemed to delight in their own deſtruction. Thoſe pit-falls did not appear deep or dangerous to the eye, becauſe over them were raiſed gay edifices with alluring names. Theſe were filled with ſinging men and ſinging women, and with dancing, and feaſting, and gaming, and drinking, and jollity, and madneſs. But though the ſcenery was gay, the footing was unſound. The floors were full of holes, through which the unthinking merry-makers were continually ſinking. Some tumbled through in the middle of a ſong, many at the end of a feaſt; and though there was many a cup of intoxication wreathed with flowers, yet there was always poiſon at the bottom. But what moſt ſurpriſed me was, that though no day paſt over their heads in which ſome of thoſe merry-makers did not drop through, yet their loſs made little impreſſion on thoſe who were left. Nay, inſtead of being awakened to more circumſpection and ſelf-denial by the continual dropping off of

thoſe about them, ſeveral of them ſeemed to borrow from thence an argument of a direct contrary tendency, and the very ſhortneſs of the time was only urged as a reaſon to uſe it more ſedulouſly for the indulgence in ſenſual delights. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." "Let us crown ourſelves with roſe-buds before they are withered." With theſe, and a thouſand other ſuch little mottos, the gay garlands of the wilderneſs were decorated. Some admired poets were ſet to work to ſet the moſt corrupt ſentiments to the moſt harmonious tunes; theſe were ſung without ſcruple, chiefly indeed by the looſer ſons of riot, but not ſeldom alſo by the more orderly daughters of ſobriety, who were not aſhamed to ſing to the ſound of inſtruments, ſentiments ſo corrupt and immoral, that they would have bluſhed to ſpeak or read them; but the muſic ſeemed to ſanctify the corruption, eſpecially ſuch as was connected with love or drinking.

Now I obſerved that all the travellers who had ſo much as a ſpark of light left, ſeemed every now and then, as they moved onwards, to caſt an eye, though with very different degrees of attention, towards the *Happy Land* which they were told lay at the end of their journey; but as they could not ſee very far forward, and as they knew there was a *dark and ſhadowy Valley* which muſt needs be croſſed before they could attain to the *Happy Land*, they tried to turn their attention from it as much

much as they could. The truth is, they were not ſufficiently apt to conſult a map which the king had given them, and which pointed out the road to the happy land ſo clearly, that the "way-faring men, though ſimple, could not err." This map alſo defined very correctly the boundaries of the *Happy Land* from the *Land of Miſery*, both of which lay on the other ſide of the dark and ſhadowy valley; but ſo many beacons and light-houſes were erected, ſo many clear and explicit directions furniſhed for avoiding the one country and attaining the other, that it was not the king's fault, if even one ſingle traveller got wrong. But I am inclined to think that in ſpite of the map, and the king's word, and his offers of aſſiſtance to get them thither, that the travellers in general did not heartily and truly believe, after all, that there was any ſuch country as the *Happy Land*; or at leaſt the paltry and tranſient pleaſures of the wilderneſs ſo beſotted them, the thoughts of dark and ſhadowy valley ſo frightened them, that they thought they ſhould be more comfortable by baniſhing all thought and forecaſt.

Now I alſo ſaw in my dream, that there were two roads through the wilderneſs, one of which every traveller muſt needs take. The firſt was narrow, and difficult, and rough, but it was infallibly ſafe. It did not admit the traveller to ſtray either to the right hand or the left, yet it was far from being deſtitute of real comforts or ſober pleaſures. The other was

a broad

a *broad* and *tempting way*, abounding with luxurious fruits and gaudy flowers to tempt the eye, and please the appetite. To forget this dark valley, through which every traveller was well assured he must one day pass, seemed indeed the object of general desire. To this grand end, all that human ingenuity could invent was industriously set to work. The travellers read and they wrote, and they painted, and they sung, and they danced, and they drank as they went along, not so much because they all cared for these things, or had any real joy in them, as because this restless activity served to divert their attention from ever being fixed on the *dark and shadowy valley*.

The king, who knew the thoughtless temper of the travellers, and how apt they were to forget their journey's end, had thought of a thousand little kind attentions to warn them of their dangers. And as we sometimes see in our gardens written on a board in great letters, BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS—MAN TRAPS ARE SET HERE; so had this king caused to be written and stuck up before the eyes of the travellers, several little notices and cautions, such as, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."—"Take heed, lest ye also perish."—"Woe to them that rise up early to drink wine."—"The pleasures of sin are but for a season," &c. Such were the notices directed to the *broad-way* travellers; but they were so busily engaged in plucking the flowers, some-

times before they were blown, and in devouring the fruits, often before they were ripe, and in loading themſelves with *yellow clay*, under the weight of which millions periſhed, that they had no time ſo much as to look at the king's directions. Many went wrong becauſe they preferred a merry journey to a ſafe one, and becauſe they were terrified by certain notices chiefly intended for the *narrow way* travellers, ſuch as, "ye ſhall weep and lament, but the world ſhall rejoice:" but had theſe fooliſh people allowed themſelves time or patience to read to the end, which they ſeldom would do, they would have ſeen theſe comfortable words added, "but your ſorrow ſhall be turned into joy;" alſo, "your joy no man taketh from you; and they that ſow in tears ſhall reap in joy."

Now I alſo ſaw in my dream, that many travellers who had a ſtrong dread of ending at the *Land of Miſery*, walked up to the *Strait Gate*, hoping that though the entrance was narrow, yet if they could once get in, the road would widen; but what was their grief, when on looking more cloſely they ſaw written on the inſide, "narrow is the way;" this made them take fright; they compared the inſcriptions with which the whole way was lined, ſuch as, "be ye not conformed to this world—deny yourſelves, take up your croſs," with all the tempting pleaſures of the wilderneſs. Some indeed recollect

recollected the fine deſcriptions they had read of the *Happy Land*, the *Golden City*, and the *River of Pleaſures*, and they ſighed: but then, thoſe joys were diſtant, and from the faintneſs of their light they ſoon got to think that what was remote might be uncertain, and while the preſent good encreaſed in bulk by its nearneſs, the diſtant good receded, diminiſhed, diſappeared. Their faith failed; they would truſt no farther than they could ſee; they drew back and got into the *Broad Way*, taking a common but ſad refuge in the number and gaiety of their companions. When theſe faint-hearted people, who yet had ſet out well, turned back, their light was quite put out, and then they became worſe than thoſe who had made no attempt to get in. "For it is impoſſible, that is, it is next to impoſſible, for thoſe who were once enlightened, and have taſted of the heavenly gift, and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

A few honeſt humble travellers not naturally ſtronger than the reſt, but ſtrengthened by their truſt in the king's word, came up by the light of their lamps, and meekly entered in at the *Strait Gate*. As they advanced farther they felt leſs heavy, and though the way did not in reality grow wider, yet they grew reconciled to the narrowneſs of it, eſpecially when they ſaw the walls here and there ſtudded with cer-

tain jewels called *promiſes*, ſuch as, "he that endureth to the end ſhall be ſaved." And "my grace is ſufficient for you." Some, when they were almoſt ready to faint, were encouraged by ſeeing that many niches in the *Narrow Way* were filled with ſtatues and pictures of ſaints and martyrs, who had borne their teſtimony at the ſtake, that the *Narrow Way* was the ſafe way; and theſe travellers, inſtead of ſinking at the ſight of the painted wheel and gibbet, the ſword and the furnace, were animated by theſe words written under them, "thoſe that wear white robes came out of great tribulation," and, "be ye followers of thoſe who through faith and patience inherit the promiſes."

In the mean time there came a great multitude of travellers, all from Laodicea; this was the largeſt party I had yet ſeen; theſe were *neither hot nor cold*; they would not give up future hope, they could not endure preſent pain; ſo they contrived to deceive themſelves, by fancying that though they reſolved to keep the *Happy Land* in view, yet there muſt needs be many different ways which led to it, no doubt all equally ſure, without being all equally rough; ſo they ſet on foot certain little contrivances to attain the end without uſing the means, and ſoftened down the ſpitit of the king's directions to fit them to their own practice. Sometimes they would ſplit a direction in two, and only uſe that half which ſuited them.

them. For inſtance, when they met with the following rule, "truſt in the Lord and be doing good," they would take the firſt half, and make themſelves eaſy with a general ſort of truſt, that through the mercy of the king all would go well with them, though they themſelves did nothing; and on the other hand, many made ſure that a few good works of their own would do their buſineſs, and carry them ſafely to the *Happy Land*, though they did *not* truſt in the Lord, nor place any faith in his word. Thus ſome periſhed by a lazy faith, and others by a working pride. A large party of Phariſees now appeared, who had ſo neglected their lamp that they did not ſee their way at all, though they fancied themſelves to be full of light; they kept up appearances ſo well as to delude others, and moſt effectually to delude themſelves with a notion that they might be found in the right way at laſt. In this dreadful deluſion they went on to the end, and till they were finally plunged in the dark valley, never diſcovered the horrors which awaited them on the diſmal ſhore. It was remarkable that while theſe Phariſees were often boaſting how bright their light burnt, in order to get the praiſe of men, the humble travellers, whoſe ſteady light ſhowed their good works to others, refuſed all commendation, and the brighter their light ſhined before men, ſo much the more they inſiſted that they ought

to glory not themſelves, but their father which is in heaven.

I now ſet myſelf to obſerve what was the particular lett, moleſtation, and hindrance, which obſtructed particular travellers in their endeavours to enter in at the Srait Gate. I remarked a huge portly man who ſeemed deſirous of getting in, but he carried about him ſuch a vaſt proviſion of bags full of gold, and had on ſo many rich garments, which ſtuffed him out ſo wide, that though he puſhed and ſqueezed, like one who had really a mind to get in, yet he could not poſſibly do ſo. Then I heard a voice crying, "woe to him that loadeth himſelf with thick clay." The poor man felt ſomething was wrong, and even went ſo far as to change ſome of his more cumberſome vanities into others which ſeemed leſs bulky, but ſtill he and his pack were much too wide for the gate. He would not however give up the matter ſo eaſily, but began to throw away a little of the coarſer part of his baggage, but ſtill I remarked that he threw away none of the vanities which lay near his heart. He tried again, but it would not do; ſtill his dimenſions were too large. He now looked up and read theſe words, "how hardly ſhall thoſe who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The poor man ſighed to find that it was impoſſible to enjoy his fill of both worlds, and "went away ſorrowing." If he ever afterwards caſt a thought towards

wards the *Happy Land*, it was only to regret that the road which led to it was too narrow to admit any but the meagre children of want, who were not ſo encumbered by wealth as to be too big for the paſſage. Had he read on, he would have ſeen that "with God all things are poſſible."

Another advanced with much confidence of ſucceſs, for having little worldly riches or honours, the gate did not ſeem ſo ſtrait to him. He got to the threſhold triumphantly, and ſeemed to look back with diſdain on all that he was quitting. He ſoon found, however, that he was ſo bloated with pride, and ſtuffed out with ſelf-ſufficiency, that he could not get in. Nay, he was in a worſe way than the rich man juſt named; for *he* was willing to throw away ſome of his outward luggage, whereas this man refuſed to part with a grain of that vanity and ſelf-applauſe which made him too big for the way. The ſenſe of his own worth ſo ſwelled him out that he ſtuck faſt in the gateway, and could neither get in nor out. Finding now that he muſt cut off all thoſe big thoughts of himſelf if he wiſhed to be reduced to ſuch a ſize as to paſs the gate, he gave up all thoughts of it. He ſcorned that humility and ſelf-denial which might have ſhrunk him down to the proper dimenſions; the more he inſiſted on his own qualifications for entrance, the more impoſſible it became,

became, for the bigger he grew. Finding that he must become quite another manner of man before he could hope to get in, he gave up the desire; and I now saw that though when he set his face towards the *Happy Land* he could not get an inch forward, yet the instant he made a motion to turn back into the world, his speed became rapid enough, and he got back into the *Broad Way* much sooner than he had got out of it.

Many, who for a time were brought down from their usual bulk by some affliction, seemed to get in with ease. They now thought all their difficulties over, for having been surfeited with the world during their late disappointment, they turned their backs upon it willingly enough. A fit of sickness perhaps, which is very apt to *reduce*, had for a time brought their bodies into subjection, so that they were able just to get in at the gateway; but as soon as health and spirits returned, the way grew narrower and narrower to them; they could not get on, but turned short, and got back into the world. I saw many attempt to enter who were stopped short by a large burden of worldly cares; others by a load of idolatrous attachments; but I observed that nothing proved a more complete bar than that vast bundle of prejudices with which multitudes were loaded. Others were fatally obstructed by loads of bad habits which they would not lay down, though they knew it prevented

vented their entrance. Some few, however, of moſt deſcriptions, who had kept their *light* alive by craving conſtant ſupplies from the king's treaſury, got through at laſt by a ſtrength which they felt not to be their own. One poor man, who carried the largeſt bundle of bad habits I had ſeen, could not get on a ſtep; he never ceaſed, however, to implore for light enough to ſee where his miſery lay; he threw down one of his bundles, then another, but all to little purpoſe; ſtill he could not ſtir. At laſt, *ſtriving as if in agony*, (which is the true way of entering) he threw down the heavieſt article in his pack; this was *ſelfiſhneſs*: the poor fellow felt relieved at once, his light burnt brightly, and the reſt of his pack was as nothing.

Then I heard a great noiſe as of carpenters at work. I looked what this might be, and ſaw many ſturdy travellers, who finding they were too bulky to get through, took it into their heads not to reduce themſelves, but to widen the gate; they hacked on this ſide, and hewed on that; but all their hacking, and hewing, and hammering, was to no purpoſe, they got only their labour for their pains: it would have been poſſible for them to have reduced themſelves, but to widen the narrow way was impoſſible.

What grieved me moſt was, to obſerve that many who had got on ſucceſsfully a good way, now ſtopped to reſt, and to admire their own pro-

progreſs. While they were thus valuing themſelves on their attainments, their light diminiſhed. While theſe were boaſting how far they had left others behind, who had ſet out much earlier, ſome ſlower travellers, whoſe beginning had not been ſo promiſing, but who had walked circumſpectly, now outſtripped them. Theſe laſt walked, "not as though they had already attained; but this one thing they did, forgetting the things which were behind, they puſhed forward toward the mark for the prize of their high calling." Theſe, though naturally weak, yet *by laying aſide every weight, finiſhed the race that was before them.* Thoſe who had kept their "light burning," who were not "wiſe in their own conceit," who "laid their help on one that is mighty," who had "choſen to ſuffer affliction rather than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon," came at length to the *Happy Land.* They had indeed the *Dark and Shadowy Valley* to croſs; but even there they found a *rod and a ſtaff* to comfort them. Their light, inſtead of being put out by the damps of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, often burnt with added brightneſs. Some indeed ſuffered the terrors of a ſhort eclipſe; but even then their light, like that of a dark lanthorn, was not put out, it was only hid for a while; and even theſe often finiſhed their courſe with joy. But be that as it might, the inſtant they reached the *Happy Land*, all tears were wiped from

their

their eyes, and the king himself came forth and welcomed them into his presence, and put a crown upon their heads, with these words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

Z.

THE

HUBBUB;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF FARMER RUSSEL,

THE HARD-HEARTED OVERSEER.

THE oldeſt man living at Compton-Aſhby, cannot call to mind ſuch another Hubbub as that which happened there ſome months ago, on the common, juſt before the poor-houſe door. A number of men, women, and children, had formed a ring round one farmer Ruſſel, a ſullen, down-looking fellow, whom no one loved, and every one feared; for his love of money had led him to be hard-hearted, and his power over the poor had made him indulge his natural inſolence. Never was there ſuch a hiſſing, and hooting, and hallooing heard. Many of theſe people had been grievouſly oppreſſed by the farmer, and now they had him in their power, they ſeemed reſolved to ſhew him little mercy.

Betty Jobbins beat the frying-pan with the key of the door, Sally Gore pounded the peſtle and mortar, Nelly Shepſton rung the warming-

pan,

pan, Dick Devonſhire blew the ram's-horn, whilſt Nick Stafford, and others, jingled the ſheeps' bells.

It ſo happened that one Mr. Britton rode up at the inſtant, to enquire what was the matter, of two poor women who were ſitting in the porch of the poor-houſe. One of them, Amy Talbot, ſeemed to be about ſixty years of age, but time had not cured Amy of goſſiping, or taught her to mend her cloaths. As ſhe had no turn for induſtry in her youth, ſhe ſoon ate and drank up the little property left her by her parents, which might now have afforded her a comfortable maintenance; but no, Amy's tongue was always abuſive and always buſy; if her fingers had been as active, ſhe would have been the moſt notable body in the country. Wherever there was a goſſiping in the pariſh, thither ran Amy, with her rags flying about her like a ſcare-crow in a cherry-tree. Her ſkin, which was quite tawny, was never waſhed; her hair had worked itſelf through the holes of her mob, half the border of which was loſt, and the flaps of her old cloak were always flying behind her; the pigs had one day eaten a hole through her hat as it lay on the ground, and a piece which was left, now hung over her eye like a black patch; her petticoats were all tatters, and her gown reached but little below her knees; it had been torn away bit by bit, till it was ravelled out to the above dimenſions; her ſtockings had no feet, and her feet were ſlipped into a miſerable pair

of

of ſhoes, which ſhe had not taken the trouble to draw up at heel, even when they were new; in one hand ſhe clenched her rags together, whilſt with the other ſhe held a ſhort pipe in her mouth, reſting her elbow on her knee, as ſhe ſat croſs-legged.

The other poor woman, whoſe name was Apſley, was of a very different caſt from Amy; ſhe was the picture of cleanlineſs, and good houſewifery; ſhe was mending her apron, which, though very coarſe, was as white as the driven ſnow. This good woman never ſat at the door to take the air but ſhe was doing ſomething; 'it is a duty,' ſhe would ſay, 'to turn our time to the beſt account we can;' and when her other employment was over, ſhe would read a chapter in her Bible. Mr. Britton aſked her what occaſioned the uproar, and at the ſame time ſlipped half a crown into her hand, giving afterwards only a few halfpence to Amy, which he thought was more than ſuch a dirty woman deſerved.

'Why, ſir,' cried Amy, pocketing her pence, 'I'll tell you all how and about it: don't you ſee that ſulky ill-looking fellow of a farmer, ſo hooted at by the people? he is a fine rare cruſty old blade, and has hectored over the pariſh at a fine rate; he is always at law with the Parſon about tithes, and with his neighbours upon the ſlighteſt provocation; beſides, ſir, he is Overſeer of the poor, and a poor time we have had on't, but, thanks be praiſed, 'tis come home to

the

the wretch at laſt.' Then ſhe fell to hooting and hiſſing, till ſhe foamed at the mouth again; which having wiped off with the corner of her gown, ſhe ſaid, 'Now, ſir, I'll tell you; that fellow's ſtomach has been well filled with every thing of the beſt, whilſt he has ſtarved poor we almoſt to death; but 'tis likely to come home to him at laſt, and he may chance to ſwing for it, and then we ſhall all be revenged of him;' and again ſhe fell to clapping her hands.

'Prithee, Amy,' replied dame Apſley very calmly, 'don't give way to ſuch evil tempers; we have been hardly uſed by the farmer to be ſure, but if we are Chriſtians, we muſt learn to forget and forgive.' 'If ever I forgive the villain,' cried Amy, knocking the duſt out of her pipe, 'may I never get another quartern of tobacco; revenge is ſweet, ſir, revenge is ſweet.'

'To an unchriſtian temper I grant it is,' ſaid Mr. Britton, 'but revenge is the worſt paſſion that can enter the human breaſt, it is the very ſpirit of Satan. We are taught to "pray for them which deſpitefully uſe us."'

'It is a very fine remark truly, ſir,' ſaid dame Apſley; 'for, to my thinking, a man who is always nurſing up an evil paſſion in his boſom, is as if he cheriſhed a ſerpent there, which muſt ſting him to death at laſt; yet, ſir, I muſt be bold to ſay, much as I want money, I would not accept of farmer Ruſſel's fortune, if I muſt take up the heavy burden of his crimes into the bargain.'

bargain.' 'Ah! dame, dame,' interrupted Amy, 'preach as you pleaſe, I am glad at heart 'tis come home to the villain at laſt; things can't go on worſe with us.'

'Nor perhaps much better,' anſwered dame Apſley, 'for, after all, 'tis a very unthankful office to have much to do with poor people, eſpecially if they have not the fear of God before their eyes; becauſe then they are abuſive, and ungrateful to thoſe who are guardians over them; for the matter of that, Amy, have we not ſeveral old people in this poor-houſe, who have been drunken, idle, blaſpheming people all their lives; and though we live ſo near to the church, not one of them has ſeen the inſide of it for many years paſt, unleſs when there has been Chriſtmas gifts or money to be given away; but I think if I were the parſon, Amy, every Lord's-day I would drive the whole poſſe into church before me, if they were able to ſet one foot before another.' 'My good woman,' ſaid Mr. Britton, 'I am mightily pleaſed to ſee how uſefully you employ your time, for you have continued your work ever ſince we have been chatting together.' 'Time, ſir, is the gift of God, and I muſt account to him for it; beſides, ſir, often when I am buſily employed at my needle, I can ponder on ſome text of Scripture, and I can ſay with king David, "As for me, when I am poor and in heavineſs, thy help, O God, ſhall lift me up." Now, ſir, although I am very poor, that is no reaſon why I ſhould

not

not be very clean; if my cloathing be coarſe, that is no excuſe for its being ragged; and if I am lame in my feet, that is no cauſe for my fingers being idle; beſides, ſir, a ſtitch in time ſaves nine, and I frequently get a ſhilling by mending ſtays, or quilting of ſervants' petticoats, when my health will permit.'

'Ah! well,' interrupted Amy, 'I never had the heart to work, unleſs I were better paid for it. But I ſay, dame; I will ſay, that I am glad at heart farmer Ruſſel is in hold at laſt; *live*, and *let live*, is my notion of the thing; but no, he went on from day to day, cribbing and ſcraping ſomething out of every body; and no ſooner did he get a little uppiſh in the world, than he took no more account of poor we, than if we had been ſo many hedge-hogs, for all he was born and bred amongſt us; but for the matter of that, he han't been much kinder to his own family, for you muſt know, ſir, his bitter temper cauſed his only ſon to run away from him, nor has any tale or tidings ever been heard of him.' Here again Amy began hiſſing and hooting the farmer, inſomuch that Mr. Britton began to think he ſhould never get at the end of the ſtory.

'Now, ſir,' cried Amy at laſt, while ſhe filled her pipe, 'now I have got breath again, I'll tell you all how and about it. You muſt know laſt hard winter, ſir, when bread was ſo dear, and coals were ſo ſcarce, farmer Ruſſel would not let the pariſh be at the expence of mending the thatch

thatch on this poor-houſe, ſo that when the ſnow melted, it ran in ſtreams down on dame's bed, by which ſhe loſt the uſe of her limbs, and ſhe has hobbled with crutches ever ſince; yet ſhe, fooliſh woman, ſeldom complains; but off ſhe goes to her Bible for comfort, juſt as another body would to a glaſs of gin, or a pot of beer, when things go amiſs.'

'The troubles of life,' ſaid dame Apſley, 'are but as ſhadows which paſs away; but the Chriſtian's reſt will be eternal; and certain I am, ſir, my weak nature would often have given way to ſinful murmurings, but for the gracious promiſe of better things in the life to come.' 'O! ſir,' continued ſhe, 'I have found it much more for my ſoul's good to bleſs Heaven for what I have, than to murmur for what I have not; though, to be ſure, I have ſeen better days,' wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

'Indeed has ſhe, ſir,' cried Amy, 'for dame's huſband was a man well to paſs in the world; he rented a ſmall farm, and was accounted one of the moſt induſtrious men in the country; and as to dame herſelf, up early and down late was her maxim; when all of a ſudden comes that ſame knaviſh ſcoundrel there, farmer Ruſſel, and takes farmer Apſley's eſtate over his head, who was ſoon after obliged to take up with day-labouring to maintain his family: by-and-by ſickneſs came on, want followed next, farmer Ruſſel ſeized farmer Apſley's goods for a little debt, and at the end of a long fit of ſickneſs, he and his whole family

family were brought here to the poor-houſe, where the man ſoon after died of a broken heart; and yet, Sir, dame is for forgiving the farmer all this; more fool ſhe!'

'That I do,' replied ſhe, 'ſince my bleſſed Saviour not only forgave his enemies, but prayed to his Heavenly Father to forgive them alſo; and I ſhould read my Bible to little profit, Amy, if I learnt nothing from ſo bright an example; beſides, Sir, it is the only condition on which I can expect the forgiveneſs of my own ſins. But, good Sir,' ſaid ſhe, turning to Mr. Britton, 'your patience muſt be quite tired not to be yet made aquainted with all the Hubbub yonder; but moſt folks are ſo fond of telling their own ſtories, that they do not think of other people. There is, Sir, a poor ſoldier found dead this morning in the next pariſh, and it is thought that farmer Ruſſel has had ſome concern in the matter, ſo the people are now going to carry him before a juſtice to be examined.'

'And I hope he will be hanged—I hope he will be hanged,' cried Amy, clapping her hands;' 'and I hope he will live to repent,' cried dame Apſley, wiping her eyes. Mr. Britton's curioſity was now raiſed, and he attended the mob to the juſtice's.

Juſtice Carter was an upright gentleman, juſt ſuch a man as a juſtice of the peace ought to be. Before he adminiſtered an oath to an ignorant perſon; 'Think a moment, my friend,' he would ſay, 'before you kiſs this book, whether

you can ſtand to the truth of what you are going to ſwear, when you are called to be judged for it before the God of heaven and earth.' No temptation could ever prevail on his worſhip unjuſtly to favour any man; the laws, he ſaid, muſt take their courſe; if they were found ſevere, he did not make them: it was his duty to adminiſter them.

'And, pleaſe your Worſhip,' cried one Jones, who ſeemed to be the ring-leader of the mob, 'we all hope that you will now take revenge for us on the farmer, for all the ſpiteful tricks he has played us.'

'I ſhould make but an ill uſe of power, Jones,' replied the juſtice, 'if I were to do any thing from heat or paſſion; if the law acquits farmer Ruſſel, I ſhall readily diſmiſs him.'

'Well, to be ſure,' cried the people all in a breath, 'your Worſhip muſt be a very fine Chriſtian to forget and forgive at this rate, for to our certain knowledge the farmer has been a plague to you yourſelf theſe ten years, ſneering at you many times; and ſaying, "that neither you nor the law could take hold of him."—'Now, do not you ſee,' replied the Juſtice, 'that all that has nothing to do with the preſent matter?'

Then turning over a great book as big as a church Bible, the witneſs was called, who depoſed upon oath, that the laſt evening juſt between light and dark, he ſaw farmer Ruſſel dragging a poor ſoldier-like looking man over Compton-bridge, clear out of his own pariſh into

into the next; that he there laid him down by the ſide of the ditch; that at firſt he, the witneſs, believed the man to be dead; but that in a ſhort time he found the poor fellow had only fainted through weakneſs; that the witneſs had lent the poor ſoldier all the aſſiſtance in his power; but that he was obliged ſoon after to leave him to follow his cattle.'

Here the witneſs's evidence cloſed. 'And could you,' ſaid the Juſtice to farmer Ruſſel, 'drag a poor dying traveller into another pariſh in this barbarous manner? In order to ſave your own pariſh a trifling expence, you did not ſcruple to riſk the life of this poor traveller. You thought, indeed, that the darkneſs concealed you; but remember, though it ſeemed dark, yet the broad eye of the Almighty, who never ſlumbereth nor ſleepeth, was upon you.'

The farmer then, in a ſurly tone, replied, that the man had no buſineſs in his pariſh; and that as for himſelf, no one could ſay he was unkind to the poor, for he paid three times as much to the poor-rates as any man in the pariſh, (the Lord of the Manor only excepted.) 'And reaſon good,' cried ragged Amy, who had followed the mob; 'becauſe you are the greateſt renter in it; for by diſhoneſt practices you have got all the ſmall farms into your own hands; but, farmer, no one has heard you ever gave a penny out of your own pocket to the poor when the laws did not compel you, ſo no thanks to your charity. And, pleaſe your Worſhip, every

one here knows, that whenever a kind gentleman and lady ſent a few ſhillings to be divided amongſt us, if the farmer heard of it he would ſtop our pay till that was ſpent.'

Both the Juſtice and Mr. Britton quite ſhuddered at this act of cruelty, and every one preſent hoped his Worſhip would not fail to take ample revenge on the farmer.

'My friends,' ſaid the Juſtice again, 'if my breaſt harboured revenge againſt any man, I ſhould be unfit for a magiſtrate; did you never ſee the picture of Juſtice painted in my great hall? ſhe is there repreſented as holding a pair of ſcales with the balance quite even.'

The Juſtice, wiſhing to know ſome more circumſtances about the man's death, the whole poſſé now moved off to the place where the corpſe lay, attended by Mr. Britton; by the way they accuſed the farmer of every crime; ſome of which he had not, and others which he had, committed. 'Ah!' ſaid one, 'Who ſold cider for the very beſt, when it was proved it had been half filled up with water?'—'Who,' ſaid another, 'ſold his hay-ricks, all warranted good, and when they were cut open they were found crammed with muſty ſtuff, fit only for littering of cattle?'—'And who,' cried a third, 'carried the beſt ſamples of wheat to the market, and afterwards fobbed the buyer off with the very worſt?'—'And who,' bawled out a fourth, 'turned his own child out of doors, and mayhap murdered him; for no tidings have been heard of him ſince?'

Much

Much after this manner they went on; till ſoon after the coroner pronounced a verdict of of "natural death," no marks of violence being found upon the body. The farmer now brightened up at once, and, ſticking his hands in his waiſt-coat pockets, he caſt a malignant grin of triumph on all around him; 'Now touch me if you dare,' cried he, 'but if my name be Ruſſel, I'll have my revenge of every man and woman's child of you; and I'll ſpend a thouſand pounds at law, but I'll be a match for ſome of you. I'll lay an action againſt you, John Hoſkins, for defamation; you have accuſed me with the murder of my own child; now prove your words if you can.' Poor Hoſkins turned as pale as death, well knowing the farmer's unforgiving temper.

Here ſome one on ſearching the pocket of the deceaſed, was ſurpriſed to find in it a letter not ſealed, directed to farmer Ruſſel, of Compton Aſhby. The letter was offered to the farmer, but he refuſed to take it, having always thought it unlucky to touch any thing belonging to the dead, for the cruel are naturally ſuperſtitious. The people then requeſted Mr. Britton to read it aloud, which he at length conſented to do.

LETTER.

"Honoured Father,

"This comes to you, from your ever dutiful, but unfortunate ſon, James Ruſſel."

Here the ſhouts of the people were ſo clamorous, that Mr. Britton could not go on reading; every one preſſed round the body, and after examing the face for a moment, they one and all cried out in a breath. 'Tis Jemmy Ruſſel, 'tis Jemmy Ruſſel, as ſure as eggs are eggs; we can't be miſtaken by the cut acroſs his right eye.'—'O, you hard hearted wretch!' ſaid Hoſkins, ſhaking his clenched fiſt at the farmer, (who gave a deep groan, and turned as white as a ſheet,) 'will you have the law of me now, becauſe I ſaid you killed your ſon, you cruel monſter?' Mr. Britton here interfered, and ſaid, let me adviſe you, good folks, to hear the letter read through and ſtop your tongues a moment.'

"My dear father, I have faithfully ſerved his Majeſty King George in his wars for many years; but falling at length into the ſame diſorder of which my poor mother died, the conſumption, my commanding officer, who has behaved like a father to me, has kindly granted me a furlow, to try what my native air will do for me, giving me at the ſame time a golden guinea out of his own pocket to bear my expences on the road, he having always taken a great fancy to me, ſeeing as how I ever made it my delight to obey him. So I began my march homeward, although with great fear and trembling, pondering in my mind the laſt words I ever heard you ſpeak;

ſpeak; which were, "That you wiſhed I might drop down dead if I ever dared to darken your doors again;" and calling down heavy curſes on yourſelf if ever you forgave me; and now, as my offence, dear father, was but a ſlight one, and much have I repented of it, and much ſhall we all have to be forgiven when we ſhall appear before God in judgment, ſo I humbly truſt you will receive me kindly when you ſee how ſick, and how very weak I am. I have fallen down once or twice on the road, and having ſpent all my money, have been for two days living by charity. I, therefore, write theſe few lines from the Swan at Bridgewater, where I have ſtopped, in order that they may, in caſe I ſhould not be able to reach home alive, be ſent to you after my death. Oh, my dear father! my hour glaſs is almoſt run, and death will now be welcome to me, for my life has been little elſe than pain and ſorrow. O! father, nothing becomes a Chriſtian-man like ſorrow for ſin, even when he is ſound in health, and his worldly concerns flouriſhing round him. Pray, dear father, think of theſe things. Although this life is nearly over with me, yet I have a comfortable hope and truſt in my Saviour, that the joys of the next will ſoon open upon me.

"Farewell, for ever, my dear and honoured father; ſhould we meet no more in this world, I humbly pray we may meet in the next. I beg pardon for all my faults, and

with my dying breath ſubſcribe myſelf, your ever dutiful ſon,

JAMES RUSSEL."

Many tears were ſhed whilſt Mr. Britton read the letter. 'My good friends,' ſaid he, when he had finiſhed it, 'let me now give you a word of advice: Whenever a ſick and poor traveller, (and eſpecially when a brave Britiſh ſoldier or ſailor, who has ſhed his blood in fighting for you in foreign parts, and is, perhaps, eſcaped from an enemy's priſon,) knocks at your door to aſk for charity, do not refuſe him a cup of beer, or a plentiful ſlice of bread and cheeſe; to you who abound it is little, to him it may be much; and henceforward let us all learn to look upon every man in diſtreſs as a child or a brother, and let us do by him as we would wiſh to be done by, if we were in his condition. As for you, farmer Ruſſel,' continued he, 'no reproof from me is wanting, for the event that has happened is of itſelf the moſt bitter of all reproofs.'

'O, my ſon! my ſon!' at length, cried the farmer, (wringing his hands, and tearing his hair with grief,) 'my own curſes have brought on my own deſtruction! Wretch! wretch that I am!' (here atttempting to riſe, he ſunk down by the body of his ſon, and then fell into ſuch ſtrong convulſion fits, that ſix of the ſtouteſt men preſent could not hold him: his limbs were diſtorted,

diſtorted, his face turned black, his eyes looked as if they were burſting out of this head; ſo dreadful, indeed, was his ſituation, that thoſe who but a moment before hated and reviled him, were now ready to pity him. 'What an affecting ſight,' ſaid Mr. Britton, 'have we now before us! God grant that it may prove a leſſon to us all. It was but a few moments ago that this miſerable man, who now lies ſtruggling in the toils of death before you, was proudly rejoicing that he had eſcaped the laſh of the law, and threatening others with its vengeance.'

The farmer's waggon now arrived to carry him home, and it was a moſt moving ſight, to ſee it followed by the corpſe of his ſon. A doctor was ſent for, who the moment he ſaw the farmer, ſaid he feared he could do nothing for him. Mr. Britton watched by him all night, and when the fits went off for a few minutes, he was heard thus to mutter to himſelf.

'Of what uſe to me are all the riches in the world, now the afflicting hand of Heaven is upon me! My puniſhment is great, great alſo has been my crime.—I ſuffered my own child to periſh for want, whilſt I was in plenty, and now my own hand has helped to kill him. How hard alſo have I been to the poor; the Lord has ſmitten me for it! The curſes I have often uttered againſt them are now come upon myſelf. In my proſperity I forgot God, and now in my calamity he has forſaken me. I muſt die! The

jaws of deſtruction ſeem opening to devour me; and hell hath no covering!'

After this, the farmer uttered nothing to be underſtood, though he languiſhed near three weeks in a ſtate of miſery, which excited the pity of all who ſaw him, and then expired, a dreadful inſtance of the juſt judgment of God.

S.

THE

TROUBLES OF LIFE;

OR THE

GUINEA AND THE SHILLING.

"MAN is born to trouble as the ſparks fly upward." It is not every one, however, that believes this melancholy truth. Young people, eſpecially, are apt to imagine that the world is full of pleaſure and enjoyment; their hearts beat high with expectation as they enter into it; they truſt that all their ſchemes will anſwer, and they ſeldom calculate on trials, loſſes, and diſappointments. I propoſe here, in the firſt place, to preſent to my young and ſanguine readers the picture of a few of the chief troubles of life which are often too much concealed from them. The view of theſe may ſerve, perhaps, to cool a little the wonted ardor of youth; and to prepare the inexperienced mind for ſcenes which it may by-and-by chance to ſee realized.

But now in what way ſhall I enter on the vaſt field that is before me? for when I take

up human ſorrows as my ſubject, methinks I ſee a thouſand forms of miſery preſent themſelves before me. I will begin with one of thoſe ſorts of miſery which are the moſt common. I mean thoſe which great poverty brings with it.

THE POOR LABOURER.

Reader, thou art one, as I will ſuppoſe, who heretofore, by dint of hard work, didſt provide thyſelf with bread, and didſt even lay up for a time ſome trifling ſtore; but now thy family has grown large; thy wife, dear woman! hath brought thee twins laſt year: thine own health has alſo begun rather to decline, ſo that as thy charges increaſe, thy means of living grow ſmaller and ſmaller: thou art not yet reduced to actual want, but thou art in dread of it, for the ſlender ſtock which thou haſt got together, is now waſting day by day: already poverty begins to ſtare thee in the face; already thou haſt pawned a ſpoon, or a piece of leſs neceſſary furniture, or perhaps a Sunday-coat, and in another week thou muſt part with thy wife's cloak, and perhaps an upper-blanket alſo: thou doſt hope, indeed, to redeem the more needful articles, but it is very doubtful whether thou wilt ever do it; thou ſeemeſt to be deſcending gently, by the ſame way that many have trod before thee, down into the workhouſe; or, if ſome friendly hand forbid not, perhaps into a dreadful jail.

We

We will now draw a picture of that diſtreſs to obtain a living, which is common in a little higher life.

THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER.

It may be thou art one, who having married a year or two ago, didſt then ſet out merrily in the world, in ſome little ſhop fitted up on the occaſion, and every pound, as thou didſt then calculate, would produce by this time another pound by due diligence in thy calling. The little ſubſtance which thy deceaſed father left thee, and thy wife brought thee, were put together for a capital; from which were to ariſe theſe ample profits of the ſhop;—but, alas! the war has happened; trade is grown dull; thou haſt gone into it at a wrong time, or haſt choſen a wrong branch of commerce; thou didſt turn dealer in ſilks juſt when the ſilk trade began declining; in gauzes, which went out of faſhion in the ſame year; or in hair-powder, and now the uſe of it is taxed; or thou haſt hired, perhaps, a large houſe for the ſake of having with it a better ſhop, meaning to let a part in lodgings, and to live with thy little family in one ſnug corner of it; but thou haſt failed in getting lodgers; thy cuſtomers alſo pay but ſlowly, ſo that thou art no longer punctual in ſatisfying thy own engagements: thou waſt obliged, the other day, to borrow a ſmall ſum of an old truſty friend: but under promiſe of ſecrecy, leſt it ſhould

hurt

hurt thy credit; and yeſterday thou didſt apply to a ſecond friend in like manner, but he was low in purſe, he was borrowing at that time himſelf, or he was engaged juſt then; in ſhort, he did not care to truſt thee:—thou muſt try a third friend to-day, and if he fails thee thou muſt break perhaps to-morrow; thou haſt been going on for months in the ſame daily dread of bankruptcy, and yet thou art counted to live in comfort, for thou carrieſt about with thee a cheerful look; in thy face ſits ſmiling plenty, and eaſe, and comfort, and ſatisfaction, and thy ſhop ſhines with it's uſual luſtre; for it is thus thou ſtriveſt to uphold thy credit, ſo that thou doſt bear thy part with many others, in ſpreading over the world an outward ſhow of happineſs and proſperity, but at the ſame time there is grief, and pain, and gnawing care, and fear and conſternation in thy heart.

Nor ought we to think that all thoſe even are free from keen anxiety about the means of living, who ſeem to be placed out of the reach of real poverty, and whoſe bread, at leaſt, comparatively ſpeaking, is very ſure; for let it be remembered, that imaginary wants may be the cauſe of real miſery.

THE GREAT TRADESMAN.

Obſerve that great and once thriving trader: he had ſaved a while ago ten thouſand pounds; but in the laſt year he has gone a little back in the

the world; ſome new patent has been invented; ſome cheap ſhop has riſen up; ſome unexpected rival has entered the town; he has been ſo long uſed to a large income, and he has formed all his plans on ſo certain an expectation of it's continuance, that he feels almoſt as much at the dropping off of his trade as if he was ſuffering with actual hunger. To be thrown, as he calls it, out of his former bread, to ſee the downfal of his once reputable and thriving ſhop, to part alſo with his pleaſant country box, and to ſell his new horſe and whiſky; at the ſame time to reduce his whole ſcale of living, and to change the plan of education alſo for his children, and to retire, in ſhort, with only eight or ten thouſand pounds in hand, inſtead of the expected twenty, is one of the moſt hard and trying caſes, as he gravely tells you, that ever was experienced.

But let us draw another picture of human miſery.

THE SICK MAN.

Thou art one, perhaps, on whom money flows in apace, but thou art of a very ſickly conſtitution. Alas! all thy wealth cannot purchaſe for thee a healthy body; it cannot ſoothe thy pain, or ſtop the courſe of thy diſorder; phyſicians are called in, but it is in vain: they do but ſend thee from place to place in ſearch of health—thy ſchemes in life too are all now broken, for thy life itſelf is in danger.

Once

Once thou didſt hope to ſee many days, and to marry ſome woman of thine acquaintance, whoſe image is ſtill haunting thy imagination, and to be the joyful parent of children; but this ſad diſorder has daſhed all thy hopes to pieces: though rolling in wealth, and in the prime of life, though bleſt with friends who might be very ſerviceable, and though ſecretly loved by her on whom thy own affections have been fixed, yet all theſe bleſſings only ſerve to give a ſharper edge to thy diſappointment, for in the moment of attaining every thing which thy fond heart could wiſh, the cup of happineſs is ſnatched from thy lips, and thou art driven away to an untimely grave.

But let us turn to another caſe of miſery.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Thou art one perhaps that is croſſed in love; with warm, and eager, and impatient affections thou purſueſt one who neglects, avoids, or even deſpiſes thee—perhaps ſhe loved, or ſeemed to love thee once, but ſhe has lately jilted thee; or perhaps ſhe loves thee ſtill, but prudence forbids the match; friends have interfered ſtrongly with their authority; and the obedient girl has kindly, though reſolutely, entreated thee to take leave of her for ever. Thou art confident nevertheleſs in thy own mind, that if ſhe were partner of thy lot thou couldſt bear any ſtate of life with pleaſure; poverty would be no poverty, pain itſelf would

loſe

loſe it's nature in her beloved ſociety; but without her, life is inſupportable, and that death which others dread, is become the very object of thy gloomy wiſhes and expectations.

THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

But now to reverſe the picture: thou art one, perhaps, who, in the fondneſs and eagerneſs of youth, haſt married the very object of thy choice. O what a happy man! what an enviable lot is thine! But let us wait a year or two, and obſerve the iſſue. In a little time the charm is broken: beauty ſoon fades: a horrible temper, alſo, quite unperceived at firſt, is broken out. She, whom thou didſt look up to as an angel, is become a very fury: quarrels diſtract thy family day by day; and the very partner of thy life is become thy grief, thy ſhame, and thy torment; thou muſt now pay the forfeit of thy imprudence by bearing this worſt of burthens for all thy remaining days. Nay, thou muſt alſo bear it in ſilence, leſt thy ſhame ſhould be publiſhed ſo much the more, and leſt thy wife's ill temper ſhould be worked up even to frenzy if thou ſhouldſt make the ſmalleſt complaint.

But why will you deſcribe human life ſo gloomily? perhaps ſome reader may reply: very great happineſs is indeed uncommon, but the bulk of mankind do not meet with any ſuch miſeries as theſe; for inſtance, how comfortable am I! I am bleſt with a tolerable degree of health, my trade, alſo, on the whole,

ſupports

ſupports me decently, and I have many friends; I have at the ſame time a pleaſing family growing up around me, and the partner of my lot, inſtead of being ſuch a woman as you have painted, is moſt exemplary, and affectionate, and kind.

Is this then the ground on which all your happineſs is reſted?—We will now draw another picture of human calamity.

THE WIDOWER.

Obſerve that wife, ſo pleaſing in her perſon, ſo cheerful alſo in her temper, ſo valuable as the induſtrious and clever parent of her many children, and ſo attentive and affectionate alſo to her huſband. Early love united them, unreſerved intimacy has endeared them ſtill further, and a long connection has rendered them now quite needful to each other; the huſband's life is bound up in that of his wife in a degree of which he is hardly yet aware. See her begin to ſicken and to grow a little pale. At firſt the diſeaſe is trifling; ſhe has walked out in the dewy night, and caught a cold, but the cough has increaſed, and it is now three months ſince that unlucky day. The tender huſband begins to be alarmed. Love indeed is apt to be anxious, and ſhe herſelf begs him therefore not to be ſo much afraid. Another month paſſes off and the cough is not removed. Her pulſe grows quick, her ſleep forſakes her, and many dreadful ſymptoms enſue. What are now the feelings of this once happy huſband?

huſband? He walks with a melancholy look, and in a neglected dreſs, over the houſe, and he thinks his own life already too great a burthen to borne. As the danger of her death begins to appear, his ſtate of ſuſpenſe alſo is affecting beyond meaſure. His hope riſes high with each little favourable change, and in a day or two after he is half frantic with fear. In the mean time his own health, through long watching, begins materially to fail. And now her end draws near. That face once ſo beautiful, begins to be deformed by a ghaſtly hue, the lips are turned pale and quivering, the tongue is parched, the very reaſon fails her, ſo that ſhe knows not the voice of her huſband, though he calls her by her name. At laſt a cold ſweat is obſerved to be paſſing over her limbs, her eye is fixed, the laſt agony arrives, and ſhe expires in his arms. O what a dreary ſcene does the world now preſent to this huſband, who a few months before was boaſting of his happineſs, and to this once enamoured lover!

And here let it be remarked, that this ſort of event is one that is by no means uncommon. It is one which every family has to witneſs. Let every loving huſband remember (we ſhall ſpeak hereafter of the uſe to which the remembrance may be turned) that he has to ſee the day when he ſhall be thus ſeparated from his wife, or elſe that the wife has to endure a like ſeparation from her huſband. Let him reflect that it often happens alſo, that in

proportion

proportion as the pleaſure in each other's ſociety has been great, and the love ardent, the parting pang is found to be ſevere. Scenes of a like kind are to be expected alſo again and again in life. At one time a beloved parent is, in the courſe of nature, removed; at another a much honoured uncle or patron, who had become a ſecond father, is carried off in his turn. Now a brother or ſiſter, or a dear friend and companion is torn away, and now a blooming, hopeful, and perhaps an only child, is hurried into an untimely grave. And ſo quickly does death oftentimes repeat his ſtroke, that perhaps the mourner has ſcarcely wiped away his tears for one beloved relative or child, before ſome other tender connection is alike torn from his embraces, and is buried in the ſame tomb.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

But let us ſpeak now of thoſe who ſeem to unite in themſelves a vaſt variety of griefs, and who, therefore, may be called moſt emphatically, The Children of Sorrow. There are ſome perſons who ſeem to have every thing make againſt them; they have had neither the ſucceſs in buſineſs, nor yet the health of other men, and they have experienced alſo their full ſhare of affecting deaths in their family. Some there are alſo of theſe children of affliction, who experience in the evening of their days ſome additional and aggravated calamity,

whereby

whereby their grey hairs are brought down in ſorrow to the grave. There are ſome mothers alſo, of whom, beſides all their other griefs, it may be remarked, that though they have many children, yet they never ſucceed in rearing them. Imagine to yourſelf a mother who is now poor and helpleſs, and a widow woman alſo, who has brought forth a large family of children, and has ſucceſſively indulged the hope of rearing every one of them. By the time that ſhe has reached old age ſhe is bereft at length of them all; broken down with age and adverſity, the lamp of life feebly burning, ſhe may be likened to the ſhattered trunk of an ancient tree, the root of which has ſtill a little life in it, though the lightening has deprived it of all it's once flouriſhing branches. But to put a ſtill more deplorable, though not uncommon caſe. We ſometimes hear alſo of the ſingle ſurvivor of ten or fifteen children, and, if we enquire, we perhaps find, that this extraordinary mortality is to be accounted for by there having been a taint in the blood of the family, of which taint this ſurviving child alſo has partaken, and has already ſuffered much pain from it, though it's death is not yet arrived. How comfortleſs as to this world is the condition of ſuch a perſon! "an untimely birth," methinks "is better than he;" for if this life only be conſidered, nothing methinks can be more ſorrowful as well as deſperate, than the lot of ſuch a ſickly, perhaps deformed,

deformed, and though in ſome ſenſe pitied, yet at the ſame time neglected being; it ſeems only to have lived to bear the anguiſh of it's diſorder, and to witneſs the mortality of it's family.

But it is time to break off from this melancholy ſubject, and to ſpeak of the relief which Religion brings to the ſeveral calamities of life.

We have hitherto avoided introducing any thing religious into the characters we have drawn, becauſe we wiſhed to paint the miſery ſtrongly, which we could not have done if the comforts of Chriſtianity had made a part of the picture. We will endeavour to explain ourſelves in the firſt place by the following familiar ſtory.

THE GUINEA AND THE SHILLING.

IT happened once, that a perſon was travelling on foot a long way from home, with exactly a guinea and a ſhilling in his pocket; as he walked by the ſide of a hill, in taking out his purſe one of the pieces dropt out through an unlucky hole which there was in it; it proved, however, moſt fortunately to be only the ſhilling: he looked around him for the piece which was loſt, with ſome care, but whether it had got hid in the long graſs on his right hand, or whether it had rolled off a long way down the hill to the left, or whether it had even tumbled into the river at the bottom, is what he never could diſcover. He ſpent about half an hour in looking

ing round and round after it, till he began to think that he was loſing more time and trouble than the piece of money was worth, ſo he proceeded on his day's journey, comforting himſelf as he went, that he had his guinea ſtill ſafe in his pocket, and that he had loſt nothing but the ſhilling.

Let us apply the ſtory. Reader, thou art one that haſt met with ſome of thoſe loſſes, troubles, or diſappointments which have been juſt deſcribed, but thou art, nevertheleſs, one of thoſe happy perſons who, having embraced the goſpel of Chriſt with their whole heart, are made partakers of its infinite and unſpeakable bleſſings; thou haſt loſt, as I will ſuppoſe, thy wealth, thy health, or thy deareſt earthly relatives; nay, thou haſt loſt every thing that can be dear to thee in this life. Be comforted, thou haſt only loſt thy ſhilling; it is merely thy temporal comforts that are gone from thee: the bleſſings of the goſpel ſtill remain, Heaven is thine, eternity is thine, conſolations which the world can neither give nor take away, are ſtill in thy poſſeſſion, and thou art an heir of everlaſting life. Theſe immenſe riches continue with thee, and are like the guinea in hand, on which thou mayeſt ſtill caſt an eye of complacency, when all earthly things have ſlipt from thee like the ſhilling, and are no where to be found. I grant the loſs is not altogether to be made light of; it may become thee to uſe for a while thy beſt diligence to repair thy loſs, juſt as

as the traveller ſpent half an hour in ſearching for his ſhilling, but loſe not the whole day of life in looking for that which is utterly vaniſhed, but rather purſue thy journey, comforting thyſelf that thou haſt not loſt thy guinea.

But now to be more particular; let us ſhew what a new character religion gives to each of the caſes we were ſpeaking of, and firſt let us again addreſs

THE POOR LABOURER.

Know, then, thou that art ſinking through poverty, that the greateſt of all the evils that can befal thee is hardneſs of hea t. Now it is certain, that although extreme poverty may bring many trials, yet great riches bring many more. It is riches that harden the heart. 'How hardly,' ſays Chriſt, 'ſhall they that are rich, enter into the kingdom of heaven.' While on the other hand, God often 'chuſes the poor of this world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.' How does this thought at once reverſe all the common notions on this ſubject! The firſt Chriſtians took joyfully the ſpoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and more enduring ſubſtance. And the Chriſtian of the preſent day, whether he be a labourer, a ſhopkeeper, or a more conſiderable trader, having the ſame "treaſure in heaven," will, under all his croſſes, feel a meaſure of the ſame comfort. "Having food and raiment," ſaid the apoſtle, "let us therewith be

content.' "I have learnt," ſaid he, "every where, and in all things, both to be full and to be hungry; both to abound, and to ſuffer need; I can do all things through Chriſt that ſtrengtheneth me."

THE SICK MAN.

We ſpoke of the caſe of a proſperous but dying man, who, when he is beginning to taſte the cup of worldly pleaſure, ſees it daſhed from his lips and is hurried off to his grave. What now is wanting to comfort the mind under this ſort of miſery? undoubtedly the thing that is wanting to this man, is the view of a nobler and better happineſs in the world to which he is departing; the view of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reſerved in heaven for him." St. Paul "wiſhed to depart and be with Chriſt," which he judged to be "far better" than any bleſſings here, and in every age there has been many a Chriſtian of the ſame ſtamp with the apoſtle, who has been willing, yea, glad to part with all his inviting proſpects in this world, in order to paſs into that land where there is "fullneſs of joy," and where it is the chief deſcription of its pleaſures, that they are "Pleaſures, which are at God's Right hand for ever more."

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

The man whom we deſcribed under this character was a worldly irreligious kind of man.

Take away his irreligion, and you evidently take away much of his miſery alſo. Teach him to view the hand of Providence in his diſappointment, teach him to love God and to deſire his favour above all things, and to be afraid of idolizing a fellow creature; teach him alſo that general moderation about all earthly things which the view of heavenly ones inſpires, and which a recollection of the ſhortneſs of this life alſo tends to produce, and the lover who before was mad with impatience and eager deſires, will now have his affections regulated, and in a meaſure at leaſt ſubdued. To ſuch we add, "let your moderation be known unto all men; be careful for nothing; the Lord is at hand—finally, my brethen, the time is ſhort, it remaineth that they that have wives were as though they had none, and they that buy as though they poſſeſſed not, for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away."

THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

We put the caſe of a perſon whom we ſuppoſed to be unhappily connected for life, with a moſt vexatious and unſuitable partner, and who had nobody to ſympathize with him in his miſery: there is in the world a large claſs of griefs of this kind, of griefs, I mean, which are moſt deeply felt, but which nevertheleſs muſt not be told; there are many which ariſe out of a variety of awkward circumſtances not eaſy to be deſcribed, and there are many alſo which fall heavy on perſons of particular tempers or conſtitutions,

ſtitutions, and the ſecrecy often neceſſary to be obſerved in theſe inſtances is apt to form a great aggravation of the pain. Now in all ſuch caſes, how ſoothing and encouraging a thing is religion; it comes in aid when human help fails; it teaches us in particular that all that Chriſtian patience which is exerciſed in ſecret, under awkward and trying, and perhaps diſcreditable circumſtances, is witneſſed by the eye of God, and that although no honor is connected with it in this world, yet it ſhall in no wiſe loſe it's reward; for "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THE WIDOWER.

There is no caſe in which religion appears to more advantage than in that of a huſband loſing a tender and valuable wife. I ſay this on the ſuppoſition, however, that not only the ſurviving huſband is religious, but that he has reaſon to hope that ſo was the deceaſed wife alſo: in ſuch caſe "we ſorrow not as others which have no hope, for if we believe that Jeſus died and roſe again, even ſo them alſo which ſleep in Jeſus will God bring with him." It is true the body muſt decay, and muſt be carried down to the tomb; "earth to earth, aſhes to aſhes, and duſt to duſt."

But ſoon "the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible." Soon "this corruptible ſhall put on incorruption, and this

mortal ſhall put on immortality. And then ſhall be brought to paſs the ſaying that is written, death is ſwallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy ſting, O grave where is thy victory." That mortal part of our deceaſed friend which we are lodging ſo mournfully in the grave, is compared in Scripture to the ſeed which is planted in the earth, and of which the huſbandman does not allow himſelf to regret the loſs, for the joy of that future increaſe which is to ſpring from it; the ſeeming loſs of the ſeed, and its burial under the earth are neceſſary in order to its burſting out again. "That which thou ſoweſt," ſays the apoſtle, "is not quickened except it die, ſo alſo is the reſurrection of the body." And how glorious is that change which it is to experience after death, "it is ſown in corruption, it is raiſed in incorruption; it is ſown in diſhonor, it is raiſed in glory; it is ſown in weakneſs, it is raiſed in power; it is ſown a natural body, it is raiſed a ſpiritual body." Faith then believes this teſtimony of God, expects the promiſed change, underſtands the uſe and benefit of death, and even glories in it. The Chriſtian huſband and his wife have many a time converſed together concerning this expected change, and it has been a chief buſineſs of their life to be prepared for it, and however favourable their lot in this world may have been, death they know will be their greateſt gain: to die is in their caſe to be promoted to honour: it is as if having fared but moderately at home, a man had

had got ſome good place abroad, and the earlier death of the wife is but like the wife's ſetting ſail to the new country in an earlier ſhip, knowing that the huſband is ſoon to follow; the parting in ſuch caſe may be a little melancholy, but then the ſeparation will be ſhort, and if the tears begin to riſe, they are preſently reſtrained again at the thought of the vaſt improvement which is about to be experienced in their fortune.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

And now if Chriſtianity is ſo needful in the caſe of all theſe individual troubles of life, how much more ſo muſt it be when affliction is added to affliction, and when a thouſand troubles meet together? Ye unbelieving men who put from you the hope of a future world, and the bleſſed conſolations of the Goſpel, come now and contemplate with me the caſe of that perſon who is oppreſſed with poverty, worn down at the ſame time with ſickneſs, and utterly deſperate as to this world. Behold that miſerable object, that wretch deformed in perſon as well as deſtitute of friends, that Lazarus who lies at the gate full of ſores, and is begging a few crumbs of bread! Go now and comfort him with thoſe conſolations which Infidels have to offer to the afflicted. I ſuppoſe you will bid him hope for a little better health, and will recommend it to him to take the medicines proper for his diſorder. But, alas! medicine cannot help him, for the phyſician has told him ſo. You will ſtill, perhaps, encourage

him to expect, however, in one way or other, ſome more happy turn in his fortune. But his caſe is deſperate; the friends who once took care of him, and whom he tenderly loved, are dead; his pain alſo is daily growing upon him, and his diſeaſe is mortal. Well then, as it is a caſe of neceſſity, you adviſe him to be reſigned; but reſigned to what? Reſigned to want and ſickneſs, and to the loſs of all things? Reſigned to miſery as long as he lives, and after this reſigned to a gloomy and hopeleſs death? you give him no ground for reſignation. Reſignation on your plan is contrary to reaſon! you boaſt of your reaſon, but you are of all men moſt unreaſonable if you pretend you can ſupply the miſerable with comfort. No, you muſt own the caſe is beyond you, and like the Levite, you muſt turn your face another way, and leave him in the ditch till ſome Chriſtian comes, like the good Samaritan, and pours into his wounds the oil and wine of the Goſpel. And you alſo, O ye gay and thoughtleſs! who, though ye dare not deny the truth of the Goſpel, yet neglect it, and even deſpiſe the more ſerious followers of it, own that at leaſt the Goſpel has its uſes here, and that there are ſome perſons in the world to whom even the moſt lively hope of immortality may, without offence, be declared to be a thing moſt ardently to be deſired: for what is a mere ordinary profeſſion of Chriſtianity to ſuch perſons? it is only through a deep and heart-felt experience of the great doctrines of the Goſpel,

that

that any real relief under theſe heavy afflictions is to be in the leaſt expected; if troubles then ariſe and increaſe upon us, it is by ſtill more exalted views of Chriſtianity that we muſt ſeek comfort under them.

But let us now ſhew how theſe heavy afflictions may not only be made tolerable, but how they may be made uſeful, and turned even into bleſſings. Ah! how many are there who at ſetting out in life have been favoured with much worldly happineſs, yet during all this time no thanks have been excited to God who was the giver of it, no prayers or praiſes have aſcended to the great Father of Mercies, and none of the wealth or talents beſtowed upon them has been laid out in his ſervice: but by-and-by troubles have come, and as theſe troubles have increaſed, the heart has begun to be ſoftened; diſappointed and deſperate as to this world, they have now turned their thoughts to a better: worn down with grief, overwhelmed with loſſes, or tormented by keen anguiſh in their bodies, they have caſt a longing look towards that world where "there is no more ſickneſs, nor ſorrow, nor pain, and where God ſhall wipe away all tears from our eyes."—"Behold," ſays the prophet, in the name of God to the Iſraelites, "I have choſen thee in the furnace of affliction;" he called theſe Iſraelites in the midſt of the afflictions of Babylon, as he had their fathers in the afflictions of Egypt. St. Paul obſerves to the Theſſalonians, "and ye became followers of us and of the

Lord, having received the word in much affliction, and with joy of the Holy Ghoſt." Some there are who ſeem to have paſſed through trouble only that they may be brought to a ſtate of "peace and joy in believing:" they owe that cheerfulneſs which you now ſee in them, to ſome former gloom. Once they were gay and thoughtleſs as ſome of our readers may now be, and their joy was then as the crackling of thorns, which was ſoon over, but now there is a new foundation for their happineſs. Now they truſt not in riches or health, in wife or children, for they have found all theſe to be but as a broken reed, on which if a man leans it ſhall ſurely fail him. They have learnt to "truſt, therefore, in the living God," and in the ſure mercies of a Saviour: being weaned from the world, they now have learnt that holy art of uſing it ſo as not to abuſe it, knowing that "the time is ſhort, and that the faſhion of this world paſſeth away." Come life, come death, come ſickneſs, poverty or diſgrace, come loſs of friends, come trouble of whatever kind, they ſtand ready. "None of theſe things now move them, ſo that they may finiſh their courſe with joy." They are now meaſuring the value of every thing by it's tendency to promote their eternal good, and under whatever circumſtances they may fall. They are, therefore, comforted by that all-ſufficient promiſe, "that all things ſhall work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpoſe."

What

What a new view then does the Goſpel give us of the afflictions of life? It leſſens ſome of them, and it turns others even into joy, and it teaches us to conſider every one of them as appointed by that wiſe and merciful Being, who knoweth our nature, and who, while he ſeems to viſit us in judgment, is, perhaps, only ſhowering down his beſt bleſſings upon us.

ROBERT AND RICHARD;

OR, THE

GHOST OF POOR MOLLY,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL-POND.

To the Tune of Collin's Mulberry Tree.

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "let things go as they will,
Of pleaſure and fun I will ſtill have my fill;
In frolic and mirth I ſee nothing amiſs,
And tho' I get tipſy, *what harm is in this?*

"For e'en Solomon ſays, and I vow he ſays truth,
"Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth."
"I am glad (anſwered Bob) you're of Solomon's creed,
But I beg, if you quote him, you'll pleaſe to proceed:

"For God (as the wiſe man continues to ſing)
Thy ſoul into judgment for all this will bring.
Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyſs,
By chuſing to ſay, *Pray what harm is in this?*"

"Come, come (ſays gay Richard), don't grudge me a cup;
I'm reſolv'd, while I'm able, I'll ſtill keep it up;
Let old greybeards deny that in frolics there's bliſs;
I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in this?*"

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for to-day,
You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
But then, my dear Dick, I again muſt contend,
That the Wiſe Man has bid us—*remember the end.*"

Says

Says Richard, "when ſickneſs or peeviſh old age
Shall advance to diſmiſs me from life's merry ſtage,
Repentance juſt then, boy, may not be amiſs,
But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*"

They parted; and Richard his paſtimes begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the ſoul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he ſung and he ſwore, *nor once thought of the end.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She truſted his vows, but ſhe ſoon was undone,
And when ſhe fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus ſcorn'd by her Richard ſad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her deſtitute child;
'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor Baby were found
One evening in Richard's own mill-pond both drown'd.

Then his conſcience grew troubled by night and by day,
But it's clamour he drown'd in more drink and more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him, he pray'd him, *to think on the end.*

Now diſturb'd in his dreams poor Molly each night
With her babe ſtood before him; how ſad was the ſight!
O how ghaſtly ſhe look'd as ſhe bade him attend,
And ſo awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the gay ſinner, the drunkard, and liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens ſhe bade him beware,
Then ſhe wept, and ſhe groan'd, and ſhe vaniſhed in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, diſtemper'd by drink,
Death ſtar'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Deſpairing of mercy, deſpiſing all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tombſtone good Robert theſe verſes engrav'd,
Which he hoped ſome gay fellow might read and be ſav'd:

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth who call'd ſinning his bliſs,
And was ruin'd by ſaying, *what harm is in this?*
Let each paſſer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the end.*

THE CARPENTER;

OR,

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young Weſt-country man,
A Carpenter by trade,
A ſkilful wheelwright too was he,
And few ſuch waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build
Throughout his native town;
Thro' many a village round was he
The beſt of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In ſooth it was enough;
His ſhining pewter, pots of braſs,
And all his houſehold ſtuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For eaſe and comfort plann'd;
And that he might not lack for aught,
An acre of good land.

A pleaſant orchard too there was
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewiſe
He had a little ſtore.

Active

Active and healthy, ſtout and young,
No buſineſs wanted he;
Now tell me reader, if you can,
What man more bleſt could be?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful wife;
Frugal and neat and good was ſhe,
The bleſſing of his life.

Where is the lord, or where the ſquire,
Had greater cauſe to praiſe
The goodneſs of that bounteous hand,
Which bleſt his proſp'rous days?

Each night when he returned from work,
His wife ſo meek and mild,
His little ſupper gladly dreſs'd,
While he careſs'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The ſolace of their care.

O what could ruin ſuch a life,
And ſpoil ſo fair a lot?
O what could change ſo kind a heart,
All goodneſs quite forgot?

With grief the cauſe I muſt relate,
The diſmal cauſe reveal;
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The ſource of every ill.

A Cooper

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy pleaſe;
An idle rambling man was he,
Who oft had croſs'd the ſeas.

This man could tell a merry tale,
And ſing a merry ſong;
And thoſe who heard him ſing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the ſong,
And wicked was the tale;
And every pauſe he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the alehouſe oft
Would take his evening walk.

At firſt he did not care to drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But ſoon he from the Cooper learn'd
The ſame ſad courſe to run.

He ſaid the Cooper's company,
Was all for which he car'd;
But ſoon he drank as much as he,
To ſwear like him ſoon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finiſh'd wheels and broken tools
Were ſtrew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work
No prayers could now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His cheerful ev'nings now no more
With peace and plenty ſmil'd;
No more he ſought his pleaſing wife,
Nor hugg'd his ſmiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone
Were with the Cooper paſt;
His days were at the Angel ſpent,
And ſtill he ſtay'd the laſt.

No handſome Sunday ſuit was left,
Nor decent Holland ſhirt;
No noſegay mark'd the Sabbath-day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his church he did frequent,
A ſymptom ever ſad;
Where once the Sunday is miſpent,
The week-days muſt be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favorite orchard ſold;
He ſoon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter diſhes, one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none was left;
And wife and babe at home remained
Of every help bereft.

By

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a ſurly mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately ſome food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Muſt needs be bare of bread;
No raſher on the rack he ſaw,
Whence could he then be fed?

His* wife a piteous ſigh did heave
And then before him laid
A baſket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word ſhe ſaid.

Then to her huſband gave a knife,
With many a ſilent tear;
In haſte he tore the cover off,
And ſaw his child lie there.

"There lies thy babe, the mother ſaid,
Oppreſs'd with famine ſore;
O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
We could not ſuffer more."

The Carpenter, ſtruck to the heart,
Fell on his knees ſtraitway;
He wrung his hands—confeſs'd his ſins,
And did both weep and pray.

From the ſame hour the Cooper more
He never would behold;
Nor would he to the alehouſe go
Had it been pav'd with gold,

* See Berquin's Gardener.

His

His wife forgave him all the paſt,
And ſooth'd his ſorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthieſt of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By induſtry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem'd,
And ſav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at church were ſpent,
His home was his delight,
The following verſe himſelf he made,
And read it every night.

The drunkard murders child and wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he ſtabs them with his knife,
Or ſtarves them with his gin. Z.

THE

STORY OF SINFUL SALLY,

TOLD BY HERSELF.

SHEWING

How from being SALLY of the GREEN ſhe was firſt led to become SINFUL SALLY, and afterwards DRUNKEN SAL, and how at laſt ſhe came to a moſt melancholy, and almoſt hopeleſs, End; being therein a Warning to all young Women both in Town and Country.



COME each maiden lend an ear,
Country laſs and London belle!
Come and drop a mournful tear
O'er the tale that I ſhall tell.

I that

I that aſk your tender pity,
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,
Once, like you, was young and pretty,
And as cheerful as the morn.

In yon diſtant cottage ſitting,
Far away from London town,
Once you might have ſeen me knitting
In my ſimple kerſey gown.

Where the little lambkins leap,
Where the meadows look ſo gay,
Where the drooping willows weep,
Simple Sally uſed to ſtray.

Then I taſted many a bleſſing,
Then I had an honeſt fame;
Father, mother, me careſſing,
Smil'd, and thought me free from blame.

Then amid my friends ſo dear,
Life it ſpeeded faſt away;
O, it moves a tender tear,
To bethink me of the day!

From the villages ſurrounding,
Ere I well had reach'd eighteen,
Came the modeſt youths abounding,
All to Sally of the Green.

Courting days were thus beginning,
And I ſoon had prov'd a wife;
O! if I had kept from ſinning,
Now how bleſt had been my life.

Come

Come each maiden lend an ear,
Country laſs and London belle!
Come ye now and deign to hear
How poor Sinful Sally fell.

Where the hill begins inclining,
Half a furlong from the road,
O'er the village white and ſhining,
Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,
Vainly wiſhing to be ſeen,
When Sir William met me ſkipping,
And he ſpoke me on the Green.

Bid me quit my cloak of ſcarlet,
Blam'd my ſimple kerſey gown;
Ey'd me then, ſo like a varlet,
Such as live in London town.

With his preſents I was loaded,
And bedeck'd in ribbons gay;
Thus my ruin was foreboded,
O, how crafty was his way!

Vaniſh'd now from cottage lowly,
My poor parents' hearts I break;
Enter on a ſtate unholy,
Turn a miſtreſs to a rake.

Now no more by morning light
Up to God my voice I raiſe;
Now no ſhadows of the night
Call my thoughts to prayer and praiſe.

Hark!

Hark! a well-known ſound I hear!
'Tis the Church's Sunday bell;
No; I dread to venture near;
No; I'm now the child of hell.

Now I lay my Bible by,
Chuſe that impious book ſo new,
Love the bold blaſpheming lie,
And that filthy novel too.

Next to London town I paſs,
(Sinful Sally is my name)
There to gain a front of braſs,
And to glory in my ſhame.

Powder'd well, and puff'd, and painted,
Rivals all I there outſhine;
With ſkin ſo white and heart ſo tainted,
Rolling in my chariot fine.

In the Park I glitter daily,
Then I dreſs me for the play,
Then to maſquerade ſo gaily,
See me, ſee me tear away.

When I meet ſome meaner laſs,
Then I toſs with proud diſdain;
Laugh and giggle as I paſs,
Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leiſure
Something whiſpers me within,
'O! I hate this life of pleaſure,
For it is a life of ſin.'

Thus amidſt my peals of laughter
Horror ſeizes oft my frame:
Pleaſure now—Damnation after,
And a never-dying flame.

'Save me, ſave me, Lord,' I cry,
'Save my ſoul from Satan's chain!'
Now I ſee ſalvation nigh,
Now I turn to ſin again.

Is it then ſome true repentance
That I feel for evil done?
No; 'tis horror of my ſentence,
'Tis the pangs of hell begun.

By a thouſand ills o'ertaken
See me now quite ſinking down;
Till ſo loſt and ſo forſaken,
Sal is caſt upon the town.

At the duſk of evening grey
Forth I ſtep from ſecret cell;
Roaming like a beaſt of prey,
Or ſome hateful imp of hell.

Ah! how many youths ſo blooming
By my wanton looks I've won;
Then by vices all conſuming
Left them ruin'd and undone!

Thus the cruel ſpider ſtretches
Wide his web for every fly;
Then each victim that he catches
Strait he poiſons till he die.

Now more by conſcience troubled,
Deep I plunge in every ſin:
True; my ſorrows are redoubled,
But I drown them all in gin.

See me next with front ſo daring
Band of ruffian rogues among;
Fighting, cheating, drinking, ſwearing,
And the vileſt of the throng.

Mark that youngeſt of the thieves;
Taught by Sal he ventures further;
What he filches Sal receives,
'Tis for Sal he does the murther.

See me then attend my victim
To the fatal gallows tree;
Pleas'd to think how I have nick'd him,
Made him ſwing while I am free.

Jack I laughing ſee depart,
While with Dick I drink and ſing;
Soon again I'll fill the cart,
Make this preſent lover ſwing.

But while thus with guilt ſurpriſing,
Sal purſues her bold career,
See God's dreadful wrath ariſing,
And the day of vengeance near!

Fierce diſeaſe my body ſeizes,
Racking pain afflicts my bones;
Dread of death my ſpirit freezes,
Deep and doleful are my groans.

Here with face ſo ſhrunk and ſpotted
On the clay-gold ground I lie;
See how all my fleſh is rotted,
Stop, O ſtranger, ſee me die!

Conſcience, as my breath's departing,
Plunges too his arrow deep,
With redoubled fury ſtarting
Like ſome giant from his ſleep.

In this pit of ruin lying,
Once again before I die,
Fainting, trembling, weeping, ſighing,
Lord, to thee I'll lift mine eye.

Thou canſt ſave the vileſt harlot,
Grace, I've heard, is free and full;
Sins that once were "red as ſcarlet,"
Thou canſt make as "white as wool."

Saviour, whom I pierc'd ſo often,
Deeper ſtill my guilt imprint!
Let thy mighty Spirit ſoften
This my harden'd heart of flint.

Vain, alas! is all my groaning,
For I fear the die is caſt;
True, thy blood is all-atoning,
But my day of grace is paſt.

Saviour! hear me or I periſh!
None who *lives* is quite undone;
Still a ray of hope I'll cheriſh,
'Till Eternity's begun.

PATIENT JOE;

OR THE

NEWCASTLE COLLIER.



HAVE you heard of a Collier of honeſt renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcaſtle town?
His name it was Joſeph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was call'd patient JOE.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,
And Providence ſtill he kept ever in ſight;
To thoſe who love God, let things turn as they wou'd
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joſeph when matters went well!
How ſincere were his carols of praiſe for good health,
And how grateful for any increaſe in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will;
How contented was Joſeph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor he alike underſtood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declar'd
'Twas a needful correction for ſins which *he* ſhar'd;
And when merciful Heaven bid ſlaughter to ceaſe,
How thankful was Joe for the bleſſing of peace!

When taxes ran high, and proviſions were dear,
Still Joſeph declar'd he had nothing to fear;
It was but a trial he well underſtood,
From Him who made all work together for good.

Tho' his wife was but ſickly, his gettings but ſmall,
A mind ſo ſubmiſſive prepar'd him for all;
He liv'd on his gains were they greater or leſs,
And the Giver he ceas'd not each moment to bleſs.

When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
And Providence bleſs'd who had ſent him a boy;
But when the child dy'd—ſaid poor Joe I'm content,
For God had a right to recal what he lent.

It was Joſeph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With ſome who believ'd that profaneneſs was wit;
When diſaſters befel him much pleaſure they ſhew'd,
And laugh'd and ſaid—'Joſeph, will this work for good?'

But ever when theſe wou'd profanely advance
That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance,
Still Joſeph inſiſted no chance cou'd be found,
Not a ſparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,

Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
Who mock'd at his Bible, and was not aſham'd.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins, as uſual, was turning to jeſt
Joe's notion—that all things which happen'd were beſt.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His proviſion for dinner of bacon and bread,
A dog on the watch ſeiz'd the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footſteps ſo fleet.

Now to ſee the delight that Tim Jenkins expreſt!
'Is the loſs of thy dinner too, Joe, for the beſt?'
'No doubt on't,' ſaid Joe, 'but as I muſt eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat.'

So ſaying he follow'd the dog a long round,
While Tim laughing and ſwearing, went down under ground;
Poor Joe ſoon return'd, tho' his bacon was loſt,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his coſt.

When Joſeph came back, he expected a ſneer,
But the face of each Collier ſpoke horror and fear;
What a narrow eſcape haſt thou had, they all ſaid,
The pit is fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!

How ſincere was the gratitude Joſeph expreſs'd!
How warm the compaſſion which glow'd in his breaſt!
Thus events great and ſmall, if aright underſtood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

'When my meat,' Joſeph cry'd, 'was juſt now ſtol'n away,
And I had no proſpect of eating to-day,
How cou'd it appear to a ſhort-ſighted ſinner,
That my life wou'd be ſav'd by the loſs of my dinner?'

Z.

THE

THE GIN-SHOP;

OR A

PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK thro' the land from north to ſouth,
And look from eaſt to weſt;
And ſee what is to Engliſhmen,
Of life the deadlieſt peſt.

It is not want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worſe;
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A ſelf-tormenting curſe.

Go where you will throughout the realm
You'll find the reigning ſin,
In cities, villages, and towns;
—The monſter's name is GIN.

The prince of darkneſs never ſent
To man a deadlier foe;
'My name is Legion,' it may ſay,
The ſource of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honeſt name and health.

We ſay the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is ſelf-impos'd,
Like every other ſin;
The taxes altogether lay
No weight ſo great as GIN.

The ſtate compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis GIN and gambling ſink him down
To rags, and want, and ſhame.

The kindeſt huſband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tendereſt heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of ſtone.

In many a houſe the harmleſs babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed:
Becauſe the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The childrens' daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London ſtreet;
And ſee the cauſe of penury
In hundreds we ſhall meet.

We ſhall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well diſcerns that idle crew
From the deſerving poor.

He

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honeſt Thrift;
But where long ſcores at GIN-SHOPS ſtand,
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that ſhivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeleſs wretch has made.

Look down thoſe ſteps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want and every woe,
And every ſin is found.

Thoſe little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents' love of GIN,
To ſin and miſery ſold.

Bleſt be thoſe friends* to human kind
Who take theſe wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their ſad parents' cup.

Look thro' that priſon's iron bars,
Look thro' that diſmal grate;
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate.

The debtor and the felon too,
Tho' differing much in ſin;
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-deſtroying GIN.

* The Philanthropic Society.

Yet Heaven forbid I ſhould confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the debtor's leſſer fault,
With blood of brother ſpilt.

To priſon dire misfortune oft
The guiltleſs debtor brings;
Yet oft'ner far it will be found
From GIN the miſery ſprings.

See the pale manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his ſickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good ſucceſs,
His wages ſtill were high;
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His maſter did ſupply.

No book-debts kept him from his caſh,
All paid as ſoon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains ſuffic'd,
On wife and children ſpent!
But all muſt for his pleaſures go;
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in ſin;
What made him rob his maſter's till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That

That ſerving-man—I knew him once
So jaunty, ſpruce, and ſmart!
Why did he ſteal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN enſnar'd his heart.

But hark! what diſmal ſound was that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell!
It tolls, alas for human guilt!
Some malefactor's knell.

O! woeful ſound! O! what could cauſe,
Such puniſhment and ſin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cauſe—
BAD COMPANY, and GIN.

And when the future lot is fix'd,
Of darkneſs, fire, and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'ſcape
Thoſe everlaſting pains?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy-writ declares,
The drunkard with SELF-murderers
That dreadful portion ſhares.

Z.

THE

EXECUTION

OF

WILD ROBERT.

BEING

A WARNING TO ALL PARENTS.

WILD ROBERT was a graceleſs youth,
And bold in every ſin;
In early life with petty thefts
His courſe he did begin.

But thoſe who deal in leſſer ſins,
In great will ſoon offend;
And petty thefts, not check'd betimes,
In murder ſoon may end.

And now, like any beaſt of prey,
Wild Robert ſhrunk from view,
Save when at eve on Bagſhot heath
He met his harden'd crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert there
On plunder ſet his mind;
And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long night
To rob and ſlay mankind.

But

But God, whoſe vengeance never ſleeps,
Tho' he delays the blow,
Can in a ſingle moment lay
The proſperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed!
Within a neighb'ring wood,
A harmleſs paſſenger he robb'd,
And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went
To ſhew his golden ſpoils,
When vengeful Juſtice, unawares,
Surpris'd him in her toils.

Wild Robert ſeiz'd, at once was known,
(No crape had hid his face)
Impriſon'd, try'd, condemn'd to die!
Soon run was Robert's race!

Since ſhort the time the laws allow
To murderers doom'd to die,
How earneſt ſhou'd the ſuppliant wretch
To Heaven for mercy cry!

But he, alas! no mercy ſought,
Tho' ſummon'd to his fate;
The cart drew near the gallows tree,
Where throng'd ſpectators wait.

Slow as he paſs'd no pious tongue
Pour'd forth a pitying pray'r;
Abhorrence all who ſaw him felt,
He, horror and deſpair.

And now the diſmal death-bell toll'd,
The fatal cord was hung,
While ſudden, deep, and dreadful ſhrieks,
Burſt forth amidſt the throng.

Hark! 'tis his mother's voice he hears!
Deep horror ſhakes his frame;
'Tis rage and fury fill his breaſt,
Not pity, love, or ſhame.

" One moment hold!" the mother cries,
" His life one moment ſpare!
" One kiſs, my miſerable child,
" My Robert once ſo dear!"

" Hence, cruel mother, hence," he ſaid,
" Oh! deaf to nature's cry;
" Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd,
" And unlamented die.

" You gave me life, but with it gave
" What made that life a curſe;
" My ſins uncurb'd, my mind untaught,
" Soon grew from bad to worſe.

" I thought that if I 'ſcap'd the ſtroke
" Of man's avenging rod,
" All wou'd be well, and I might mock
" The vengeful pow'r of God.

" My hands no honeſt trade were taught,
" My tongue no pious pray'r;
" Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,
" To pilfer, lie, and ſwear.

" The Sabbath bell, that toll'd to church,
" To me unheeded rung;
" God's holy name and word I curs'd
" With my blaſpheming tongue.

" No mercy now your ruin'd child
" Of Heav'n can dare implore,
" I mock'd at grace, and now I fear
" My day of grace is o'er.

" Blame not the law which dooms your ſon;
" Compar'd with you 'tis mild;
" 'Tis you have ſentenc'd me to death,
" To hell have doom'd your child."

He ſpoke, and fixing faſt the cord,
Reſign'd his guilty breath;
Down at his feet his mother fell,
By conſcience ſtruck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this ſad tale,
Avoid the path ſhe trod;
And teach your ſons in early years
The fear and love of God.

So ſhall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,
With peace and hope be bleſt;
And Heav'n, when life's ſhort taſk is o'er,
Receive their ſouls to reſt.

THE HORSE-RACE;

OR THE

PLEASURES OF THE COURSE.

THE horſes run, the chaiſes fly,
What noiſe in every place?
Pray come, my friend, and let us ſee
The pleaſures of a Race.

What numbers now are trudging on!
Obſerve how quick their pace!
On foot, on horſe, in chaiſe and coach,
All haſtening to the Race.

Remark how many huts and booths,
In every part we trace;
For ſelling brandy, beer, and gin,
To thoſe who ſee the Race.

What numbers ſpend their money here,
And health and ſoul unbrace;
And rob their families of bread,
To ſpend it at the Race.

That gentleman, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Whoſe well-fed horſe now neighs;
His fortune ſpends to train and fit
His nags, to win the Race.

Thoſe farmers' wives, and daughters gay,
Who canter, trot, and pace;
Have rais'd their butter, eggs, and cheeſe,
To dreſs, and ſee the Race.

That poor old wretch, who ſprawling lies,
And makes ſuch odd grimace;
She in a barrow carries fruit,
To revel, fair, and Race;

But by ill-luck a one-horſe chair,
Which went a ſwinging pace;
This poor old woman overtook,
As ſhe went to the Race.

The driver ſaw ſhe try'd in vain,
Her barrow to replace;
So her and barrow overſet,
And preſs'd towards the Race.

Now apples, nuts, and pears lay ſtrew'd,
A ſcramble then took place,
Between the idle girls and boys,
Who came to ſee the Race.

That boy who runs along ſo faſt,
His maſter diſobeys;
All work and duty quite forgot,
So he can ſee the Race.

That mother, who ſhou'd be at home,
Her idle turn betrays;
With two young infants in her arms,
She goes to ſee the Race.

The people now to yonder ſtands,
All flock to get a place;
And all impatient are to ſee,
This long-expected Race.

The horſes ſtart, the ſport begins,
And all with rapture gaze;
The jockies in their party-dreſs,
With joy begin the Race.

Each panting horſe with labour ſtrives,
The others to outpace;
The knowing-ones begin to bett,
And wager on the Race.

But how it rains! how black the clouds!
The heavens ſhower down apace;
All run and ſcamper, wet to ſkin,
Who came to ſee the Race.

What means that craſh? what mean thoſe ſcreams?
That buſtle and amaze?
I fear yon crouded ſtand* is fall'n,
The largeſt at the Race.

Alas! 'tis ſo. Confuſion dire
Appears in every face;
And all lament, and join to wiſh,
They ne'er had ſeen the Race.

Now broken limbs, and bruiſes ſad,
Are ſeen throughout the place;
And numbers from the ſtand are dragg'd,
But not to ſee the Race.

* This really happened lately at Lanſdown Races.

Amidſt

Amidſt the hurry which enſues,
A pick-pocket conveys
A farmer's watch and purſe away,
Who came to ſee the Race.

Now as they all go dripping home,
What rapture to retrace,
Their time, and health, and money loſt!
Such joys attend a Race.

How many a harmleſs child is brought
To mis'ry and diſgrace,
Becauſe the parents drink and game,
And go to every Race.

Then ſince our time is but a ſpan,
Our life ſo ſhort a ſpace;
'Tis better lead a ſober life,
While here we run our Race.

Then will our cheerful days roll on,
In ſweet content and peace;
And better bleſſings wait us ſtill,
Whene'er—WE END OUR RACE.

THE

BAD BARGAIN;

OR, THE

WORLD SET UP TO SALE.

I.

THE devil, as the Scriptures ſhew,
Tempts ſinful mortals high and low;
And always acting well his part,
He ſuits his bribes to every heart:
See there the prince of darkneſs ſtands,
With baits for ſouls in both his hands.

II.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a ſceptre for a ſoul;
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a ſtar and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him juſt to take a penſion.

Some

III.

Some are ſo fir'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, or ſally forth and fight;
Prefer man's praiſe to God's ſalvation,
And ſell their ſouls for reputation.

IV.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
Which thouſands ſeize with eager haſte,
And all deſire at leaſt to taſte,
Is—plodding reader!—what d'ye think?
Alas!—'tis money—money—chink!

V.

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Preſents to view the glittering prize;
See how he goes from ſhore to ſhore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thouſands to be ſold,
Smit with the love of filthy gold.

VI.

See at yon needy tradeſman's ſhop,
The univerſal tempter ſtop;
'Wouldſt thou' he cries 'increaſe thy treaſures,
Uſe lighter weights, and ſcantier meaſures,
Thus ſhalt thou thrive;' the trader's willing,
And ſells his ſoul to get a ſhilling.

Next

VII.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
'I ſcorn to cheat,' the farmer cries;
Yet his whole heart on wealth was bent,
And ſo the devil was content;
Now markets riſe, and riches roll,
And Satan quite ſecures his ſoul.

VIII.

Mark next yon cheerful youth ſo jolly,
So fond of laughter and of folly;
He hates a ſtingy, griping fellow,
But gets each day a little mellow;
To Satan too he ſells his ſoul
In barter for a flowing bowl.

IX.

Thus Satan tries each different ſtate,
With mighty bribes he tempts the great,
The poor with equal force he plies,
But wins them with an humbler prize;
Has gentle arts for young beginners,
And fouler ſins for older ſinners.

X.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thouſand ſwindling tricks he plays us,
And promiſes, but never pays us;
Thus we, poor fools, are ſtrangely caught,
And find we've ſold our ſouls for nought.

Nay

XI.

Nay oft, with quite a juggler's art,
He bids the proffer'd gift depart;
Some pleaſure ſets before our face,
Then claps a trouble in it's place;
Sends ſome huge loſs inſtead of gain,
And conjures rapture into pain.

XII.

Be wiſe then, oh, ye worldly tribe,
Nor ſell your conſcience for a bribe;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Reſiſt him, and refuſe to ſin:
Bad is their bargain, on the whole,
Who gain the world and loſe a ſoul.

THE

THE HONEST MILLER OF GLOCESTERSHIRE.

A TRUE BALLAD.

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as uſeful ſure
As can on earth be found.

The Lord or 'Squire of high degree
Is needful to the ſtate,
Becauſe he lets the land he owns
In farms both ſmall and great.

The farmer he manures the land,
Or elſe what corn could grow?
The ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
Ere he begins to ſow.

And tho' no wealth he has, except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honeſt induſtry's as good
As houſes or as lands.

The

The threſher he is uſeful too
To all who like to eat;
Unleſs he winnow'd well the corn,
The chaff wou'd ſpoil the wheat.

But vain the 'Squire's and Farmer's care,
And vain the Threſher's toil;
And vain wou'd be the ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the ſoil;

In vain, without the miller's aid,
The ſowing and the dreſſing;
Then ſure an honeſt miller he
Muſt be a public bleſſing.

And ſuch a miller now I make
The ſubject of my ſong,
Which tho' it ſhall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This miller lives in Glo'ſterſhire,
I ſhall not tell his name;
For thoſe who ſeek the praiſe of God,
Deſire no other fame.

In laſt hard winter—who forgets
The froſt of ninety-five?
Then was all diſmal, ſcarce, and dear,
And no poor man could thrive.

Then huſbandry long time ſtood ſtill,
And work was at a ſtand:
To make the matter worſe, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Faſt

Faſt by a living ſtream it was
Our miller's lot to dwell,
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor ever ſtopp'd the mill.

The clamorous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find;
Both rich and poor our miller ſought,
For none but he could grind.

His neighbours cry'd, 'Now miller ſeize
The time to heap up ſtore,
Since thou of young and helpleſs babes
Haſt got full half a ſcore.'

For folks, when tempted to grow rich
By means not over nice,
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To ſanctify the vice.

Our miller ſcorn'd ſuch counſel baſe,
And when he ground the grain,
With ſtedfaſt hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

'When God afflicts the land,' ſaid he,
Shall I afflict it more?
And watch for times of public woe
To wrong both rich and poor?

'Thankful to that Almighty pow'r
Who makes my river flow,
I'll uſe the means he gives to ſooth
A hungry neighbour's woe.

'My

'My river flows when others freeze,
But 'tis at his command;
For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
No bribe ſhall ſtain my hand.'

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redreſs'd;
May every village in the land
Be with ſuch millers bleſt!

Z.

THE HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY:

Shewing how a Servant Maid firſt robbed her Maſter, and was afterwards ſtruck dead for telling a Lie.

A TRUE STORY.

COME all ye maidens and draw near,
A doleful ſong I ſing;
A ſong that proves, as you ſhall hear,
A lie's a fearful thing.

In Hampſhire once there chanc'd to dwell,
Near Me'onſtoke's little town,
A farming man, who proſper'd well;
An honeſt country clown.

It was but little he poſſeſs'd,
But then he was content;
He knew no want, could treat a gueſt,
And paid his ſlender rent.

By honeſt induſtry and thrift
He ſav'd a little ſtore;
And thanking God for every gift,
He made that little more.

And

And now, ſo lofty was his ſtate,
He hir'd a ſervant maid;
Who learning well on him to wait,
In truth was duly paid.

One hundred pounds, a mighty ſum,
He now had ſav'd in all;
And hid it, (leſt ſome thief ſhould come,)
Safe in his kitchen wall.

At length advancing far in years,
He calmly view'd his end;
For he need never ſhrink with fears
Whoſe Maker is his friend.

Long time a prey to dire diſeaſe,
Stretch'd on his bed he lay;
His ſervant ſaw him ill at eaſe,
And nurs'd him night and day.

Then Satan, who like beaſt of prey,
"Seeks whom he may devour."
Did tempt this ſervant maid ſo gay,
All in an evil hour.

He led her firſt to ſee the ſpot
Where lay this hidden pelf;
Then bid her form the wicked plot
To take it for herſelf.

He whiſper'd in her willing ear,
'Go make it all your own;
For ſince your maſter's death is near,
It never can be known.'

At once the wicked girl obey'd,
And fear'd no future ill;
Oh, ſtupid, ſinful, ſilly maid!
She dreamt not of a Will.

But had ſhe thought of HIM, whoſe eye
Sees all the deeds of man;
In vain the tempter had drawn nigh,
And urg'd his wicked plan.

But love of gain had warp'd her ſoul,
And drawn her quite away;
To Satan thus, that Tempter foul,
She fell an eaſy prey.

Her maſter dies; but firſt he leaves
By will this hundred pound;
Tells where 'twas hid, for fear of thieves,
And 'twould be ſurely found.

Then went his friends and ſearch'd the chink,
With cloſe and cunning eye;
'Twas gone—but nobody could think
Which way the pelf could fly.

At length the neighbours turn'd a thought
To this unhappy maid;
They ſearch'd her box, the thief was caught,
For there the wealth was laid.

Then, then, alas! ſhe vow'd and ſwore,
Appealing oft to Heav'n,
That by her maſter long before
This ſum was freely giv'n.

Dire

Dire curſes oft, with forehead bold,
She call'd down on her head;
And pray'd, if any lie ſhe told,
That GOD would ſtrike her dead.

She ſpoke—and ſtrait the ſentence paſs'd,
A ſentence ſtrange and rare;
At once the liar breath'd her laſt,
Heav'n heard her wicked prayer.

The friends around beheld with fear
The wretched ſinner fall;
Forc'd in God's preſence to appear
At his moſt awful call.

And now let us, who ſtill are left,
Take warning, old and young!
O, let us hate the ſin of theft,
And dread a lying tongue.

THE

HACKNEY COACHMAN;

OR,

THE WAY TO GET A GOOD FARE.

To the Tune of 'I wiſh I was a Fiſherman,' &c.

I AM a bold Coachman and drive a good Hack,
With a coat of five capes that quite covers my back;
And my wife keeps a ſauſage-ſhop not many miles
From the narroweſt alley in all Broad St. Giles.

Tho' poor, we are honeſt, and very content,
We pay as we go for meat, drink, and for rent;
To work all the week I am able and willing,
I never get drunk, and I waſte not a ſhilling.

What tho' at a tavern my gentleman tarries,
Why the coachman grows richer than he whom he carries;
And I'd rather (ſaid I) ſince it ſaves me from ſin,
Be the Driver without, than the Toper within.

For the dram-ſhop I hate, and the dram-drinking friend,
Yet I'm not quite ſo good but I wiſh I may mend;
I repent of my ſins, ſince we all are deprav'd,
For a Coachman, I hold, has a ſoul to be ſav'd.

When a riotous multitude fills up a ſtreet,
And the greater part know not, boys, wherefore they meet;

If

If I ſee there is miſchief I never go there,
Let others get tipſy, ſo I get my fare.

Now to church if I take ſome good lady to pray,
It grieves me full ſore to be kept quite away;
So I ſtep thro' the door-way, for here 'tis the ſin,
To loiter without, when one might enter in.

Then my glaſſes are whole, and my coach is ſo neat,
I am always the firſt to be call'd in the ſtreet;
And I'm known by the name ('tis a name rather rare)
Of the Coachman that never aſks more than his fare.

Tho' my beaſts ſhould be dull, yet I don't uſe them ill;
Tho' they ſtumble I ſwear not, nor cut them up hill;
For I firmly believe there's no charm in an oath
That can make a Nag trot, when to walk he is loth.

And tho' I'm a Coachman, I'll freely confeſs
I beg of my Maker my labours to bleſs;
I praiſe him each morning, and pray every night,
And 'tis this makes my heart feel ſo cheerful and light.

When I drive to a Fun'ral I care not for drink,
That is not the moment to guzzle, but think;
And I wiſh I cou'd add, both of Coachman and Maſter,
That both of us ſtrove to amend a bit faſter.

Z.

THE

PLOW-BOY's DREAM.

I AM a Plow-boy ſtout and ſtrong,
As ever drove a team;
And three years ſince aſleep in bed
I had a dreadful dream:

And, as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in ryhme:
That other boys may read and ſing
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my maſter's team,
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star:
Before a ſtiff and handy plough,
As all my maſter's are:

But found the ground was bak'd ſo hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beaſts obey.

The more I whipt, and laſh'd, and ſwore,
The leſs my cattle ſtirr'd;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball, and Star
They kick'd and ſnorted hard:

When

When lo! above me a bright youth
Did ſeem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As angels painted are.

'Give over, cruel wretch,' he cry'd,
'Nor thus thy beaſts abuſe;
Think, if the ground was not too hard,
Would they their work refuſe?

Beſides, I heard thee curſe and ſwear,
As if dumb beaſts could know
What all thy oaths and curſes meant,
Or better for them go.

But tho' they know not, there is One,
Who knows thy ſins full well,
And what ſhall be thy after doom,
Another ſhall thee tell.'

No more he ſaid, but light as air
He vaniſh'd from my ſight;
And with him went the ſun's bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,
The earth it ſeem'd to gape;
Blue flames broke forth, and in thoſe flames
A dire gigantic ſhape.

'Soon ſhall I call thee mine,' it cry'd,
With voice ſo dread and deep,
That quiv'ring like an aſpen leaf
I waken'd from my ſleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of ſin, that fear of GOD,
Which all ſhould wiſh to find;

For ſince that hour I've never dar'd
To uſe my cattle ill,
And ever fear'd to curſe and ſwear,
And hope to do ſo ſtill.

Now ponder well, ye Plow-boys all,
The dream that I have told;
And if it works ſuch change in you,
'Tis worth it's weight in gold;

For ſhould you think it falſe or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy ſhew,
And keep your ſouls from ſin.

M.

THE



THE

Loyal Sailor; or no Mutineering;

BEING A

SONG FIT TO BE SUNG ON BOARD OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

Giving an Account of the late very awkward Affair at Portſmouth, with the Increaſe of Pay then agreed to on all Sides, by a Sailor ſuppoſed to be on board; and alſo of that moſt melancholy and dreadful Mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which cauſed ſo much Aſtoniſhment throughout this Loyal Nation: In which Song it is further repreſented how this honeſt Sailor was giving away Half his Ration to his Wife Nell, and was alſo promiſing Part of his Pay to her and the Children, when a ſtrange Fleet hove in Sight, and he inſtantly prepared for Action.

To the Tune of THE HARDY TAR.

I.

YE Britons brave,
Who ride the wave,
And make the cannon rattle,
When winds do roar,
Who quit the ſhore,
To fight your country's battle!
I'll ſing you now,
If you'll allow,
A ſong well worth your hearing;
And we'll agree
Each end ſhall be,
Beware of Mutineering.

II.

Now ſhould, perchance,
The ſons of France,
Thoſe chaps we deem ſo ſkittiſh,
By day or night
Come forth to fight
Us ſeamen all ſo Britiſh,
Oh! how we'll fly,
To fight or die,
No French or Dutchman fearing,
And while we ſing
God Save the King,
Beware of Mutineering.

III.

Yet though we ruſh
Our foes to cruſh,
We're not like brutiſh cattle;
Our duty's clear,
Hence, freed from fear,
We'll truſt the God of battle:
'Tis for our laws,
And country's cauſe,
The thought, my lads, is cheering;
'Tis for our King,
W'll fight and ſing,
Down, down with Mutineering.

IV.

About ſome pay,
I grant one day,
Our fleet did grow loquacious;
What then befel
Methinks I'll tell,
'Twill prove our King ſo gracious:
'Twill prove beſide,
Though ſome may chide,
And think perhaps of ſneering;
Yet on the whole,
I from my ſoul,
Do hate your Mutineering.

V.

'Twas on one night,
'Twixt dark and light,
When ſome you ſee were drinking,

When

All down below,
While none did know,
I ſpy'd ſome fellows ſlinking.
Then up came Jack,
And ſlapt my back,
(The thump it ſeemed endearing)
And dropt a word,
That ſcarce was heard;
Could this be Mutineering?

VI.

But next of pay,
He talk'd away,
And hop'd we'd be united!
I hung my head,
And merely ſaid,
I wiſh'd the thing was righted:
'Come, come, ſaid he,
Since all agree,
We'll claim an inſtant hearing.'
'I'd like, ſays I,
To ſhare your pie,
But hate your Mutineering.'—

VII.

Our noble crew,
Were good and true,
Yet now they fell a prating,
And though ſo mild,
They all turn'd wild,
And got to delegating.

Now

Now here again,
I told the men,
'Be careful how you're ſteering;
Avaſt,' I ſaid,
'You'll riſk your head,
Beware of Mutineering.'

VIII.

Well, next you ſee,
They did agree,
To tell their whole condition:
The King he ſent,
To parliament,
Who granted our petition;
'Twas promiſed then,
By all our men,
('Twas done within my hearing,)
We'd aſk no more,
But ſhut the door
Againſt your Mutineering.

IX.

The time would fail,
To tell the tale
Of all that follow'd after;
In part I'm clear,
'Twould fetch a tear;
In part 'twould raiſe your laughter,
For in the cloſe
Rebellion roſe,
Her dreadful forehead rearing;

And

And oh! how queer
Did things appear
Amidſt the Mutineering!

X.

Some rais'd to power,
Were flogg'd next hour,
All which was vaſtly funny;
And ſome, they ſay,
To mend their pay,
Subſcribed away their money.
Then round the Nore,
To guard the ſhore,
What crowds came volunteering!
For like one man,
The nation ran
To cruſh the Mutineering.

XI.

Out burſt the flame,
To blows they came,
What proſpect could be darker!
'King George I ſay,
Huzza! huzza!
King George, and no king Parker!'
Come take your ſtand,
Foul treaſon's plann'd,
Come, come, ſir, don't be veering,
See here's the try'd
Old Engliſh ſide,
And there's the Mutineering.

Fire,

XII.

Fire, fire's the cry:
They fall, they die;
The Mutineers are routed;
Some loſe their head,
Some beg their bread,
By all the nation ſcouted:*
Some fly to France,
Who led the dance,
Which prov'd a happy clearing:
And for their pains,
Are clapt in chains,
To cure their Mutineering.

XIII.

Now let us ſing,
To George our King,
Here's health to all the nation;
And let each wife
Now take her knife,
And ſhare her huſband's ration:
With you each day,
We'll part our pay,
Our children, while you're rearing;
But mind you, Nell,
Now don't rebel,
Beware of Mutineering.

* The merchants and ſhip-owners of London had a general meeting, in which it was reſolved to receive no ſailor into their ſervice after the peace, unleſs he brought a certificate from his captain of his not having joined in the mutiny.

But

XIV.

But while I tell,
Of gentle Nell,
And all that frightful faction,
—' A fleet!—a fleet;—
O now we meet,
My lads prepare for action:
Let every ſhip,
Her cables ſlip,
And while the decks are clearing,
Sing, Britons, ſing,
God Save the King!
Down, down with Mutineering.'—

THE GOOD MILITIA MAN;

OR, THE

MAN THAT IS WORTH A HOST.

BEING A NEW SONG

By HONEST DAN the Plough-boy, turned Soldier.

I WAS a plough-boy tall, ſir,
My name was honeſt Dan;
But at my country's call, ſir,
I've turn'd Militia Man.

So on our little green, ſir,
Away from all the mire,
I daily now am ſeen, ſir,
To cock, preſent, and fire.

In regimentals bright, ſir,
Of ſcarlet I do ſhine,
With hair tied up ſo tight, ſir,
And whiten'd all ſo fine.

Of maidens not a few, ſir,
Come crouding round the green;
And ſo do parents too, ſir;
The children puſh between.

There

There like a Soldier, prime, ſir,
I march both quick and ſlow;
I ſtamp my foot in time, ſir,
And then kick up my toe.

Mean while with ſound ſo grand, ſir,
They beat the rum—drum—drum;
Till all our valiant band, ſir,
Do wiſh the French would come.

But ſtop—methinks 'tis wrong, ſir,
To talk this ſwelling ſtuff;
For no true Soldier's ſong, ſir,
Should deal in empty puff.

I'll give you then a ſpice, ſir,
(Oh! now you'll like my plan,)
Of ſound and good advice, ſir,
For each Militia Man.

Firſt, then, be ſound at heart, ſir,
Be loyal, ſays my ſong;
And nobly act your part, ſir,
To right your country's wrong.

Yet let no Soldier hold, ſir,
He merely need be ſtout,
And blunt, and brave, and bold, ſir,
And mad to fight it out.

Your Soldier of true ſtamp, ſir,
Is not like brutiſh cattle;
And he'll be good in camp, ſir,
As well as good in battle.

Unlike

Unlike the looſer herd, ſir,
Each vice he'll try to cruſh;
Nor will he ſpeak a word, ſir,
To make a maiden bluſh.

Nor will he ſhew his ſpunk, ſir,
By turning jolly fellow;
He never will be drunk, ſir,
No, no—nor yet be mellow.

He counts it quite a ſhame, ſir,
To hear a Soldier ſwear;
'Tis what King George would blame, ſir,
No doubt if he was there.

Nor does he laugh and grin, ſir,
At theſe as petty things;
Your ſwearing is a ſin, ſir,
Againſt the King of Kings.

For be it underſtood, ſir,
He ſays with honeſt Dan,
" The Soldier can't be good, ſir,
While wicked is the man."

Now ſhould ſome ſaucy tongue, ſir,
Here ſtop me for a toaſt,
I'll give the man I've ſung, ſir,
" The man that's worth a hoſt."

Z.

THE RIOT;

OR,

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JACK ANVIL AND TOM HOD.

To the Tune of "*A Cobler there was.*"

Written during the Scarcity of 1795.

TOM.

COME neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot;
I am hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,
So we'll pull down the mills, and we'll ſeize all the meat;
I'll give you good ſport, boys, as ever you ſaw,
So a fig for the juſtice, a fig for the law.
Derry down.

Then his pitchfork Tom ſeiz'd---Hold a moment, ſays Jack,
I'll ſhew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack;
And if I don't prove we had better be ſtill,
I'll aſſiſt thee ſtraitway to pull down every mill;
I'll ſhew thee how paſſion thy reaſon does cheat,
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.
Derry down.

What

What a whimſey to think thus our bellies to fill,
For we ſtop all the grinding by breaking the mill!
What a whimſey to think we ſhall get more to eat
By abuſing the butchers who get us the meat!
What a whimſey to think we ſhall mend our ſpare diet
By breeding diſturbance, by murder and riot!
Derry down.

Becauſe I am dry 'twould be foolish, I think,
To pull out my tap and to ſpill all my drink;
Becauſe I am hungry, and want to be fed,
That is ſure no wiſe reaſon for waſting my bread;
And juſt ſuch wiſe reaſons for mending their diet
Are us'd by thoſe blockheads who ruſh into riot.
Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others diſtreſſes,
But ſtill I would mark how God our land bleſſes;
For tho' in Old England the times are but ſad,
Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad:
In the land of the Pope there is ſcarce any grain,
And 'tis ſtill worſe, they ſay, both in Holland and Spain.
Derry down.

Let us look to the harveſt our wants to beguile,
See the lands with rich crops how they every where ſmile!
Mean time to aſſiſt us, by each weſtern breeze,
Some corn is brought daily acroſs the ſalt ſeas,
Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,
And we'll patiently wait and the prices will fall.
Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder
If things grow much worſe by our riot and plunder;
And let us remember whenever we meet,
The more ale we drink, boys, the leſs we ſhall eat.

On

On thoſe days ſpent in riot *no* bread you brought home,
Had you ſpent them in labour you muſt have had *ſome*.
Derry down.

"A dinner of herbs," ſays the wiſe man, "with quiet,"
Is better than beef amid diſcord and riot."
If the thing can be help'd I'm a foe to all ſtrife,
And I pray for a peace every night of my life;
But in matters of ſtate not an inch will I budge,
Becauſe I conceive I'm no very good judge.
Derry down.

But tho' poor I can work, my brave boy, with the beſt,
Let the King and the Parliament manage the reſt;
I lament both the war and the taxes together,
Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.
The King, as I take it, with very good reaſon,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad ſeaſon.
Derry down.

The Parliament Men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a ſhower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our rulers are wiſe;
That they know very well how to manage the ſkies;
For the beſt of them all, as they found to their coſt,
Were not able to hinder laſt winter's hard froſt.
Derry down.

Beſides I muſt ſhare in the wants of the times,
Becauſe I have had my full ſhare in it's crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the diſtreſs which is ſent,
Is to puniſh and cure us of all diſcontent.
But harveſt is coming, potatoes are come!
Our proſpect clears up: Ye complainers be dumb!
Derry down.

And though I've no money, and though I've no lands,
I've a head on my ſhoulders, and a pair of good hands;
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll ſeek
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.

The

The gentlefolks too will afford us ſupplies;
They'll ſubſcribe---and they'll give up their puddings and pies.

Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a riot,
I'll aſk this ſhort queſtion---What ſhall I get by it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each rioter's head;
And when of two evils I'm aſk'd which is beſt,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I proteſt.

Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right;---if I riſe, I'm a Turk.
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.

Z.

THE GRAVESTONE;

BEING AN ACCOUNT

(Supposed to be written on a Gravestone,)

Of a Wife who buried both her Children on one Day, and who, from that Time, became a very devout Christian.

WITH A SUITABLE

ADDRESS TO THOSE WHO MAY BE ATTENDING A FUNERAL.

HERE rests in peace a christian wife,
Safe from the cares and ills of life;
Taught by kind Heaven's afflicting rod,
She well had learnt her way to GOD.
Once a gay girl, she trod the green,
The foremost in the festive scene;
'Twas then she follow'd all her will,
And wedded William of the hill:
No heart had he for prayer and praise;
No thought of GOD's most holy ways;
Of worldly gains he lov'd to speak,
In worldly cares he spent his week;
E'en Sunday pass'd unheeded by,
And both forgot that they must die.

While thus by satan quite beguil'd,
The God of Mercy smote her child;
Bereft of one sweet infant dear,
She shed the mother's mournful tear;

A second

A ſecond next ſhe tried to ſave,
Then bore the ſecond to the grave;
Both on one day the parent led
To ſilent manſions of the dead.
There, while ſhe wept her childrens' fate,
She learnt to feel her mortal ſtate;
Stood pondering all her errors paſt,
As if that day had been her laſt;
And as ſhe held the mournful bier,
Dropt for herſelf a ſecret tear.
Once ſhe believ'd her ſins were few,
But this one moment clear'd her view;
Then firſt ſhe felt a Saviour's need,
A ſinner in thought, word, and deed!
Of her own worth ſhe ceas'd to dream,
For Chriſt's redemption was her theme.
Henceforth her ways were order'd right,
She "walk'd by faith, and not by ſight;"
She read God's word, believ'd it true,
And ſtrove to practice what ſhe knew.

Her huſband ſaw the mighty change,
And thought at firſt her humour ſtrange;
Deem'd his own worldly ways the beſt—
But ſoon his error ſtood confeſt.
Ceas'd is the noiſe, the jarring ſtrife,
For now how humble is the wife!
He proudly feels each croſs event,
While ſhe, poor ſinner, is content;
No more ſhe has her ſtubborn will,
Returns him daily good for ill;
And though her love is ſtill the ſame,
She loves him with a purer flame.

Oft would ſhe pray the God of grace
His loſty ſpirit to abaſe;
Upward his grovelling thoughts to raiſe,
And teach him humble prayer and praiſe.
Heaven heard her voice—the youth ſo gay,
The thoughtleſs ſinner learnt to pray;
Sad ſickneſs too, with pain and ſmart,
Was ſent to ſoften all his heart.
She follow'd next her huſband's bier,
She wip'd his laſt repenting tear;
She heard him mourn his former pride;
She heard him thank her when he died.
Here, then, in hope of endleſs life,
Reſt both the huſband and the wife:
Here too, the babes, whom God hath given,
And ſuch, we truſt, ſhall enter heaven.

ADDRESS

TO PERSONS ATTENDING A FUNERAL.

YE mourners, who in ſilent gloom
Bear your dear kindred to the tomb,
Grudge not when chriſtians go to reſt,
They ſleep in JESUS and are bleſt.
Call then to mind their faith, their love,
Their meetneſs for the realms above;
And if to heaven a ſaint is fled,
O mourn the living, not the dead:
Weep o'er the thouſands that remain
Deep ſunk in ſin, or rack'd with pain;
Mourn your own crimes and wicked ways,
And learn to number all your days:
Gain wiſdom from this mournful ſtone,
And make this chriſtian's caſe your own.

KING DIONYSIUS

AND

SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A NEW SONG ON AN OLD STORY.

Proper to be ſung at all Feaſts and Merry-makings.

THERE was a heathen man, ſir,
Belonging to a king;
And ſtill it was his plan, ſir,
To covet every thing.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you pleaſe,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living
Muſt every joy afford,
And knew of no miſgiving,
While round the feſtive board.

He wanted to be great, ſir,
And feed on fare delicious;
And have his feaſts in ſtate, ſir,
Juſt like King Dionyſius.

The king, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feaſt ſo fine,
That all the court were thronging
To ſee the courtier dine.

And there to tempt his eye, ſir,
Was fiſh, and fleſh, and fowl;
And when he was a-dry, ſir,
He had a brimming bowl.

Nor did the king forbid him
From drinking all he could;
The monarch never chid him,
But fill'd him with his food.

O, then, to ſee the pleaſure
Squire Damocles expreſt!
'Twas joy beyond all meaſure;
Was ever man ſo bleſt?

With greedy eyes the Squire
Devour'd each coſtly dainty;
You'd think he did aſpire
To eat as much as twenty.

But juſt as he prepared, ſir,
Of bliſs to take his ſwing;
O, how the man was ſcar'd, ſir,
By this ſo cruel king!

When

When he to eat intended,
Lo! juſt above his head,
He ſpied a ſword ſuſpended
All by a ſingle thread.

How did it change the feaſting
To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was taſting,
The pointed ſword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, ſir,
He loath'd the luſcious feaſt;
And dreaded as a crime, ſir,
The brimming bowl to taſte.

Now, if you're for applying
The ſtory I have told;
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth it's weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this ſtranger,
And pity his ſad caſe;
And think there was great danger
In ſuch a fearful place;

Come let this awful truth
In all your minds be ſtor'd;
To each intemperate youth
Death is that pointed ſword.

And tho' you ſee no reaſon
To check your mirth at all;
In ſome ſad drunken ſeaſon
The ſword on you may fall.

So learn, while at your eaſe
You drink down draughts delicious;
To think of Damocles,
And old king Dionyſius.

Z.

THE

THE

LADY AND THE PYE.

OR

KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire of ſober life,
Had a conceited boaſting wife;
Of *him* ſhe daily made complaint;
Herſelf ſhe thought a very ſaint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favourite ſubject of diſpute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," ſhe often cried,
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died;
I ſtill had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple loſt my heaven;
To gratify my curious mind
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
Nor from a vain deſire to know,
Entail'd on all my race ſuch woe."
The Squire reply'd, "I fear 'tis true,
The ſame ill ſpirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe,
You would have diſobey'd like Eve."

The lady ſtorm'd and ſtill deny'd
Both curioſity and pride.
The Squire ſome future day at dinner,
Reſolv'd to try this boaſtful ſinner;
He griev'd ſuch vanity poſſeſt her,
And thus in ſerious terms addreſs'd her:
"Madam, the uſual ſplendid feaſt
With which our wedding day is grac'd,
With you I muſt not ſhare to-day,
For buſineſs ſummons me away.
Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
I beg not any may be ſpar'd;
Indulge in every coſtly diſh;
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wiſh;
Only obſerve one prohibition,
Nor think it a ſevere condition;
On one ſmall diſh which cover'd ſtands,
You muſt not dare to lay your hands;
Go—diſobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was ſerv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone:
She ſaw whate'er could grace a feaſt,
Or charm the eye, or pleaſe the taſte;
But while ſhe rang'd from this to that,
From ven'ſon haunch to turtle fat;
On one ſmall diſh ſhe chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from ſight:
"O! here it is—yet not for me!
I muſt not taſte, nay, dare not ſee;
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I ſo much as lift the lid?

Pro-

Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the ſumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fiſh,
To know what's there I merely wiſh.
I'll look—O no, I loſe for ever,
If I'm betray'd my huſband's favour.
I own I think it vaſtly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd.
John you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, ſhe waits no longer,
Temptation preſſes more and ſtronger.
" I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For tho' I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My huſband's abſent, ſo is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, ſhe yielded to her wiſh,
And rais'd the cover from the diſh:
She ſtarts—for lo! an open pye
From which ſix living ſparrows fly.
She calls, ſhe ſcreams, with wild ſurpriſe,
" Haſte John and catch theſe birds," ſhe cries;
John hears not, but to crown her ſhame,
In at her call her huſband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he ſpoke,
" Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
Self-ign'rance led you to believe
You did not ſhare the ſin of Eve.
Like her's, how bleſt was your condition!
How ſmall my gentle prohibition!

Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midſt of plenty;
This diſh, thus ſingled from the reſt,
Of your obedience was the teſt;
Your mind, unbroke by ſelf-denial,
Could not ſuſtain this ſlender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candour to another's fault;
Go know, like Eve, from this ſad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious ſinner."

Z.

THE

PLUM-CAKES;

OR, THE

FARMER AND HIS THREE SONS.

A FARMER who ſome wealth poſſeſt,
With three fine boys was alſo bleſt;
The lads were healthy, ſtout, and young,
And neither wanted ſenſe nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, ſport and toys.
The father ſcouted that falſe plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the beſt of his diſcerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of obſervation,
No ſcholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a ſchool he ſought,
Where his young ſons might well be taught.
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearſes
Moſt properly his themes or verſes,
Yet I can do a father's part,
And ſchool the temper, mind, and heart;
The natural bent of each I'll know,
And trifles beſt that bent may ſhow."

'Twas juſt before the cloſing year,
When Chriſtmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to ſee his boys,
And aſk'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, " there's father, boys, without,
He's brought us ſomething good no doubt."
The father ſees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
" Come boys, of home you'll have your fill,"
" Yes, Chriſtmas now is near," ſays Will,
" 'Tis juſt twelve days—theſe notches ſee,
" My notches with the days agree."
" Well (ſaid the ſire), again I'll come,
And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
You two the dappled mare ſhall ride,
Jack mount the poney by his ſide;
Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here
No ſmall proviſion of good cheer."
Then from his pocket ſtrait he takes
A vaſt profuſion of plum cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous ſtore,
No boy ſhall have or leſs or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear ſon,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expreſſion,
He leaves them to their own diſcretion;
Reſolv'd to mark the uſe each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.
The twelve days paſt he comes once more,
And brings the horſes to the door;
The boys with rapture ſee appear
The poney and the dappled mare;

Each

Each moment now an hour they count,
And ſlaſh their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He aſks the hiſtory of the cakes.
Says Will, "dear father, life is ſhort,
So I reſolv'd to make quick ſport;
The cakes were all ſo nice and ſweet,
I thought I'd have one jolly treat,
Why ſhould I balk, ſaid I, my taſte?
I'll make at once a hearty feaſt.
So, ſnugly by myſelf I fed,
When every boy was gone to-bed;
I gorg'd them all, both paſte and plum,
And did not waſte a ſingle crumb;
Indeed they made me, to my ſorrow,
As ſick as death upon the morrow;
This made me mourn my rich repaſt,
And wiſh I had not fed ſo faſt."
Quoth Jack, "I was not ſuch a dunce,
To eat my quantum up at once;
And tho' the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
I would not let a creature touch 'em;
Nor tho' the whole were in my power,
Would I myſelf one cake devour;
Thanks to the uſe of keys and locks,
They're all now ſnug within my box;
The miſchief is, by hoarding long,
They're grown ſo mouldy and ſo ſtrong,
I find they won't be fit to eat,
And I have loſt my father's treat."
"Well Tom," the anxious parent cries,
How did you manage?" Tom replies,
I ſhun'd

" I ſhunn'd each wide extreme to take,
To glut my maw, or hoard my cake;
I thought each day its wants would have,
And appetite again might crave;
Twelve ſchool-days ſtill my notches counted,
To twelve my father's cakes amounted;
So every day I took out one,
But never ate my my cake alone;
With every needy boy I ſhar'd,
And more than half I always ſpar'd.
One ev'ry day 'twixt ſelf and friend,
Has brought my dozen to an end;
My laſt remaining cake to-day
I would not touch, but gave away;
A boy was ſick, and ſcarce could eat,
To him it prov'd a welcome treat:
Jack call'd me ſpendthrift, not to ſave,
Will dubb'd me fool becauſe I gave;
But when our laſt day came I ſmil'd,
For Will's were gone, and Jack's were ſpoil'd;
Not hoarding much, nor eating faſt,
I ſerv'd a needy friend at laſt."
Theſe tales the father's thoughts employ;
" By theſe (ſaid he) I know each boy:
Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
The world will call a frugal lad;
And ſelfiſh gormandiſing Will,
Will meet with friends and favourers ſtill:
While moderate Tom, ſo wiſe and cool,
The mad and vain will deem a fool;
But I, his ſober plan approve,
And Tom has gain'd his father's love."

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is paſt,
And all are fairly judg'd at laſt;
The Miſer and the Senſual find
How each miſuſed the gifts aſſigned;
While he who wiſely ſpends and gives,
To the true ends of living lives;
'Tis ſelf denying moderation
Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS.

IN A

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

AS at their work two Weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver ſcarce could eat.

'What with my brats and ſickly wife,'
Quoth Dick, 'I'm almoſt tir'd of life;
So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

'How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great!
Heaven is unjuſt you muſt agree,
Why all to him? why none to me?

'In ſpite of what the Scripture teaches,
In ſpite of all the Parſon preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er

'Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
And all the wicked are the bleſs'd.'

Quoth John, 'our ign'rance is the cauſe
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can ſee below.

'See'ſt thou that Carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
Behold the wild confuſion there,
So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

'A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd ſay, 'no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy Carpet now is all diſorder.'

Quoth Dick, 'my work is yet in bits,
But ſtill in every part it fits;
Beſides, you reaſon like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inſide out.*'

Says John, 'thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inſide out.

'As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

'But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

'What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *Carpet shall be turn'd.*'

'Thou'rt right,' quoth Dick, 'no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet sets me right.'

Z.

HERE AND THERE;

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

Being ſuitable Thoughts for a New Year.

HERE bliſs is ſhort, imperfect, inſincere,
But total, abſolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, ſhort our happieſt ſtate,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles ev'n the beſt,
There Satan's power extends not to the bleſt.
In a weak ſinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and ſickly ſhell.
Here my beſt thoughts are ſtain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon ſhall be perfect *there*.
Here my beſt duties are defil'd with ſin,
There all is eaſe without, and peace within.
Here feeble faith ſupplies my only light,
There faith and hope are ſwallow'd up in ſight.
Here love of ſelf my faireſt works deſtroys,
There love of God ſhall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glaſs, are darkly ſhown,
There I ſhall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the faireſt flowers which bloom below,
There freſheſt palms on roots immortal grow.
Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,
But ſpirits *there* a calm fruition find.
Here diſappointments my beſt ſchemes deſtroy,
There thoſe that ſow'd in tears ſhall reap in joy.

Here

Here vanity is ſtamp'd on all below,
Perfection *there* on every good ſhall grow.
Here my fond heart is faſten'd on ſome friend,
Whoſe kindneſs *may*, whoſe life *muſt* have an end;
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
God cannot diſappoint, for God is love.
Here Chriſt for ſinners ſuffer'd, groan'd, and bled,
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head:
Here, mock'd and ſcourg'd, he wore a crown of thorns,
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will, and dims the ſight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here ſo imperfect is this mortal ſtate,
If bleſt myſelf I mourn ſome other's fate,
At every human woe I *here* repine,
The joy of every ſaint ſhall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world ſhall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I ſhall part.
Here on no promis'd good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here if ſome ſudden joy delight inſpire,
The dread to loſe it damps the riſing fire;
But *there* whatever good the ſoul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal*, crowns the joy.

Z.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT; OR, THE GRAND RECKONING.

CHRISTIANS! profit by the warning
Which the word of God ſupplies;
Think upon that awful morning,
When the quick and dead ſhall riſe.

Lo! each country, every nation,
All the globe we now behold,
(Wrapt in dreadful conflagration)
Smoke and fire at once enfold!

See the works of art ſo curious,
Lofty cities, temples, towers!
See the raging flame ſo furious,
All the mighty maſs devours!

You who doat on earthly treaſures,
What diſmay will ſeize your frame,
When the ſum of all your pleaſures,
Crackles in the general flame!

Lo!

Lo! the multitudes ſurrounding,
Whom the grave no more can keep;
Hark! the awful trumpet ſounding!
Death has broke his leaden ſleep.

All that in the tomb now ſlumber,
How at once they burſt their chain!
See they riſe, how vaſt their number!
All that liv'd ſhall live again.

Great and ſmall together meeting,
Lo! the ſea gives up her dead!
Then the ſea itſelf retreating,
Lo! the heavens and earth are fled!

See the LORD of life deſcending,
Hear the dread ARCHANGEL's voice;
See the dead on CHRIST attending;
How the ſaints of GOD rejoice!

Myriads at that voice ſhall gather,
"Take the kingdom long prepar'd;
"Come, ye bleſſed of my FATHER,
"Share my crown, my croſs you ſhar'd."

O how different that dread ſentence,
Which confirms the *former*'s doom!
"You who died without repentance,
"Come to judgment, ſinners come."

O! to theſe what wild deſpairing,
What aſtoniſhment of heart,
Agony paſt human bearing,
Will that dreadful call impart!

You

You who now profanely cheriſh
Unbelief and impious pride;
Unbelievers! ſee and periſh,
CHRIST for you in vain has died.

You who to the world diſſemble,
While you practiſe deeds of night,
Hypocrites! behold and tremble,
All theſe deeds are brought to light.

You, who each conviction ſtifling,
Waſte your time, that ſacred ſtore,
Hear the Angel, ceaſe your trifling,
"Time," he cries, "ſhall be no more.

Loſt in eaſe, or drown'd in pleaſure,
"We've no time to think," you cry,
But howe'er you waſte the treaſure,
You muſt all find time to die.

You, who now this warning ſlighting,
Think that day not worth your care;
I who now theſe lines am writing,
You and I muſt both appear.

O that you, theſe lines peruſing,
May be wak'd to ſwift repentance;
O that I, no moment loſing,
May prepare to meet my ſentence!

THE

ELECTION.

A

QUITE NEW SONG.

Shewing many Things which are now doing, and which ought not to be done.

Being a Song very fit to be Sung in all Places where an Election is going on

To the Tune of DUSKY NIGHT.

I AM a bold Briton, ſir,
And freeman of this town,
Where the buſtle can't be told, ſir,
For the Candidate's come down.

And there is Dick the Glazier,
A ſtanding by the cann,
And buſtling Bob the Brazier,
With a face as round as a pan.

And there, as great as a Turk, ſir,
Is Will the Glazier's boy,
Who's gone and left his work, ſir,
With eyes brim full of joy.

And there the folks are ſinging,
And throw their hats on high,
And here the bells are ringing,
And there the flags do fly.

And

And here are the women chattering,
And begging, as if for bread,
Of the man who is a ſcattering
The ribbons blue and red.

And here the canvaſſing party
In haſte are marching on,
All ſhaking hands ſo hearty,
See! ſee! and here's Sir John!

And here's t'other Candidate 'lighting,
Who has gallop'd from London town,
And here is a little fighting,
And knocking each other down.

And here is a deal of treating,
Which the law forbids to be done,
And here is the publican cheating,
And ſetting down two for one.

And here is your capital feaſt, ſir,
That's all ſo full of glee,
Where a man is turn'd to a beaſt, ſir,
With your toaſts of three times three.

And here is a man in vogue, ſir,
That filthy ſong who ſung,
Now I know the fellow's a rogue, ſir,
As great ever was hung.

And there amid yon tribe, ſir,
That raiſe their voice ſo high,
There's ſome have a bit of a bribe, ſir,
O fie! O fie! O fie!

And here is a fellow drunken
Till he can hardly creep,
And there is another ſunken
Down in a deadly ſleep.

And here are your Candidates' ſpeeches,
So flattering and ſo ſtrong,
While the voters ſuck 'em like leeches,
Nor care for right or wrong.

And now in my own behalf, ſir,
I next will tell you why,
While ſo many round me laugh, ſir,
In truth I'm ready to cry.

For this I hold's the ſeaſon
To be as wiſe as we can,
For ſure it needs ſome reaſon
To chuſe a parliament man.

And tho' I'm no objector
To drinking when you're dry,
Yet methinks a drunken elector
Might as well be a pig in a ſtye.

Then let us quit our drinking,
And paſſions all control,
For I own I can't help thinking
That a voter has a ſoul.

And while each fool's pretence is
That others are as bad,
Come, boys! let's keep our ſenſes,
Though all the world runs mad.

DAN

DAN AND JANE;

OR

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And liv'd a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they diſputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
'Twas faith and works—this knotty queſtion
They found not eaſy of digeſtion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.
'They are not Chriſtians ſure, but Turks,
Who build on faith, and ſcoff at works.'
Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd,
'By none but heathens faith's deny'd.'
'I'll tell you wife,' at length quoth Dan,
'A ſtory of a right good man.
A patriarch ſage, of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all muſt praiſe.
In his own country he poſſeſs'd
Whate'er can make a wiſe man bleſt;

His was the flock, the field, the ſpring,
In ſhort, a little rural king.
Yet, pleas'd he quits this native land,
By faith in the Divine command:
God bade him go, and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went.
He truſted in the promiſe made,
And, undiſputing ſtrait obeyed.
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But prov'd his faith by going out.'

Jane anſwer'd with ſome little pride—
'I've an example on my ſide;
And tho' my tale be ſomewhat longer,
I truſt you'll find it vaſtly ſtronger.
I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,
The holieſt ſince the world began,
Who now God's favour is receiving,
For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.
One only ſon this man poſſeſt,
In whom his righteous age was bleſt;
And more to mark the grace of Heaven,
This ſon by miracle was given;
And from this child the word Divine
Had promis'd an illuſtrious line.
When lo! at once a voice he hears,
Which ſounds like thunder in his ears;
God ſays—Go ſacrifice thy ſon!
—This moment, Lord, it ſhall be done.
He goes, and inſtantly prepares
To ſlay this child of many prayers.
Now here you ſee the grand expedience,
Of *works*, of actual ſound *obedience*.

This was not *faith*, but act and deed,
The Lord commands—the child ſhall bleed.
Thus Abraham *acted*,' Jenny cried;
'Thus Abraham *truſted*,' Dan replied.
'Abraham?' quoth Jane, 'why that's my man,
'No, Abraham's him I mean,' ſays Dan.
'He ſtands a monument of *faith*;'—
'No, 'tis for *works*, the Scripture ſaith.'
'Tis for his faith that I defend him:'
'Tis for obedience I commend him.'
Thus he—thus ſhe—both warmly feel,
And loſe their temper in their zeal;
Too quick each other's choice to blame,
They did not ſee each meant the ſame.
'At length, good wife,' ſaid honeſt Dan,
'We're talking of the ſelf-ſame man.
The works you praiſe I own indeed,
Grow from that faith for which I plead;
And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,
For works deſerves eſpecial note:
'Tis not enough of faith to *talk*,
A man of God, with God muſt walk:
Our doctrines are at laſt the ſame,
They only differ in the name.
The faith I fight for is the root,
The works you value are the fruit.
How ſhall you know my creed's ſincere,
Unleſs in works my faith appear?
How ſhall I know a tree's alive,
Unleſs I ſee it bear and thrive?
Your works not growing on my root,
Wou'd prove they were not genuine fruit.

If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart,
What God hath join'd, let no one part.'

Z.

THE

THE OLD MAN, HIS CHILDREN, AND THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A FABLE.

A GOOD Old Man, no matter where,
Whether in York or Lancaſhire,
Or on a hill or in a dale,
It cannot much concern the tale;
Had children very much like others,
Compos'd of ſiſters and of brothers;
In life he had not much to give,
Save his example how to live;
His luck was what his neighbours had,
For ſome were good and ſome were bad;
When of their father death bereſt 'em,
His good advice was all he left 'em.
This good Old Man who long had lain,
Afflicted with diſeaſe and pain;
With difficulty drew his breath,
And felt the ſure approach of death.
He ſtill had liv'd an honeſt life,
Kind to his neighbour and his wife;

His

His practice good, his faith was ſound,
He built his hope on Scripture ground;
And knowing life hangs on a breath,
He always liv'd prepar'd for death.
He truſted God, nor fear'd to die,
May it be thus with you and I!
Nor let us hope to die content,
Unleſs our life be wiſely ſpent.
He call'd his children round his bed,
And with a feeble voice he ſaid:
" Alas! alas! my children dear,
" I well perceive my end is near;
" I ſuffer much, but kiſs the rod,
" And bow me to the will of GOD.
" Yet ere from you I'm quite remov'd,
" From you whom always I have lov'd;
" I wiſh to give you all my bleſſing,
" And leave you with a uſeful leſſon;
" That when I've left this world of care,
" Each may his teſtimony bear,
" How much my lateſt thoughts inclin'd
" To prove me tender, good, and kind!
" Obſerve that faggot on the ground,
" With twiſted hazel firmly bound:"
The children turn'd their eyes that way,
And view'd the faggot as it lay;
But wonder'd what their father meant;
Who thus expounded his intent.
" I wiſh that all of you would take it,
" And try if any one can break it."
Obedient to the good Old Man,
They all to try their ſtrength began;

Now

Now boy, now girl, now he, now ſhe,
Apply'd the faggot to their knee;
They tugg'd and ſtrain'd, and try'd again,
But ſtill they tugg'd and try'd in vain;
In vain their ſtrength and ſkill exerted,
The faggot ev'ry effort thwarted.
And when their labour vain they found,
They threw the faggot on the ground.
Again the good Old Man proceeded,
To give th' inſtruction which they needed;
" Untwiſt," ſays he, " the hazel bind,
" And let the faggot be disjoin'd."
Then ſtick by ſtick, and twig by twig,
The little children and the big,
Foll'wing the words their father ſpoke,
Each ſprig and ſpray they quickly broke:
" There father!" all began to cry,
" I've broken mine! and I, and I."
Replied the Sire, " 'twas my intent,
" My family to repreſent;
" While you are join'd in friendſhip's thong,
" My deareſt children, you'll be ſtrong;
" But if by quarrel and diſpute,
" You undermine affection's root,
" And thus the ſtrength'ning cord divide,
" Then will my children ill betide:
" E'en beaſts of prey in bands unite,
" And kindly for each other fight;
" And ſhall not Chriſtian children be,
" Join'd in ſweet links of amity?
" If ſeparate, you'll each be weak,
" Each like a ſingle ſtick will break;

" But

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" And kindly for each other fight;
" And ſhall not Chriſtian children be,
" Join'd in ſweet links of amity?
" If ſeparate, you'll each be weak,
" Each like a ſingle ſtick will break;

" But

" But if you're firm, and true and hearty,
" The world and all its ſpite can't part ye."
The father having cloſ'd his leſſon,
Proceeded to pronounce his bleſſing:
Embrac'd them all, then pray'd and ſigh'd,
Look'd up, then drop'd his head—and dy'd.

And thus, my countrymen, ſhou'd you,
And I, and all, be firm and true;
If Chriſtian faith and love combine us,
And ſweet affection's cords intwine us;
We need encourage no dejection,
Secure in the DIVINE PROTECTION.
In proſperous days we'll bleſs our GOD,
And when he ſmites we'll kiſs the rod.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

FINIS.